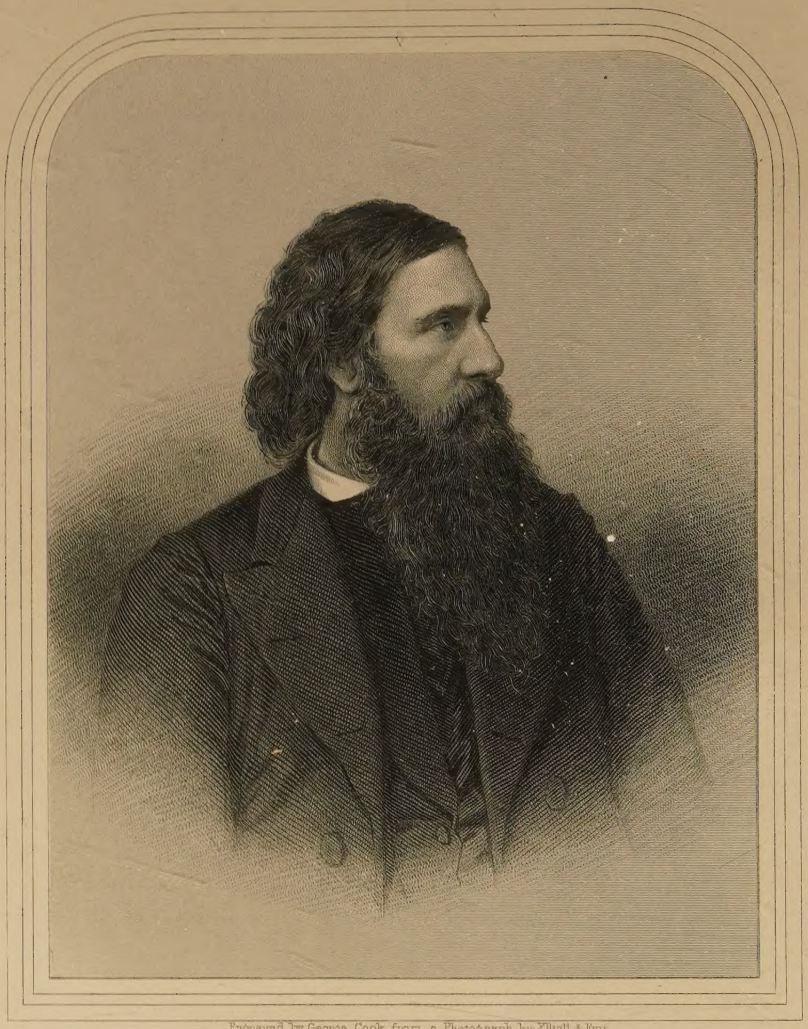
The Poets & Poetry of Scotland



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GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

THE

POETS AND POETRY

OF

SCOTLAND:

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPRISING

CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY SCOTTISH POETS,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

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ROBERT WHITE.

Robert White was born at Yetholm, Roxburghshire, in 1802. His youth was spent at Otterburn, in Redesdale, Northumberland, where his father cultivated a small farm. Robert was fond of reading; and their landlord, who had a good library, kindly allowed him the use of his books, and in 1825 obtained a clerk's situation for him with a tradesman in Newcastle. In 1850 his employer, who was a bachelor, died, and left his whole estate in Mr. White's hands as executor on behalf of his sister. Being a high-minded and honourable man, the lady reposed her entire confidence in him, and at her death, in the latter part of 1864, "she made me her executor, and left me quite independent. I live in a fine house of my own, situated in the best part of the town. I possess the best private library in the district, and after forty years' faithful work I have at my command more capital than I shall ever require."

Mr. White, soon after his removal to Newcastle, became a frequent contributor both in prose and verse to the *Newcastle Magazine*. In 1829 the Typographical Society of Newcastle printed at their own cost his poem of "The Tynemouth Nun." In 1853 Mr. White printed for private circulation "The Wind," another poem; and in 1856 he printed, also privately, "England," a poem, which he dedicated to his generous benefactress. In 1857, having drawn up a full and authentic account of the Battle of Otterburn, it was published in a volume of 188 pages. In the same year he contributed to the *Archæologia Æliana*, issued by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, a full account of the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham. In 1859 he contributed to the same work a sketch of the Battle of Flodden, with a list of all the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who fell in that memorable engagement. Mr. White in 1867 collected his poems, songs, and metrical tales, which were published at Kelso. Many of his lyrics are deservedly popular, and have obtained a place in numerous collections of Scottish song. He is well known as an enthusiastic antiquary, and has contributed both prose and verse to Richardson's *Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumberland and Durham*, and other works of an antiquarian character. In 1858 an edition of the poems and ballads of Dr. John Leyden was published, edited by Mr. White.

LADY JEAN.[1]

By Bothal Tower sweet Wansbeck's stream
Runs bickerin' to the sea;
Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
The banner's wavin' free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers,
There's mirth within the ha';
But owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean
The tricklin' tear-draps fa'.

She sits within her chamber high,
Her cousin by her side;
Yet sweer is she to don the dress
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! Lord Dacre's on his way;
Ye hae nae time to spare;
Come let me clasp that girdle jimp,
And braid your glossy hair.

"O' a' the ladies i' the land,
Ye'se be surpass'd by nane;
The lace that's on your velvet robe
Wi' goud'll stand its lane.

[1] The scenery of this ballad is in Northumberland. Bothal Castle is beautifully situated on the Wansbeck, a few miles below Morpeth. At Otterburn stood a tower or castle which was long in possession of the Umphrevilles, a distinguished family; and the place has acquired great celebrity in Border history and song from the battle fought there in 1388 between the heroes Douglas and Percy.—Ed.

"This jewell'd chaplet ye'll put on,
That broider'd necklace gay;
For we maun hae ye buskit weel
On this, your bridal day."—

"Oh! Ellen, ye would think it hard
To wed against your will!
I never loo'd Lord Dacre yet;
I dinna like him still.

"He kens, though oft he sued for love
Upon his bended knee,
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

"And he has gained my mother's ear,
My father's stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Altho' he claim my hand.

"Oh! Ellen, softly list to me!
I still may 'scape the snare;
When morning raise o'er Otterburne
The tidings would be there.

"And hurrying on comes Umfreville,—
His spur is sharp at need;
There's nane in a' Northumberland
Can mount a fleeter steed.

"Ah! weel I ken his heart is true,
He will—he must be here:
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave
The pennon o' his spear."—

"Far is the gate, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love come,
Ye'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

"Wi' stately, solemn step the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair:
Alas! alas! for Umfreville—
His heart may weel be sair!

"Keep back! keep back! Lord Dacre's steed:
Ye maunna trot, but gang.
And haste ye! haste ye! Umfreville!
Your lady thinks ye lang."—

In velvet sheen she wadna dress;
Nae pearls o'er her shone;
Nor broider'd necklace, sparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up raise she frae her cushion'd seat,
And totter'd like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
Turned whiter than the snaw.

"O Ellen! throw the casement up,
Let in the air to me:
Look down within the castle-yard,
And tell me what ye see."—

"Your father's stan'in' on the steps,
Your mother's at the door;
Out thro' the gateway comes the train,
Lord Dacre rides before.

"Fu' yauld and gracefu' lichts he doun,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnet plume,
And shakes your father's hand.

"List! lady, list a bugle note!
It sounds not loud but clear;—
Up! up! I see aboon the wa'
Your true love's pennon'd spear!"—

An' up fu' quick gat Lady Jean;—
Nae ailment had she mair:
Blythe was her look, and firm her step,
As she ran doun the stair.

An' thro' amang the apple-trees,
An' up the walk she flew;
Until she reach'd her true love's side
Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride,
He sought her bower alane;
But dowf and blunkit grew his look
When Lady Jean was gane.

Sair did her father stamp an' rage,
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up and aff wi' Umfreville
To bonnie Otterburne.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Fair Scotland, dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills.
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell,
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell,—
Thou art my native land!

I breathed in youth thy bracing air
For many a summer tide;
And saw with joy thy valleys fair
Beneath me stretching wide.
Amid thy classic haunts I found
My glowing heart expand;

For each to me was sacred ground,—
Mine own inspiring land!

Endear'd to me is every trace
Of what in thee hath been!
I prize each consecrated place,
Each thought-awakening scene.
I love thine ancient towers o'erthrown
By time's unsparing hand,
Where dwelt thy patriots of renown,
Thou independent land!

Loved country, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone
Beside thy Wallace bold,
And Bruce, who, for our liberty,
Did England's sway withstand,
I glory I was born in thee,
My own ennobled land!

Ah! precious is the dust of those
Who, by such heroes led,
For sake of thee, against thy foes,
In fiercest conflict bled!
All unremember'd though they be,
With steadfast heart and hand
They sold their lives to make thee free,
Thou spirit-rousing land!

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquer'd even in death:
Their graves proclaim o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
My dear, devoted land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—
Attraction stronger still,—
The gifted poet's sacred art,
The minstrel's matchless skill:
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touch'd, with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,—
Mine own distinguished land!

Due-reverenced be thy bards each one,
Whose lays of impulse deep
Abroad upon the world have gone
Far as the wind may sweep.
Be mine to linger where they moved—
Where once they stood to stand,
And muse on all they knew and loved
In thy romantic land!

O, when I wander'd far from thee,
I saw thee in my dreams,—
I mark'd thy forests waving free—
I heard thy rushing streams;
Thy mighty dead in life came forth:
I knew the honour'd band:
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth,—
Thou high-exalted land!

What feelings through my bosom rush
To hear thy favour'd name!
And when I breathe an ardent wish,
'Tis mingled with thy fame.
If prayer of mine prevail on high,
Thou shalt for ever stand
The noblest realm beneath the sky,
My dearly-cherish'd land!

MORNING.

Awake, my love! the shades of night
Depart before the rising light;
The lovely sky, all dappled gray,
Gives welcome to the god of day;
Yet fair and brightly though he shine,
His radiance cannot equal thine!

Arise, my dearest! come away!
To mark the morning let us stray:
The genial air, so mild and calm,
Is fresher than the purest balm,
Where sweets from every shrub combine
To emulate that breath of thine!

O come, my gentlest! come with me!
The deep-green earth in splendour see;
But, gazing on her gorgeous dress
Throughout those vales of loveliness,
To where the distant hills decline,
Her beauty cannot vie with thine!

Come forth, my love, the sky is blue:
Both blade and flower are gemm'd with dew!
The rich unfolding rose appears
Blushing amid its pearly tears,
And with the lily would entwine,
As if to match that hue of thine!

Welcome, my love! both land and sky
Resound with vocal harmony;
Yet all the strains that warblers sing,
Of melting music, cannot bring
Such pure delight to ear of mine
As those mellifluous words of thine!

Come, let us go! the brightest flower,
The liveliest bird in forest bower,
Exult not in the season's pride
As I, when thou art by my side;

Nor shall I hence at aught repine,
Ennobled by that love of thine!

With thee all trial I can brave,
Wander o'er earth and stem the wave,
Though winter freeze or summer sigh,
Nor deem that harm shall come me nigh
While I possess a sacred shrine
Within that spotless breast of thine!

All praise to HIM whose wondrous care
Is mirror'd in a world so fair!
Whose goodness through the joyful spring
Awakes from sleep each living thing,
And, kinder still, whose power divine
Framed me that hand and heart of thine!

THE CAGED BIRD.

To other climes on changing wing
Has fled the wintry blast;
And, robed in verdure, joyful spring
Comes to our land at last.
The dew is on the daisied ground,
Leaves deck the forest tree;
But thus in weary thraldom bound
Can I delighted be?

In dark green foliage, nestling warm,
I first beheld the day:
'Mong all that eye or ear could charm,
I flew from spray to spray.
A happy dream my life was then—
An endless feast of joy:

Now drooping lone must I remain
A captive till I die!

No landscape fair attracts my sight;
No stream runs wimpling by;
I scarcely see the radiant light
That beams on earth and sky.
The breeze brings not to me its balm;
No pleasure comes with morn;
Nor will my fluttering heart be calm
When all its ties are torn.

Here, in a grated prison pent,
I cannot stretch my wing;
And did I give my bosom vent,
How sadly I would sing!
'Tis cruel if my lady deem
That I can warble clear;
Or raise, to suit a pleasing theme,
The music she would hear.

What pity! from the forest tree
That man should thus beguile
A little harmless bird to be
Shut up in durance vile!
May I consoling aid impart
To those who comfort seek?
Remove a sorrow from the heart,
A furrow from the cheek?

Oh! but it were a welcome time
Of harmony and mirth,
Could bondage base and wanton crime
Be banished from the earth!
Then love in dance with friendship dear,
And summer, strewing flowers,
Again would make the world appear
Like Eden's blissful bowers.

JOHN RAMSAY.

JOHN RAMSAY, the author of a small volume of poems entitled *Woodnotes of a Wanderer*, was born at Kilmarnock in 1802. He received but little education, and was early sent to learn the trade of a carpet-weaver in his native town. Whilst employed in the carpet-factory he contributed some very respectable verses to the columns of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He afterwards tried business on his own account as a grocer, but without success; and he then formed the resolution of earning a livelihood by the publication of his poetical writings, and personally pushing the sale of the volume. For a period of fifteen years he travelled over Scotland selling his *Woodnotes*, when he became agent of a benevolent society in Edinburgh. Dr. Robert Chambers says of Ramsay's productions: "I have been struck with wonder at finding expressions so forcible and eloquent—for so they deserve to be termed—proceeding from an

individual who describes himself as occupying so obscure and remote a situation in society, and who might have been so little expected, when his education and circumstances were taken into account, to display accomplishments in such matters." Ramsay's two best productions, "Eglinton Park Meeting" and the "Address to Dundonald Castle," are of considerable length; the latter contains much picturesque and pathetic beauty.

ON SEEING A REDBREAST SHOT.

All ruddy glowed the darkening west,
In azure were the mountains drest,
Her veil of mist had evening cast
O'er all the plain,
And slowly home the reapers passed,
A weary train.

On old Dundonald's hills I lay,
And watched the landscape fade away;
The owl come from the turret gray,
And skim the dell,
While leaves from autumn's sapless spray
Down rustling fell.

While on a thorn that widely spread
Its moss-grown lowly bending head,
Where long the winter's storm had shed
Its baneful power,
And oft returning summer clad
In leaf and flower;

A redbreast sang of sunshine gone,
And dreary winter coming on:
What though his strains had never known
The rules of art,
They woke to notes of sweetest tone
The trembling heart,

Bade days return that far had fled,
And hopes long laid among the dead,
And forms in fairy colours clad,
Confused appear;
While melting Feeling kindly shed
Her warmest tear.

When, lo! a flash, a thundering knell,
That startled Echo in her cell,
At once dissolved the pleasing spell,
And hushed the song;
The little warbler lifeless fell
The leaves among.

Thus the young bard, in some retreat
Remote from learning's lofty seat,
The critic, prowling, haps to meet,
And strikes the blow,
That lays him, with his prospects sweet,
For ever low.

FAREWELL TO CRAUFURDLAND.

Thou dark stream, slow wending thy deep rocky way,
By foliage oft hid from the bright eye of day,
I've viewed thee with pleasure, but now must with pain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods whence fond fancy a spirit would bring,
That trimmed the bright pinions of thought's hallowed wing,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

I've roamed you unknown to care's life-sapping sigh,
When prospects seemed fair, and my young hopes were high;
These prospects were false, and those hopes have proved vain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Soon distance shall bid my reft heart undergo
Those pangs that alone the poor exile can know—
Away! like a craven why should I complain?
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON.

Born 1803 — Died 1865.

William Maxwell Hetherington, D.D., LL.D., was born June 4, 1803, in the parish of Troqueer, which, though adjoining the town of Dumfries, is situated in the stewartry of

Kirkcudbright. His early education was of the most limited character, and he was nineteen years of age before he began the study of Latin or Greek. After nine months of instruction in the classics he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh, where he afterwards attained a high rank for scholarship. During his college days he devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of his poetic proclivities, celebrating the scenes and manners of his native county. In 1829 he published his first work, entitled "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland," full of gentle feelings, lively pastoral descriptions, and agreeable pictures of Scottish character; but the failure of Mr. Hetherington's publisher prevented the volume meeting with the success which it would otherwise have had. In these "Sketches" the young author introduced a number of songs in the style of the "Gentle Shepherd," many of them very beautiful and popular.

Mr. Hetherington was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church, and in 1836 was ordained to the ministerial charge of the parish of Torphichen, in the presbytery of Linlithgow. He proved an eloquent preacher, and although diligent in the discharge of his pastoral duties, he found time in his sequestered rural charge for the prosecution of literary composition. In 1838 he produced perhaps the most popular of his works, *The Minister's Family*, which had a large circulation in Great Britain and the United States. Three years later he published the *History of the Church of Scotland*, his most important contribution to literature, and the one by which he will be best known to posterity. This was followed in 1843 by his *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines*.

Mr. Hetherington took a leading part in the "Non-intrusion" controversy, and at the secession in 1843 he joined the Free Church of Scotland. He was afterwards transferred to St. Andrews, that his talents might be turned to account not only in gathering an influential congregation, but in instructing the Free Church students attending the university in that town. During the first year of his residence here he established the *Free Church Magazine*, which he continued to edit till the year 1848, when he accepted the position of minister of Free St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh. During his residence in Edinburgh he was a frequent contributor to the reviews and religious periodicals, especially the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*. In 1857 he was unanimously appointed by the General Assembly to the chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the Free Church College of Glasgow. He died May 23, 1865, and in accordance with his own request was buried in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, the last resting-place of Hugh Miller, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Guthrie.

THE HEART'S DIRGE.

I wake not thus at midnight's hour,
Resting my head, in mournful mood,
Upon my hand, to muse on power,
Begirt by all her battle brood;
Nor do I frame the lay to tell
How heroes, crown'd with victory, fell,
When war-fiends peal'd their frantic yell
Upon the fields of blood.

No! Midnight's smouldering passions urge
The wailings that I wake to pour;
An unheard, melancholy dirge,
A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
Poor sport of many a bitterest ill,
Of Misery's pang, and Rapture's thrill,
Soon may'st thou, must thou, slumber still,
Nor wish to waken more!

What wert thou when young life was thine?
Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
Her glorious forms of joy divine
To tempt, then sweep in mockery past?
Did Passion, like the siroc wind,
That leaves no living thing behind,
Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
To leave thee thus at last?

Say, wert thou one whose pulses rose
As the clear war-note swell'd the gale?
Joy'dst thou, amid encountering foes,
Grimly to bid Destruction hail?
When Victory her pæan rung,
Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
Hast thou from bloody housings sprung,
As rout roared down the vale?

Or did thy love-aspirings pant
For that immortal, holiest fame,
The bard's high lays alone can grant—
A stainless and a star-like name?
Had Nature in her bounty smil'd
On thee, her desert-wandering child,
While each oasis in the wild
Show'd groves of verdant flame?

Or, had Love's wondrous magic wrought
Around thy core a fatal spell,
Till at a look, a word, a thought,
Was brightest heaven, or darkest hell?
And still, whatever doom was thine,
Wert thou for aye a hallow'd shrine,
Where One, an image all divine,
In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the warrior's war-brand rusts
In peace, when age has tamed his fire;
The bard to future times intrusts
His fame—his soul's one strong desire?
The lover,—Ah! he ne'er may rest!
No balm, no solace to his breast,
Till, even in despairing blest,
His breaking heart expire!

Yes! thine has been the lover's doom—
The love that kills well hast thou known!
Behind the darkness of the tomb
Thy star of life is set and gone!
Did she for whom thy pulse beat high,
Turn from thy disregarded sigh
Her proud ear, and imperious eye,
And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or bard, or lover true,
Whate'er thou wert, or mightst have been,
Rest thee, while o'er thy wreck I strew
Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
Primroses, snowdrops, lilies fair,
Spring's firstlings—Autumn blossoms rare,
That, trembling in the wintry air,
Shrink from its breathings keen:

The cypress let me gather too,
The willow boughs that ever weep,
And blend them with the sable yew,
To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep.
Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
The wreath funereal o'er thee hung,
The pall of silence round thee flung,
Long be thy rest, and deep!

THE TORWOOD OAK.

The Torwood Oak! How like a spell
By potent wizard breathed, that name
Bids every Scottish bosom swell,
And burn with all a patriot's flame!
The past before the rapt eye brings—
Forth stalk the phantom shades of kings,
And loud the warrior's bugle rings
O'or gory fields of blood!

I see the Roman eagle whet
Its hungry beak, I see it soar;
It stoops, I see its pinions wet,
Ruffled and wet with its own gore:
I see the Danish raven sweep
O'er the dark bosom of the deep,—
Its scatter'd plumage strews the steep
Of rugged Albin's shore.

Lo! England's Edward comes!—the plain
Groans where his marshall'd thousands wheel,
Grim Havoc stalks o'er heaps of slain,
Gaunt Famine, prowling, dogs his heel!
Ah! woe for Scotland! blood and woe!
Fierce and relentless is the foe,
And treason points the murderous blow,
Edges the ruthless steel!

But who is he with dauntless brow,
And dragon crest, and eagle eye,
Whose proud form never knew to bow
Its lofty port and bearing high?
Around him close a glorious band,—
Few—but the chosen of the land;
Beneath the Torwood Tree they stand,
Freedom to gain, or die!

'Tis he, the bravest of the brave!
Champion of Scotland's liberty,
Whose mighty arm and dreadful glaive
His mother-land could thrice set free!
That hero-patriot, whose great name
Justly the foremost rank may claim
Of all that grace the rolls of fame—
WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE!

Yes, oft the Torwood Oak has bent
Its broad boughs o'er his noble head;
Oft, in his hour of peril, lent
The shelter of its friendly shade;
And though rude Time and stern Decay
Its moulder'd stem have swept away,
The hero's name there dwells for aye—
A name that cannot fade!

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
When the saft wastlin' wind, as it wanders o'er
the lea,
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny
noon;

But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to me,
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften ha'e I been,
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours I've seen;
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd, my love, wi' thee,
In the gloamin' 'neath the bonnie, bonnie hawthorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht ower the dewy plain—
But thy saft voice and sighing breath were sweeter far to me.
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Auld time may wave his dusky wing, and chance may cast his die,
And the rainbow hues o' flattering hope may darken in the sky,
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower the frozen lea,
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree;

But still maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing heart of mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer blossoms shine,
And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn tree.

ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

'Tis hallow'd ground! hush'd be my breath!
Uncover'd be my head!
Let me the shadowy Court of Death
With softest footstep tread!
The spirit of the place I feel,
And on its sacred dust I kneel—
For here all lowly laid,
As ancient legends soothly say,
Rest Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Scotia's brown pines in silent gloom
Commingle, broad and tall,
As Nature's self had o'er their tomb
Hung her own solemn pall;
A few faint straggling beams of day,
Amid the blent boughs shifting, stray,
And on their low homes fall;
The Almond, gurgling down the vale,
Pours, ever pours, their deep dirge-wail.

Where are the mounds, that, like twin waves,
Young children of the deep,
With gentle swell should mark the graves
Where side by side they sleep?
They, too, have melted quite away,
Like snow-wreaths, lessening day by day—
Time's wasting touch can sweep
Even Death's sad records from Earth's face,
Leaving of man no lingering trace.

And be it so! Their once fair clay,—
Like dew-drops in the stream,
Like leaves in the wan year's decay,
Like the sky-meteor's gleam,—
Though with its mother element,
Now undistinguishably blent,
That human dust may seem,
Refined and purified shall rise,
To bloom immortal in the skies.

How vain the pompous tomb appears
Piled o'er the mighty dead,
While viewing through the mist of tears
Where the beautiful are laid!
Yes! in the gales that round me moan,
The stream, the grove, the letter'd stone,
Even in the dust I tread,
I feel the presence of a power
Guarding this consecrated bower.

Thrice hallow'd is this lonely dell,
Three spirits, all divine—
Love, Innocence, and Friendship—dwell
Here, in one common shrine;
Here youth and virgin fair may meet,
May plight their vows by moonlight sweet,
May heart and hand entwine:—
No faithless foot this turf may tread,
For here *they* reign—the Sacred Dead!

THE VOICE OF STREAMS.

Awake, awake! ye voices that dwell
In streams, as they race on their own bright way!
Ye *are* awake! for I feel the spell
Around my heart of your mystic lay!
The shrill and the gleeful laugh of youth,
The timid sigh of the maiden fair,
The lover's lute, and his vows of truth,
And the moans of breaking hearts, are there.

There is innocent bliss in that playful song,
Rolling its rippling voice on mine ear;
Light leaps my heart as it glides along
In spring-tide joyousness fresh and clear;
For ne'er can the bosom-chords sleep to the sound
Of the brooklet that lull'd pure childhood's rest;
Recalling oft, as it flutters around,
Sweet Eden dreams to the time-chill'd breast.

O, voice of the stream! thou art sweet and dear
In the dewy eve of the flowery May,
When thy Fairyland music, hovering near,
Fills each soft pause in the lover's lay:
But the young and the beautiful Death spares not,
The trysting-place—what is it now?
Alas, alas! 'tis a haunted spot,
And a gushing, endless wail art thou.

There is mirth and sport in thy altering voice,
I hear it dancing adown the vale,
While the shout and the song bid echo rejoice,
And laughter rides on the joy-wing'd gale:—
The bleating of lambs on the sunny braes,
The lightsome maiden's petulant tongue,
Blent with the shepherd-boy's rustic lays,
Free on the wandering breeze are flung.

Hark! wild and dread is the swelling strain
That booms on the mustering night wind by!
Like the shout of strife, and the groan of pain,
And the pæan of victory loud and high:
Of manhood it tells in the noon of his might,
When glory beams on his lofty brow—
When bursts on his bosom the torrent of fight,
And the powers of nature before him bow.

Now it saddens away from its war-note proud,
And heaves its querulous murmurings forth,
Beneath the gloom of night's one huge cloud,
Like a dirge-wail sung o'er the shrouded earth!
'Tis the plaint of age in his winter-eve dim,
Laden with longings, regrets, and woes,
When hope is a dream of the dead to him,
And pall-like the grave shadows o'er him close.

Breathe on, breathe on! thou voice of the stream!
To thousand fancies thy notes give birth
In my musing spirit, and still they seem
The storied records of man and earth:
For thou hast partaken his mirth or moan,
Since first from Eden his steps were driven;
And his fate shall speak in thy changeful tone,
Till the exile returns to his home in heaven.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

BORN 1804— DIED 1843.

The elder of two remarkable brothers, ALEXANDER BETHUNE was born in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, in July, 1804. The extreme poverty of his parents enabled them to give him but a scanty education at the village school, which was supplemented by some instruction in writing and arithmetic at home. His boyhood was passed in the most abject poverty, and at fourteen he followed the occupation of a common labourer, working on farms, in a quarry, and in breaking stones on the public highways. In spite of these obstacles, however, he early contracted a taste for literature, and devoted his evening hours to reading and the composition of verses and tales. While employed in breaking stones in 1835 he wrote a very clear and characteristic letter to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in which he expressed a desire to submit some of his articles for inspection with a view to their publication in the *Edinburgh Journal*. Several articles from his pen soon after appeared in the columns of that periodical, and thus began Bethune's literary career. *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*, part of which was written by his brother John, appeared in 1838, and was most favourably received. The year following *Lectures on Practical Economy*, the joint production of the two brothers, was published. In 1843 another volume from Alexander's pen appeared, entitled *The Scottish Peasant's Fireside*, which met with the same kind reception extended to the *Tales and Sketches*. But this was the last of his intellectual efforts, and his life of struggle was drawing to a close. He had been offered the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard*, with a salary of £100 per annum, but impaired health compelled him to decline a position which would have been so congenial

to him, and for which his talents well fitted him. He became rapidly worse, and died at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh, June 13, 1843, in his thirty-ninth year. His remains were interred in the grave of his brother John in Abdie churchyard. An interesting volume of his *Life, Correspondence, and Literary Remains* was published in 1845 by William M'Combie. On the death of his brother in 1839, Alexander collected his poems, and prepared a memoir of his life, which was published the year following.

MUSINGS OF CONVALESCENCE.

After seclusion sad, and sad restraint,
Again the welcome breeze comes wafted far
Across the cooling bosom of the lake,
To fan my weary limbs and feverish brow,
Where yet the pulse beats audible and quick—
And I could number every passing throb,
Without the pressure which physicians use,
As easily as I could count the chimes
By which the clock sums up the flight of time.
Yet it is pleasing, from the bed of sickness,
And from the dingy cottage, to escape
For a short time to breathe the breath of heaven,
And ruminate abroad with less of pain.
Let those who never pressed the thorny pillow,
To which disease oft ties its victim down
For days and weeks of wakeful suffering—
Who never knew to turn or be turned
From side to side, and seek, and seek in vain,
For ease and a short season of repose—
Who never tried to circumvent a moan,
And tame the spirit with a tyrant's sway,
To bear what must be borne and not complain—
Who never strove to wring from the writhed lip
And rigid brow, the semblance of a smile,
To cheer a friend in sorrow sitting by,
Nor felt that time, in happy days so fleet,
Drags heavily along when dogged by pain,
Let those *talk* well of Nature's beauteous face,
And her sublimer scenes; her rocks and mountains;
Her clustered hills and winding valleys deep;
Her lakes, her rivers, and her oceans vast,
In all the pomp of modern sentiment;
But still they cannot *feel* with half the force,
Which the pale invalid, imprisoned long,
Experiences upon his first escape
To the green fields and the wide world abroad:
Beauty *is* beauty—freshness, freshness, then;
And feeling *is* a something to be *felt*—
Not fancied—as is frequently the case.
These feelings lend an impulse now, and hope
Again would soar upon the wings of health;
Yet is it early to indulge his flight,
When death, short while ago, seem'd hovering near;
And the next hour perhaps may bring him back.
And bring me to that "bourne" where I shall sleep—
Not like the traveller, though he sleep well,
Not like the artisan or humble hind,
Or the day-labourer worn out with his toil,
Who pass the night scarce conscious of its passing,
Till morning with its balmy breath return,
And the shrill cock-crow warns them from their bed—
That sleep shall be more lasting and more dreamless
Than aught which living men on earth may know.
Well, be it so: methinks my life, though short,
Hath taught me that this sublunary world
Is something else than fancy wont to paint it—
A world of many cares and anxious thoughts,
Pains, sufferings, abstinence, and endless toil,
From which it were small penance to be gone.
Yet there are feelings in the heart of youth,
Howe'er depress'd by poverty or pain,
Which loathe the oblivious grave; and I would live,
If it were only but to be convinced
That "all is vanity beneath the sun."—
Yes! while these hands can earn what nature asks,
Or lessen, by one bitter drop, the cup
Of woe, which some must drink even to its dregs,
Or have it in their power to hold a crust
To the pale lip of famished indigence,
I would not murmur or repine though care,
The toil-worn, frame-tired arm, and heavy foot,
Should be my portion in this pilgrimage.
But when this ceases, let me also cease,
If such may be thy will, O God of Heaven!
Thou knowest all the weakness of my heart,
And it is such, I would not be a beggar
Nor ask an alms from charity's cold hand:
I would not buy existence at the price
Which the poor mendicant must stoop to pay.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Unlike all other things earth knows,
(All else may fail or change)
The love in a mother's heart that glows
Nought earthly can estrange.
Concentrated, and strong, and bright,
A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
Which no cold shadow knows.

All that by mortal can be done
A mother ventures for her son;
If marked by worth or merit high,
Her bosom beats with ecstacy;
And though he own nor worth nor charm,
To him her faithful heart is warm.
Though wayward passions round him close,
And fame and fortune prove his foes;
Through every change of good and ill,
Unchanged, a mother loves him still.
Even love itself, than life more dear,—
Its interchange of hope and fear;
Its feeling oft akin to madness;
Its fevered joys, and anguish-sadness;
Its melting moods of tenderness,
And fancied wrongs, and fond redress,
Hath nought to form so strong a tie
As her deep sympathies supply.
And when those kindred chords are broken
Which twine around the heart;
When friends their farewell word have spoken,
And to the grave depart;
When parents, brothers, husband die,
And desolation only
At every step meets her dim eye,
Inspiring visions lonely,—
Love's last and strongest root below,
Which widow'd mothers only know,
Watered by each successive grief,
Puts forth a fresher, greener leaf:
Divided streams unite in one,
And deepen round her only son;
And when her early friends are gone,
She lives and breathes in him alone.

ON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

When evening's lengthened shadows fall
On cottage roof and princely hall,
Then brothers with their brothers meet,
And kindred hearts each other greet,
And children wildly, gladly press,
To share a father's fond caress:
But home to me no more can bring
Those scenes which are life's sweetening.

No friendly heart remains for me,
Like star to gild life's stormy sea,
No brother, whose affection warm
The gloomy passing hours might charm.
Bereft of all who once were dear,
Whose words or looks were wont to cheer;
Parent, and friend, and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone.

DUGALD MOORE.

BORN 1805—DIED 1841.

DUGALD MOORE, a poet of very superior power, well known in the west of Scotland, was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, August 12, 1805. His parents were in humble circumstances, and at an early age he was apprenticed to Mr. James Lumsden, stationer, Queen Street, in whom he found his earliest and most efficient patron. By Mr. Lumsden's exertions his first work, *The African, and other Poems*, was brought out in 1829. This was succeeded by no fewer than *five* other volumes of poems, all published between the years 1829 and 1839, and all liberally subscribed for. The pecuniary success of his early publications enabled Moore to set up as a bookseller and stationer in his native city, where he was gradually rising in wealth and reputation, when suddenly cut off by inflammation, January 2, 1841. He died unmarried, having resided all his life with his mother, to whom he was much attached. In the Necropolis, where he lies buried, a massive monument surmounted by a bust was erected to his memory by his personal friends and admirers.

Moore was pre-eminently self-taught, his education at school having been of the most scanty description. All his works, though subject in some cases to objection on the score of accuracy or sound taste, display unequivocal marks of genius. He possessed a vigorous and fertile imagination, great force of diction, and freedom of versification. His muse loved to dwell on the vast, the grand, the terrible in nature. He dealt little in matters of everyday life or

everyday feeling. Professor Wilson said of his *African and other Poems*, and *Bard of the North*, "My ingenious friend Dugald Moore of Glasgow, whose poems—both volumes—are full of uncommon power and frequently exhibit touches of true genius."

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

Sister! is this an hour for sleep?—
Should slumber mar a daughter's prayer,
When drinks her father, on the deep,
Death's chalice in despair?
Though I have rested in the grave,
Long with oblivion's ghastly crowd,
Yet the wild tempest on the wave
Hath roused me from my shroud!

'Tis but a few short days since he,
Our father, left his native land,
And I was there, when by the sea
Ye wept,—and grasp'd each parting hand;
I hover'd o'er you, when alone
The farewell thrill'd each wounded heart—
The breeze then raised its warning tone,
And bade the ship depart.

I saw the bark in sunshine quit
Our own romantic shore;
Thou heard'st the tempest—it hath smit
The proudest—now no more;
Amid the ocean's solitude,
Unseen, I trod its armèd deck,
And watch'd our father when he stood
In battle and in wreck.

But stronger than a spirit's arm
Is His who measures out the sky—
Who rides upon the volley'd storm
When it comes sweeping by.
The tempest rose;—I saw it burst,
Like death upon the ocean's sleep;
The warriors nobly strove at first,
But perish'd in the deep.

High floating on the riven storm,
I hover'd o'er the staggering bark—
Oh God! I saw our father's form
Sink reeling in the dark!
I hung above the crew, and drank
Their wild—their last convulsive prayer;
One thunder roll, then down they sank,
And all was blackness there!

Our father strove in vain to brave
The hurricane in all its wrath,
My airy foot was on the wave
That quench'd his latest breath:
I smoothed the sea's tremendous brim,
The fearful moment that he died,
And spread a calmer couch for him
Than those who perish'd by his side.

The wild waves, flung by giant death
Above that lone, that struggling crew—
Shrunk backward, when my viewless breath
Came o'er their bosoms blue;
I saw beneath the lightning's frown,
Our father on the billows roll,
I smote the hissing tempest down,
And clasp'd his shrinking soul.

Then, hand in hand we journey'd on,
Far—far above the whirlwind's roar,
And laugh'd at death, the skeleton,
Who could not scathe us more!
Around, the stars in beauty flung
Their pure, their never-dying light,
Lamps by the Eternal's fiat hung
To guide the spirit's flight.

TO THE CLYDE.

When cities of old days
But meet the savage gaze,
Stream of my early ways,
Thou wilt roll,
Though fleets forsake thy breast,
And millions sink to rest,—
Of the bright and glorious west
Still the soul.

When the porch and stately arch,
Which now so proudly perch
O'er thy billows, on their march
To the sea,
Are but ashes in the shower;
Still the jocund summer hour,
From his cloud will weave a bower
Over thee.

When the voice of human power
Has ceased in mart and bower;
Still the broom and mountain flower
Will thee bless:
And the mists that love to stray
O'er the Highlands, far away,
Will come down their deserts gray
To thy kiss.

And the stranger, brown with toil,
From the far Atlantic's soil,
Like the pilgrim of the Nile,
Yet may come

To search the solemn heaps
That moulder by thy deeps,
Where desolation sleeps,
Ever dumb.

Though fetters yet should clank
O'er the gay and princely rank
Of cities on thy bank,
All sublime;
Still thou wilt wander on,
Till eternity has gone,
And broke the dial-stone
Of old Time.

HANNIBAL, ON DRINKING THE POISON.

And have I thus outlived the brave
Who wreath'd this wrinkled brow?—
And has earth nothing but a grave
To shield her conqueror now?
Ah, glory! thou'rt a fading leaf,—
Thy fragrance false—thy blossoms brief—
And those who to thee bow
Worship a falling star—whose path
Is lost in darkness and in death.

Yet I have twined the meed of fame
This ancient head around,
And made the echo of my name
A not undreaded sound;
Ay—there are hearts, Italia, yet
Within thee, who may not forget
Our battle's bloody mound,
When thy proud eagle on the wing
Fell to the earth, a nerveless thing!

Yes, 'mid thy vast and fair domains,
Thou sitt'st in terror still,
While this old heart, and these shrunk veins,
Have one scant drop to spill;
Even in the glory of thy fame
Thou shrinkest still at Afric's name,—
'Tis not a joyous thrill;
Thou hast not yet forgotten quite
The hurricane of Cannae's fight!

Though chased from shore to shore, I yet
Can smile, proud land, at thee;
And though my country's glory set,
Her warrior still is free!
On prostrate millions thou may'st tread,
But never on this aged head—
Ne'er forge base bands for me!
This arm, which made thy thousands vain,
May wither—but ne'er wear thy chain.

True, they are gone—those days of fame—
Those deeds of might—and I
Am nothing—but a dreaded name,
Heard like storms rushing by:
Then welcome, bitter draught—thou'rt sweet
To warrior spirits that would meet
Their end—as men should die,—
Hearts that would hail the darksome grave,
Ere yet degraded to a slave.

Carthage—farewell! My dust I lay
Not on thy summer strand;
Yet shall my spirit stretch away
To thee, my father's land.
I fought for thee—I bled for thee—
I perish now to keep thee free;
And when the invader's band
Thy children meet on battled plain,
My soul shall charge for thee again!

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

BORN 1805—DIED 1866.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, an industrious and prolific writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 10, 1805. After being educated in his native city he became clerk to a Leith merchant, but he afterwards gave up this situation and entered the office of a writer in Edinburgh, with the intention of making the law his profession. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations.* In the year following he proceeded to London, where he formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and other men of letters. For some years after this he resided in Aberdeen, employed on the *Journal* and *Advertiser* newspapers of that city; and in 1836 he returned to London, where he contributed extensively to the magazines. In 1839 his *Landscape Lyrics* appeared in a handsome quarto volume, and in 1842 he published a valuable work, *The Popular Scottish Biography.* Mr. Anderson was also the editor of a

series of five volumes, *Treasury of History and Biography, Treasury of Nature, Science, and Art,* &c.; an edition of Lord Byron's works with a memoir and notes; and various other publications. He was connected for some time with the *Witness* newspaper, and in 1845 removed to Glasgow to assist in establishing the *Daily Mail,* the first daily newspaper issued in Scotland. In 1853 he began an important and extensive work, entitled *The Scottish Nation; or the Surnames, Families, Literature, Honours, and Biographical History of the People of Scotland.* This work, published by Fullarton & Co. in three large volumes, engaged its author for nearly twelve years, and is likely to prove his most enduring literary monument. In 1855 he published the "Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Sir John Franklin, and intended for juvenile readers. Mr. Anderson ended a life of much literary activity August 2, 1866, aged sixty-one years. The following pieces are selected from a collected edition of his poems published in 1845, and from which the author omitted many of his earlier compositions, not deeming them "worthy of further reprint."

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned!

Full oft my gladdened eye,
In pleasant glade, on river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of Taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye;

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart.—I know not how 'tis so,—
Quick-coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice:

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernac'lar words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits:

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought!
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

AT E'ENING WHAN THE KYE.

At e'ening whan the kye war in,
An' lasses milking thrang,
A neebour laird cam' ben the byre,
The busy maids amang;
He stood ahint the routin' kye
An' round him glowered a wee,
Then stole to whar young Peggy sat,
The milk pail at her knee.

"Sweet Peggy, lass," thus spoke the laird,
"Wilt listen to my tale?"
"Stan' out the gate, laird," Peggy cried,
"Or you will coup the pail;
Mind, Hawkie here's a timorous beast,
An' no acquent wi' you."
"Ne'er fash," quo' he, "the milking time's
The sweetest time to woo.

"Ye ken, I've aften tauld ye that
I've thretty kye and mair,
An' ye'd be better owning them
Than sittin' milkin' there.
My house is bein, and stocket weel
In hadden and in ha',
An' ye've but just to say the word
Tae leddy be o' a'."

"Wheesht, laird," quo' Peggy, "dinna mak'
Yersel' a fule an' me,
I thank ye, for your offer kind,
But sae it canna be.
Maybe yer weel stocked house and farm,
An' thretty lowing kine,
May win some ither lassie's heart,
They hae nae charms for mine;

"For in the kirk I hae been cried,
My troth is pledged and sworn,
An' tae the man I like mysel'
I'll married be the morn."
The laird, dumfoundered at her words,
Had nae mair will to try'r;
But turned, and gaed far faster out,
Than he'd come in the byre.

I'M NAEBODY NOO.

I'm naebody noo, though in days that are gane,
Whan I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
There war' mony to flatter, and mony to praise,
And wha but mysel' was sae prood in those days!

Ah! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
Wha laughed at my joke, and applauded my sang,
Though the tane had nae point, and the tither nae glee;
But of coorse they war' grand when comin' frae me!

Whan I'd plenty to gie, o' my cheer and my crack,
There war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak';
But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel'.

Whan I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to proffer,
And noo whan I want it, I ne'er get the offer;
I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decreast,
In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gie
I thought a' the time was intended for me,
But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
Their friendship, like it, also flickered awa'.

My advice ance was sought for by folk far and near,
Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear,
I'm as weel able yet to gie counsel, that's true,
But I may jist haud my wheesht, for I'm naebody noo.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

By Tweed's fair stream, in a secluded spot,
Rises an ivy-crowned monastic pile;
Beneath its shadow sleeps the Wizard Scott;
A ruin is his resting-place—no vile
Unconsecrated graveyard is the soil;—
Few moulder there, but these the loved, the good,
The honoured, and the famed; and sweet flowers smile
Around the precincts of the Abbeyhood,
While cedar, oak, and yew adorn that solitude.

Hail, Dryburgh! to thy sylvan shades all hail!—
As to a shrine, from places far away,
With awe-struck spirit, to thy classic vale
Shall pilgrims come, to muse, perchance to pray;
More hallowed now than in thy elder day,
For sacred is the earth wherein is laid
The Poet's dust; and still his mind, his lay,
And his renown, shall flourish undecayed,
Like his loved country's fame, that is not doomed to fade.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle!
Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!
Yet he heeds not its song
As it sinks on his ear,
For he lists to a voice
Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Once and away,
The castle is gained,
And the lady is gay;

When her smile waxes sad,
And her eyes become dim,
Her bosom is glad,
If she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Over the wold,
Rides onward a band
Of true warriors bold;
They stop not for forest,
They halt not for water;
Their chieftain in sorrow
Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle;
Through the wood, through the wood,
Prances the earl;
And on a gay palfrey
Comes pacing his bride;
While an old man sits smiling,
In joy, by her side.

HENRY G. BELL.

Born 1805 — Died 1874.

Henry Glassford Bell, the son of James Bell, advocate, was born in Glasgow in 1805. His early life was spent chiefly in Edinburgh, to which city his father removed in 1811. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he early exhibited a predilection for literature, and at the close of his college curriculum he wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots," in two volumes, which was so popular as to pass through several editions and to be translated into several modern languages. In 1829 he established the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which he conducted with marked ability for three years. As the editor of this periodical he formed an intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men who lived in Edinburgh at the beginning of the second quarter of the present century. He was the friend and frequent companion of Professor Wilson, who speaks of Bell with respect and affection in his *Noctes*, where he appears under the name of Tallboys. In 1832 Mr. Bell was admitted to practise as an advocate, when his literary and artistic tastes became in some measure subordinated to the weightier business of his profession. In 1839 he was appointed a sheriff-substitute of Lanarkshire, a position in which his thorough knowledge of law and his sound judgment gave such satisfaction, that in 1867, on the death of Sir Archibald Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, he received the vacant sheriffdom, and he continued to fulfil the duties of this important and honourable office with distinction until his death, January 7, 1874.

In 1831 Mr. Bell published a volume of poems entitled *Summer and Winter Hours*, followed the year after by *My Old Portfolio*, a collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. From time to time, at intervals snatched from the discharge of his professional duties, he gave to the world several volumes and poetical brochures, the latest of which appeared in 1865 with the title of *Romances and other Minor Poems*. This volume fairly entitles its author to a place in our Collection, containing as it does the fruits of mature thought, with which much of the poetic fervour of youthful feeling is beautifully blended. Mr. Bell was also an acknowledged connoisseur in art, and did inestimable service to the people of Scotland as well as to professional artists by his labours in establishing in 1833 the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. He frequently appeared on the public platform as an eloquent speaker on subjects relating to art, literature, and social science; and was for many years one of the best-known men in the western capital.

One of the journals of his native city said of Sheriff Bell: "There are two kinds of eminence, and among the men who have concentrated their lives on a single pursuit or a single problem Mr. Bell will not take a foremost rank. But rarely in the long list of our great lawyers has there been found one who has

combined a technical reputation so indisputably high with accomplishments and sympathies so varied and so acute. From the time when, amid the regrets of his friends the Ettrick Shepherd and others of the admiring circle which gathered round the brilliant young Edinburgh advocate, he left the gardens of the Muses for the courts of Themis, he devoted himself with an unsurpassed and unsurpassable assiduity to the duties of his profession. But, as has been the case with our greatest lawyers, his literary powers and tastes ever went hand in hand with his keen logical perceptions; and those who knew him best can recall no pleasanter hours of intellectual interest than those spent in his discussions of the speculative and practical points at issue in the cases on which he was engaged. Mr. Bell was a great lawyer and a great deal more. He was one of the first of our few good dramatic censors; among patrons of art a Mæcenas; of Scotch critics of poetry among the best that our century has produced, and himself no mean poet. Many of his writings in prose and verse will bear a favourable comparison with the most deservedly popular volumes of recent times. But—and in this respect also he is associated with several of the most conspicuous of his countrymen—though his works were good and his work was excellent, the man was more excellent. As with Irving and Chalmers, and his old friend John Wilson, what he has left behind can give no adequate impression of the space he filled in the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to enjoy his companionship. Henry Glassford Bell was in some respects the last of a race—*ultimus Romanorum*—of the men who could think, and live, and talk, and revolve great problems in their minds, and yet keep a cheerful face before all the world. With that world he was always on good terms, but without surrendering an inch of his independence. He had almost the innocence of a child with the fortitude of a sage. If he had a fault, it was extreme good nature. His own inner convictions might have taken a more vivid and trenchant form had he been less chary of letting others into the secrets known only to those nearest to him."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Elle était de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin.—MALHERBE.

I looked far back into the past, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow crept,
And, all around, the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry;—
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands, the first among his peers;

Next him the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assail'd,
And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd,—
And higher yet their path shall be, and stronger wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light;
There too the Prince of Condé wears his all unconquer'd sword,
With great Coligni by his side,—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medici, that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings, the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make,
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake:
But fairer far than all the crowd, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun.
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed.—It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth:
It was her mother's land; the land of childhood and of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;
The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!—
One gaze again—one long last gaze; "Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now;
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, her words, her prayers are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell;
"Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:
"My lords, my lords!" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,
And once more reign, a Stuart queen o'er my
remorseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek, stream'd her
rich tresses down;
She wrote the words—she stood erect, a queen
without a crown!

The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal
banner bore;
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling
queen once more:
She staid her steed upon a hill, she saw them
marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every
flashing eye:
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies
away,
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers
—where are they?
Scatter'd, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless
and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what
guilt has won;
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no lag-
gard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow
in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block a
sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon
must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady
through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and
touch'd the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white
veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—that
cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom,
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering
for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once
so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd
with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of
living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that sym-
metry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm con-
vent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her
holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal
morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory
born!
Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a
triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the
block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all
the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bow'd!
Her neck is bar'd—the blow is struck—the soul
has pass'd away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay!
A solemn text! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone,
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of
a throne!

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

It was a lord and a gentle maid
Sat in a greenwood bower,
And thus the brave Sir Alfred said
To the greenwood's fairest flower:—

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,—
With thee I could live and die;
But thou art a maid of low degree,
And of princely race am I.

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,
I have loved a year and a day;
But a different fate is in store for me,
And I must no longer stay.

"Thou art a cottage maiden, love,
And know not thy own pedigree;
And I must marry the king's daughter,
For she is betrothed to me."

There was a smile on Rosalie's lip,
But a tear in her blue eye shone;
The smile was all for her lover's fate,
The tear perchance for her own.

And down fell her ringlets of chestnut hair,
Down in a shower of gold;
And she hid her face in her lover's arms,
With feelings best left untold.

Then slowly rose she in her bower,
With something of pride and scorn,
And she look'd like a tall and dewy flow'r
That lifts up its head to the morn.

She flung her golden ringlets aside,
And a deep blush crimson'd her cheek,—

"Heaven bless thee, Alfred, and thy young bride,
Heaven give you the joy you seek!

"Thou wert not born for a cottage, love,
Nor yet for a maiden of low degree;
Thou wilt find thy mate in the king's daughter—
Forget and forgive thy Rosalie."

Sir Alfred has flung him upon his steed,
But he rides at a laggard pace;
Of the road he is travelling he takes no heed,
And a deadly paleness is on his face.

Sir Alfred has come to the king's palace,
And slowly Sir Alfred has lighted down;
He sigh'd when he thought of the king's daughter—
He sigh'd when he thought of her father's crown.

"O! that my home were the greenwood bower,
Under the shelter of the greenwood tree!
O! that my strength had been all my dower,
All my possessions Rosalie!"

Sir Alfred has entered the royal hall
'Midst a thousand nobles in rich array;
But he who was once more gay than all,
Has never, I ween, one word to say.

The king sat high on his royal throne,
Though his hairs were gray, his arm was strong;
"Good cousin," he said, in a jocund tone,
"Is it thou or thy steed that has stay'd so long?

"But it boots not now—Bring forth the bride!
Thou hast never yet my daughter seen:
A woeful fate it is thine to bide,
For her hair is red and her eyes are green!"

The bride came forth in a costly veil,
And nought of her face could Alfred see;
But his cheek grew yet more deadly pale,
And he fell down faltering upon his knee:

"Pardon! pardon! my liege, my king!
And let me speak while I yet am free;
But were she fair as the flowers of spring,
To your daughter I never can husband be."

Lightning flash'd from the king's fierce eye,
And thunder spoke in his angry tone,—
"Then the death of a traitor thou shalt die,
And thy marriage peal shall be torture's moan!"

"I never feared to die, Sir King,
But my plighted faith I fear to break;
I never fear'd the grave's deep rest,
But the pangs of conscience I fear to wake."

Out then spoke the king's daughter,
And haughtily spoke she,—
"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
He shall never be claim'd by me;—

"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
Why, let the knight go free:
Let him give his hand to his other love,
There are hundreds as good as he!"

With a careless touch she threw back her veil,
As if it by chance might be;
And who do you think was the king's daughter?
His own—his long-loved Rosalie!

First he stood like a marble stone,
And she like a lily sweet,
Then a sunny smile o'er his features shone,
And then he was at her feet.

BLOSSOMS.

It is a lesson sad and true,
Of human life to me,
To mark the swelling fruit push off
The blossoms from the tree,—

The silver blossoms, ruby streak'd,
That scent the summer air,
That gleam among the dark green leaves,
And make a sunshine there;

The dew-drop's fragrant dwelling-place
Through all the gentle night;
The latticed window's fairy screen
From morning's flush of light.

No wonder that the young bird sits
Among the boughs and sings;
He finds companionship in them,—
Soft-breathing lovely things!

No wonder that the fair child wreathes
Their riches round her brow;
They are themselves an emblem meet
Of what that child is now.

Alas! like childhood's thoughts they die—
They drop—they fade away;
A week—a little week—and then,
The blossoms—where are they?

You tell me they make room for fruit,
A more substantial store;
But often stolen ere 'tis ripe,
Oft rotten at the core.

I do not love the worthless gifts,
That bend our childhood down,
And give us for our chaplet wreath
Ambition's leaden crown;

I do not love the fruits that push
Our flowery hopes away,—
The silver blossoms, ruby-streak'd,
Ah! dearer far are they!

I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee till I knew
That thou had'st loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beamed as beautiful?

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,—
'Tis worthless in my eyes:
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask,
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering;—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last;—
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bid'st—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong.

MY VIS-À-VIS.

That olden lady!—can it be?
Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea
That I may gently to her say—
"Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-à-vis.

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,
That Eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—
I see them all,—I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee,
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-à-vis!

"I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get
Like moths within the fatal flame:
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-à-vis.

"And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark:
'By Jove! that *is* a vis-à-vis!'

"O time and change, what is't you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly person been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his moustache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop *our* sun
When I was first your vis-à-vis?

"Forgive me, if I've been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up."

So spoke I: then, like cold December,
Only these brief words said she:
"I do not in the least remember
I ever was your vis-à-vis."

THE END.

I know at length the truth, my friend,—
Some ten or fifteen seasons more,
And then for me there comes the end—
My joys and sorrows will be o'er.

Nor deem I the remaining years,
Which soon most come and soon must go,
Which wake no hopes, excite no fears,
Will teach me more than now I know.

They'll bring the same unfruitful round,
The nightly rest, the daily toil,
The smiles that soothe, the slights that wound,
The little gain, the feverish moil.

As manhood's fire burns less and less,
The languid heart grows cold and dull,
Alike indifferent to success,
And careless of the beautiful.

Nought but the past awakes a throb,
And even the past begins to die,—
The burning tear, the anguished sob,
Give place to listless apathy.

And when at last death turns the key,
And throws the earth and green turf on,
Whate'er it was that made up *me*,
Is it, my friend, for ever gone?

Dear friend, is all we see a dream?
Does this brief glimpse of time and space
Exhaust the aims, fulfil the scheme
Intended for the human race?

Shall even the star-exploring mind,
Which thrills with spiritual desire,
Be, like a breath of summer wind,
Absorbed in sunshine and expire!

Or will what men call death restore
The living myriads of the past?
Is dying but to go before
The myriads who will come at last?

If not, whence sprung the thought? and whence
Perception of a power divine,
Who symbols forth omnipotence
In flowers that bloom, in suns that shine?

'Tis not these fleshly limbs that think,
'Tis not these filmy eyes that see;
Tho' mind and matter break the link,
Mind does not therefore cease to be.

Such end is but an end in part,
Such death is but the body's goal;
Blood makes the pulses of the heart,
But not the emotions of the soul.

WHY IS MY SPIRIT SAD?

Why is my spirit sad?
Because 'tis parting, each succeeding year,
With something that it used to hold more dear
Than aught that now remains;
Because the past, like a receding sail,
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
O'er vacant waters reigns.

Why is my spirit sad?
Because no more within my soul there dwell
Thoughts fresh as flowers that fill the mountain dell
With innocent delight;
Because I am aweary of the strife
That with hot fever taints the springs of life,
Making the day seem night.

Why is my spirit sad?
Alas! ye did not know the lost—the dead,
Who loved with me of yore green paths to tread—
The paths of young romance;
Ye never stood with us 'neath summer skies,
Nor saw the rich light of their tender eyes—
The Eden of their glance.

Why is my spirit sad?
Have not the beautiful been ta'en away,—
Are not the noble-hearted turned to clay—
Wither'd in root and stem?
I see that others, in whose looks are lit
The radiant joys of youth, are round me yet,—
But not—but not like them!

I would not be less sad!
My days of mirth are past. Droops o'er my brow
The sheaf of care in sickly paleness now,—
The present is around me;
Would that the future were both come and gone,
And that I lay where, 'neath a nameless stone,
Crush'd feelings could not wound me!

GEORGE ALLAN.

BORN 1806 — DIED 1835.

GEORGE ALLAN was the youngest son of a farmer at Paradykes, near Edinburgh, where he was born February 2, 1806. In his thirteenth year he lost both his parents. He became an apprentice to a writer to the signet, and in course of time a member of the profession, but soon abandoned legal pursuits and proceeded to London to begin the career of an author. Here he formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who recognized his talents and encouraged his literary aspirations. But his health did not correspond with his literary enthusiasm, and in 1829 he accepted an appointment in Jamaica. The climate of the West Indies not suiting him, he resigned his appointment and returned home in 1830. Soon after he obtained the editorship of the *Dumfries Journal*, a Conservative newspaper, and this situation he held for three years with great popularity and success. His next connection was as literary assistant to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. Whilst here he contributed many excellent articles to the *Edinburgh Journal* and wrote extensively for the *Scotsman* newspaper. He was also the author of a *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which enjoyed for years a wide popularity; and he assisted Mr. Peter Macleod in preparing the *Original National Melodies of Scotland*, to which he furnished several contributions.

In 1831 Mr. Allan married Mrs. Mary Hill, a widow, the eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Pagan of Curriestanes and niece of Allan Cunningham. In 1834 he obtained a situation in the stamp office, which insured him a moderate competence without depriving him of opportunity to prosecute his literary occupations. But soon after this promising point was reached his career was suddenly terminated. His intellectual and poetical ardour had been too much for the frame it tenanted; the delicate nervous organization, which had both animated and enfeebled him, sank under the too close application of his mind, and he died suddenly at Janefield, near Leith, August 15, 1835, in the thirtieth year of his age, leaving behind him a name both as a prose writer and a poet which few so young are fortunate to establish. A large amount of unpublished manuscript, left behind by Mr. Allan, is now in the possession of his family.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP?

CLANSMAN.

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch that welcom'd the foe to Benaer,
Be hushed when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone,
Like the course of the fire-flaught their clansmen passed on,
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,
And have ta'en to the field with their vassals around them.
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen,
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

M'CRIMMAN.

Youth of the daring heart! bright be thy doom,
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;
But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the gray wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow.
Victorious, in joy, thou'lt return to Benaer,
And be clasped to the hearts of thy best beloved there;
But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman, never—
Never! Never! Never!

CLANSMAN.

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not, M'Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to the wind,
There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons glancing,
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

OLD SCOTLAND.

The breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates,
Our vessel cleaves her way,
Down ocean's depths, o'er heaven's heights,
Through darkness and through spray.
No loving moon shines out for us,
No star our course to tell—
And must we leave old Scotland thus?
My native land, farewell!

Then fast spread out the flowing sheet,
Give welcome to the wind!
Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet
When treachery's behind?
The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,
The low'ring heaven our canopy,
My native land, farewell!

Away, away across the main,
We'll seek some happier clime,
Where daring is not deemed a stain,
Nor loyalty a crime.
Our hearts are wrung, our minds are toss'd,
Wild as the ocean's swell;
A kingdom and a birthright lost!
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

YOUNG DONALD.

An eiry night, a cheerless day,
A lanely hame at gloamin' hour,
When o'er the heart come thoughts o' wae,
Like shadows on Glenfillan's tower.
Is this the weird that I maun dree,
And a' around sae glad and gay,
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

The winter snaw nae mair does fa',
The rose blooms in our mountain bower,
The wild flowers on the castle wa'
Are glintin' in the summer shower.
But what are summer's smiles to me,
When he nae langer here could stay;
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

For Scotland's crown, and Charlie's right,
The fire-cross o'er our hills did flee,
And loyal swords were glancin' bright.
And Scotia's bluid was warm and free.
And though nae gleam of hope I see,
My prayer is for a brighter day:
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

I WILL THINK OF THEE YET.

I will think of thee yet, though afar I may be,
In the land of the stranger, deserted and lone,
Though the flowers of this earth are all wither'd to me,
And the hopes which once bloom'd in my bosom are gone;
I will think of thee yet, and the vision of night
Will oft bring thine image again to my sight,
And the tokens will be, as the dream passes by,
A sigh from the heart and a tear from the eye.

I will think of thee yet though misfortune fall chill
O'er my path, as yon storm-cloud that low'rs on the lea,
And I'll deem that this life is worth cherishing still,
While I know that one heart still beats warmly for me.
Yes! grief and despair may encompass me round.
'Till not e'en the shadow of peace can be found;
But mine anguish will cease when my thoughts turn to you,
And the wild mountain land which my infancy knew.

I will think of thee; oh! if I e'er can forget
The love that grew warm as all others grew cold,
'Twill but be when the sun of my reason hath set,
Or memory fled from her care-haunted hold;
But while life and its woes to bear on is my doom,
Shall my love like a flower in the wilderness bloom;
And thine still shall be, as so long it hath been,
A light to my soul when no other is seen.

JOHN STERLING.

BORN 1806 — DIED 1844.

JOHN STERLING, the second son of Edward and Hester Sterling, was born at Kames Castle, in the island of Bute, July 20, 1806. His parents were born in Ireland, but were both of good Scotch families. When John was three years old the family removed to Llanblethian in Glamorganshire, and here his childhood was nurtured amid scenes of wild and romantic beauty. At first he attended a school in the little town of Cowbridge, and when the family removed to London in 1814 he was sent to schools at Greenwich and Blackheath, and finally to Christ's Hospital. When at school he was known as a novel-reader, devouring everything that came in his way. At sixteen he was sent to Glasgow University, and at twenty he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Julius Hare, the future archdeacon, one of his two biographers, Thomas Carlyle being the other. Though not an exact scholar, Sterling became extensively and well read. His studies were irregular and discursive, but extended over a wide range. Among his companions at college were Richard Trench, Frederick Maurice, Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and others, who were afterwards his fast friends through life.

The law had been originally intended as Sterling's profession, but after hesitating for some time he at last decided upon literature, and, joining his friend Maurice, purchased the *Athenæum*, in which appeared his first literary effusions. In 1830 he married Miss Susannah Barton, daughter of Lieut.-General Barton. Soon after his marriage he became seriously ill —so ill that his life was long despaired of. His lungs were affected, and the doctors recommended a warmer climate. He accordingly went to the West Indies, and spent upwards of a year in the beautiful island of St. Vincent, where some valuable property had been left to the Sterling family by a maternal uncle. In 1832 he returned to England greatly improved in health. From thence he proceeded to Germany, where he met his friend and former tutor, with whom he had much serious conversation on religious topics, which resulted in his entering the Church. He returned to England, was ordained deacon in 1834, and became Mr. Hare's curate at Hertsmonceux immediately after. He entered earnestly on the duties of his new calling, but after a few months he resigned on the plea of delicate health, and returned to London. For the sake of a more genial climate he went to France, and afterwards to Madeira, occupying his leisure hours in writing prose and poetry for *Blackwood*. In addition to his numerous contributions to this magazine and the quarterlies, he was the author of *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel published in 1830. Professor Wilson early recognized his merit as a poet and essayist, and bestowed very lavish praise upon him. He was a swift genius, Carlyle likening him to "sheet-lightning."

For several years Sterling led a kind of nomadic life, fleeing from place to place in search of health. He visited London for the last time in 1843, when Carlyle dined with him. "I remember it," he says, "as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends—Theodore Parker one of them—were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations: sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum." Carlyle saw Sterling afterwards, and the following is the conclusion of his last interview with him:—"We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come, he escorted me down certain carpeted back-stairs, and would not be forbidden. We took leave under the dim skies; and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a common evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore." Sterling died at his residence at

Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844,—cut down, like Shelley and Keats and Michael Bruce, when on the road to fame. His remains were interred in the beautiful little burial-ground of Bonchurch.

In 1839 a volume of Sterling's poems was issued in London, and reprinted in the United States. They are full of tenderness, fancy, and truth. "The Sexton's Daughter," a striking lyrical ballad written in early youth, is among the most popular of his poetical productions. In 1841 his poem in seven books, entitled "The Election," was published, followed in 1843 by the spirited tragedy of "Strafford." "Essays and Tales by John Sterling, collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare, M. A., Rector of Hertsmonceux," in two volumes, was published in London in 1848. On reading that life, interesting and beautiful though it is, one could not help feeling that there was a great deal remaining untold, and that the tone in speaking of his religious opinion was unnecessarily apologetic. To this circumstance we owe the "Life by Carlyle," in which a correspondent says: "Archdeacon Hare takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling I find was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe for eight-and-thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary church formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this book." And so his countryman and friend gave to the world another and a better portraiture of John Sterling—one of those lovely and noble spirits that charm and captivate all beholders.

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade:
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet, and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl,—
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he pluck'd the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaim'd,—"Thou seest, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the Knight, and said,
"Farewell!"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the wither'd leaves, and the maiden dead.

THE SPICE-TREE.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rock below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old.

"O! Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth below—
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I too cease to mourn my love.

"O! many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrow'd and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red,
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread,
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colours of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the Spice-tree the garden's Queen
Sits by her lover, who waits no more.

SHAKSPERE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast!
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakspere's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;

And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to
earth,
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of
kings,—
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers;
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendant Form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and
Deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives—
These are nature's ancient pleasures;
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness;
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams:
The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleet around coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

LOUIS XV.

The king with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused,
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that knew no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came;

The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king;
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a labourer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The labourer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"Oh! nothing more than usual, sir;
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
"It is, you know, a common thing;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."
The king looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour,
How came it that the peasants died.

MIRABEAU.[1]

Not oft has peopled earth sent up
So deep and wide a groan before,
As when the word astounded France
—"The life of Mirabeau is o'er!"
From its one heart a nation wailed,
For well the startled sense divined
A greater power had fled away
Than aught that now remained behind.

The scathed and haggard face of will,
And look so strong with weaponed thought,
Had been to many million hearts
The all between themselves and naught;
And so they stood aghast and pale,
As if to see the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond
The black and bare infinity.

For he, while all men trembling peered
Upon the future's empty space,
Had strength to bid above the void
The oracle unveil its face;
And when his voice could rule no more,
A thicker weight of darkness fell,
And tombed in its sepulchral vault
The wearied master of the spell.

A myriad hands like shadows weak,
Or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass
That bore his country's life and laws;
The rudder felt his giant hand,
And quailed beneath the living grasp
That now must drop the helm of fate,
Nor pleasure's cup can madly clasp.

France did not reck how fierce a storm
Of rending passion, blind and grim,
Had ceased its audible uproar
When death sank heavily on him;
Nor heeded they the countless days
Of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
That now by this one final hour
Were summed for him as guilt and shame.

The wondrous life that flowed so long
A stream of all commixtures vile,
Had seemed for them in morning light
With gold and crystal waves to smile.
It rolled with mighty breadth and sound
A new creation through the land,
Then sudden vanished into earth,
And left a barren waste of sand.

To them at first the world appeared
Aground, and lying shipwrecked there,
And freedom's folded flag no more
With dazzling sun-burst filled the air;
But 'tis in after years for men
A sadder and a greater thing,
To muse upon the inward heart
Of him who lived the people's king.

O! wasted strength! O! light and calm
And better hopes so vainly given!
Like rain upon the herbless sea
Poured down by too benignant heaven—
We see not stars unfixed by winds,
Or lost in aimless thunder-peals,
But man's large soul, the star supreme,
In guideless whirl how oft it reels!

[1] A few of Sterling's minor lyrics, such as "Mirabeau," are eloquent, and, while defaced by conceits and prosaic expressions, show flashes of imagination which brighten the even twilight of a meditative poet.—*E. C. Stedman.*

The mountain hears the torrent dash,
But rocks will not in billows run;
No eagle's talons rend away
Those eyes, that joyous drink the sun;
Yet man, by choice and purpose weak,
Upon his own devoted head
Calls down the flash, as if its fires
A crown of peaceful glory shed.

Alas!—yet wherefore mourn? The law
Is holier than a sage's prayer;
The godlike power bestowed on men
Demands of them a godlike care;
And noblest gifts, if basely used,
Will sternliest avenge the wrong,
And grind with slavish pangs the slave
Whom once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, 'mid the sacred cell,
On heavenly forms its glory sheds,
Untended dies, and in the gloom
A poisonous vapour glimmering spreads.
It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts
Enormous through the twilight swell,
Till o'er the withered world and heart
Rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation's shout
Around the hero's tread prevailing,
No more I hear above his tomb
A nation's fierce bewildered wailing;
I stand amid the silent night,
And think of man and all his woe,
With fear and pity, grief and awe,
When I remember Mirabeau.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

Born 1806 — Died 1855.

Rev. Thomas Brydson, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and the author of several fine songs and sonnets, was born at Glasgow in 1806. On completing his studies at the universities of his native city and Edinburgh, he became a licentiate of the Church. He acted successively as an assistant in the parishes of Greenock, Oban, and Kilmalcolm in Renfrewshire; and in 1839 was ordained minister of Levern Church, near Paisley. In 1842 he became parish minister of Kilmalcolm, where he remained until his death, Jan. 28, 1855. In 1829 a volume was published in Glasgow, entitled "Poems by Thomas Brydson," followed in 1831 by "Pictures of the Past," a collection of his poetical compositions, characterized by much sweetness and elegance of expression. He was a frequent contributor to the London annuals, to the *Republic of Letters*, and to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Henry G. Bell said of Brydson's second volume: "With our friend Brydson the readers of the *Journal* are too well acquainted to require a lengthened criticism or recommendation of his little volume at our hands. Here he is as we have ever found him—without any straining for effect—luxuriating in the beautiful and the grand of external nature—unceasingly finding

——'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

We know none whom we have more reason to esteem for independent and manly sentiment and reflection."

THE FALLEN ROCK.

No mortal hand, save mine, hath yet
Upon thy cold form prest,
Thou mighty rock, just freshly torn
From off the cliff's dark breast,—

So steep that never hunter climbed
Unto its helm of snow,
To gaze across the wide expanse
Of desert spread below.

But yesterday the fleecy cloud
Went curling o'er thy face;
But yesternight the eagle slept
Within thy calm embrace:

While moon and stars, thine ancient friends,
In glory journey'd by,
And bathed thee with their purest light,
Up in the silent sky.

Ah, me! and thou art downward hurl'd
Unto this lowly glen;
From thy majestic place of pride,
Down to the haunts of men;

Thou who throughout all time hast been
So lofty and so lone,
That voice of human joy or grief
Scarce reach'd thy marble throne.

Thou'st stood unmoved, while age on age
Earth's myriads pass'd away;
Strange destiny, methinks, that I
Should mark thyself decay.

ALL LOVELY AND BRIGHT.

All lovely and bright, 'mid the desert of time,
Seem the days when I wander'd with you,
Like the green isles that swell in this far-distant clime,
On the deeps that are trackless and blue.

And now while the torrent is loud on the hill,
And the howl of the forest is drear,
I think of the lapse of our own native rill—
I think of thy voice with a tear.

The light of my taper is fading away,
It hovers, and trembles, and dies;
The far-coming morn on her sea-paths is gray,
But sleep will not come to mine eyes.

Yet why should I ponder, or why should I grieve
O'er the joys that my childhood has known?
We may meet, when the dew-flowers are fragrant at eve,
As we met in the days that are gone.

DUNOLLY CASTLE.[1]

The breezes of this vernal day
Come whispering through thine empty hall,
And stir, instead of tapestry,
The weed upon its wall,—

And bring from out the murmuring sea,
And bring from out the vocal wood,
The sound of nature's joy to thee,
Mocking thy solitude.

Yet, proudly 'mid the tide of years
Thou lift'st on high thine airy form,—
Scene of primeval hopes and fears!
Slow yielding to the storm.

From thy gray portal, oft at morn,
The ladies and the squires would go;
While swell'd the hunter's bugle-horn
In the green glen below.

And minstrel harp, at starry night,
Woke the high strain of battle here;
When with a wild and stern delight,
The warrior stoop'd to hear.

All fled for ever! leaving nought
Save lonely walls in ruin green,
Which dimly lead my wandering thought
To moments that have been.

PO'K-HEAD WOOD.[2]

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime:
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

Up spake the brave Sir Archibald—
A comely man to see—
'Twas there I twined a bower o' the birk
For my true love and me.

The hours they lichtsomely did glide,
When we twa linger't there;
Nae human voices but our ain
To break the summer air.

O, sweet in memory are the flowers
That blossom'd round the spot,—
I never hear sic music noo,
As swell'd the wild bird's note.

The trembling licht amang the leaves—
The licht and the shadows seen—
I think of them and Eleanor,
Her voice and love-fill'd een.

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime;
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

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[1] The remains of this picturesque ruin occupy a fine site on the shore of the bay of Oban.—Ed.

[2] Po'k-head is a local contraction for Pollock-head; a wood on the Pollock estate in Renfrewshire.—Ed.

I KENNA WHAT'S COME OWER HIM.

I kenna what's come ower him,
He's no the lad he used to be;
I kenna what's come ower him,
The blythe blink has left his e'e.
He wanders dowie by himsel',
Alang the burn and through the glen:
His secret grief he winna tell—
I wish that he would smile again.

There was a time—alake the day!—
Ae word o' mine could mak' him glad;
But noo, at every word I say,
I think he only looks mair sad.
The last time I gaed to the fair
Wi' Willie o' the birken-cleugh,
Like walkin' ghost he met us there—
And sic a storm was on his broo!

I'm wae to see the chiel sae glum,
Sae dismal-like frae morn to e'en;
Than sic a cast as this had come,
I'd rather Willie ne'er ha'e seen.
I kenna what's come ower him,
He's no the lad he used to be:
I kenna what's come ower him—
The blythe blink has left his e'e.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Her parents and her lover waved adieu
From out the vine-clad cottage, and away
The maiden pass'd, like sunbeam from the day,
Into the ancient forest, to renew
Her wonted task of gath'ring lowly flowers
For the far city:—Innocent and young
She wander'd, singing to the birds, that sung
Amid the balmy foliage of the bowers.
Eve fell at length—and to the well-known steep,
That gave again her native vale to view,
The maiden came.—Earth shook—and, burst-
ing thro',
She sees an ocean o'er that valley sweep.—
Ah, me!—she has, 'neath heaven's all-circling
dome,
No parent—and no lover—and no home!

THE GIPSIES.

It is the night—and ne'er from yonder skies,
High-piled amid the solitudes of time,
And based on all we vainly call sublime,
Did she look lovelier with her starry eyes;—
The music of the mountain-rill comes down,
As if it came from heaven with peace to earth,
And from yon ruin'd tower, where ages gone
Have left their footsteps—hark! the voice of
mirth:
The gipsy wanderers, with their little band
Of raven-tressèd boys and girls, are there;
And when the song of that far-distant land,
From whence they sprung, is wafted through the
air,
I dream of scenes where towers the mystic
pile—
The Arab and his wastes—the rushings of the
Nile!

FALLING LEAVES.

Down fall the leaves; and, o'er them as we tread,
'Tis strange to think they were the buds of
spring,
Whose balm-breath met us on the zephyr's
wing,
When mirth and melody were round us spread,
And skies in placid brightness overhead,
And streams below with many a dimpled ring!
'Tis strange to think, that when the bee did
sing
Her sunny song, on summer's flowery mead,
They were the locks that waved on summer's
brow!
But stranger far, to think, that the white bones
We tread upon, among the churchyard stones,
Once moved about, as we are moving now
In youth, in manhood, and in hoary age—
Oh! then, let time and change our thoughts
engage!

RETROSPECTION.

We look upon ourselves of other days,
As if we looked on beings that are gone;
For fancy's magic ray hath o'er them thrown
A glory, that grows brighter as we gaze!
Then, then, indeed, was pleasure's mirthful maze
Our own, and happiness no shade as now:
We met her on the mead, and on the brow
Of the unpeopled mountain, and her ways
Were where our footsteps wandered. Still we
see
Her phantom form, that flits as we pursue
O'er the same scenes, where jocund once and
free,
And all unsought, she with our young thoughts
grew!
So, to the parting sailor, evermore
She seems to linger on his native shore.

A REMEMBERED SPOT.

There is a spot in flowery beauty lying,
Clasp'd in the silver arms of a small stream,
Flowing from hill-tops, where, when day was dying,
I've seen the distant cities like a dream;
That spot was unfrequented, I did deem,
Save by myself, the wild bird, and the bee,
Far off; the ring-dove, from her forest tree,
Told the wide reign of solitude. Here came,
Sweet Shakspere, first, thy visions to my mind—
Around me were thy woods—Miranda's isle,
And circling waters were my own the while;
And Juliet's woes would voice the moonlight wind,
Bidding me to my home. That lonely spot,
By me can never—never be forgot!

A THOUGHT.

Though far away,
Though ruthless Time have scatter'd memory's dream;
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change, like islands on a stream.

ANDREW PARK.

BORN 1807 — DIED 1863.

ANDREW PARK was a native of the town of Renfrew, where he was born, March 7, 1807. He was taught first at the parish school, and then finished his education at the University of Glasgow. In his fifteenth year he was employed in a commission warehouse in Paisley, and while a resident of that town he published a poem in sonnets entitled "The Vision of Mankind." When about twenty he removed to Glasgow, and became a salesman in a hat manufactory. After a time he began business on his own account, which not proving very successful he disposed of his stock and went to London. Previous to leaving Scotland he issued in 1834 another volume of poems entitled the "Bridegroom and the Bride," which was welcomed as a higher effort than his former production. His prospects in the metropolis not turning out so bright as he expected, he returned to Glasgow in 1841, and purchased the stock of Dugald Moore the poet, then recently dead, and became a bookseller. That new business being also unsuccessful, he soon abandoned it, and devoted his time to literary pursuits. In 1843 he published "Silent Love," his most successful literary work, as the production of a James Wilson, a druggist in Paisley. A beautiful edition of this poem in small quarto was published in 1845, with illustrations by Mr. (now Sir) J. Noel Paton. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other eastern countries, and the following year published a narrative of his travels entitled *Egypt and the East.*

Park's poems were originally published in twelve volumes, and the whole of his poetical works were again issued in 1854 by Bogue of London in one large volume. In one of his poems, entitled "Veritas," he gives a narrative of the principal events of his life up to the period of its publication in 1849. His songs were either humorous, sentimental, or patriotic: they possess both lyrical beauty and power, and have taken their position amongst the poetry of Scotland. Several of them have been set to music, and have enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity. Mr. Park died at Glasgow, Dec. 27, 1863. Before his death he expressed a wish to be interred in the Paisley Cemetery, where his friend James Fillans the sculptor had been buried. The poet's funeral took place on 2d January, 1864, and his bier was followed to the grave by two hundred mourners. His friends and admirers erected to his memory a handsome granite pedestal eight feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze bust of the poet, which was inaugurated on 7th March, 1867, and handed over to the corporation of Paisley for preservation.

SILENT LOVE.

(EXTRACT.)

No man e'er loved like me! When but a boy,
Love was my solace and my only joy;
Its mystic influence fired my tender soul,
And held me captive in its soft control!
By night, it ruled in bright ethereal dreams,
By day, in latent, ever-varying themes;
In solitude, or 'mid the city's throng,
Or in the festal halls of mirth and song;
Through loss or gain, through quietude or strife,
This was the charm, the heart-pulse of my life.
While age has not subdued the flame divine,
A votary still I worship at the shrine!
When cares enthrall, or when the soul is free,
'Tis all the same. No man e'er loved like me!
Oh! she was young who won my yielding heart;
Nor power of poesy, nor painter's art,
Could half the beauties of her mind portray,
E'en when inspired, and how can this my lay?
Two eyes that spoke what language ne'er can do,
Soft as twin-violets moist with early dew!
And on her cheek the lily and the rose
Blent beauteously in halcyon repose;
While vermil lips, apart, reveal'd within
Two rows of pearls, and on her dimpled chin
The Graces smiled; a bosom heaved below,
Warm as the sun, but pure as forest snow;
Her copious ringlets hung in silken trains
O'er alabaster, streak'd with purpling veins;
Her pencill'd eyebrows, arching fair and high
O'er lids so pure they scarcely screen'd the eye!
A form symmetral, moving forth in grace
Like heaven-made Eve, the mother of our race;
And on her brow benevolence and truth
Were chastely throned in meek, perennial youth;
While every thought that had creation there
But made her face still more divinely fair;
And every fancy of her soul express'd
On that fair margin what inspired her breast,
Pure as the sunbeams gild the placid deep,
When zephyrs close their wings in listless sleep.
This maiden won my heart; oh! is it vain
To say, perhaps hers was return'd again?
To say, she read the language of my eyes,
And knew my thoughts, unmingled with disguise?
Is it too much to say, that eyes reveal
What words in vain but struggle to conceal?
That silent love is not far more sincere
Than vaunting vows—those harbingers of fear!
Deep-rooted veneration breathes no sound;—
Back, mortal, back, ye stand on holy ground!
Hid in the heart's recess, like precious ore,
It lies in brilliant beauty at the core!
Or, as the moon, sweet empress of the night!
Reflecting, gives, in modest, mellowy light,
The sun's refracting rays—her destined part—
So genuine feeling steals from heart to heart!
Laugh not, ye sordid sons, ye beings cold,
Who measure all your greatness by your gold,—
Whose marble bosoms never once could feel
What friendship, love, and sympathy reveal;
Learn but one truth, 'twill not reduce your stores,
Love higher than your gilded riches soars,
Your demi-god a meaner thing must be
Than Cupid proves. No man e'er loved like me!
Think not a glance too transient to destroy
The calmness of the mind with mingled joy;
Judge for yourselves, but make no strictures here
Set no mean limits to its hope and fear.
Many could tell, if they but had the art,
The stirring power with which it throbs the heart,
Thrills every nerve, pursues through every vein
Its path electric till it fires the brain;
And trembling there like needle to the pole,
Strange blushes rise in crimson from the soul;
The heaving breast, in respiration free,
Convulsive feels with innate ecstasy.

SANDYFORD HA'.

Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';
When summer returns wi' her blossoms sae braw,
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling, though humble, is airy and clean,
Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,
An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.
A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,
Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,
Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa':—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we hae closed,
An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed,
We'll puff our Havana, on hope we will ca',
An' our chief guest be pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.
Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang;
The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an a',
Ilk day hae a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may stare,
Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is sma',
There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.
There's something romantic about an auld house,
Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawing fu' crouse,
An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,
As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,
Till night her gray mantle around us shall draw,
Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.
At morning when music is loud in the sky,
An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
We'll saunter in joy when the lang shadows fa',
'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS!

Hurra for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky,

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

THE AULD FOLKS.

The auld folks sit by the fire,
When the winter nichts are chill:
The auld wife she plies her wire,
The auld man he quaffs his yill.
An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
And the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their bairnies' bairns,
They talk o' the brave an' free,
They talk o' their mountain-cairns,
And they talk of the rolling sea.—
And meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
And the tear-draps blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk-stane
Whare sune they baith maun be.
Yet each has had their half
O' the joys o' this fitful sphere,
So whiles the auld folk laugh,
And whiles they drap a tear!

FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

Flowers of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are fondly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth:
Streams are pouring from their fountains,
Echoing through each rugged dell;
Heather bells adorn the mountains,
Bid the city, love! farewell.

See the boughs are rich in blossom,
Through each sunlit, silent grove;
Cast all sorrow from thy bosom—
Freedom is the soul of love!
Let us o'er the valleys wander,
Not a frown within us dwell,
And in joy see Nature's grandeur—
Bid the city, love! farewell.

Morning's sun shall then invite us
By the ever-sparkling streams;
Evening's fall again delight us
With its crimson-coloured beams.
Flowers of summer sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are loudly singing,
In their gay and jocund mirth.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam.
When island-clouds that wander'd far
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
That lov'd the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
And sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
And charm the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay
Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May—
All lovely and serene.

THERE IS A BONNIE FLOWER.

There is a bonnie blushing flower,
But ah! I darena breathe the name!
I fain would steal it frae its bower,
Though a' should think me sair to blame.
It smiles sae sweet amang the rest,
Like brightest star where ithers shine;
Fain would I place it in my breast,
And make this bonnie blossom mine.

At morn, at sunny noon, whene'er
I see this fair, this favourite flower,
My heart beats high, with wish sincere,
To wile it frae its bonnie bower!—
But oh! I fear to own its charms,
Or tear it frae its parent stem,
For should it wither in my arms,
What would revive my bonnie gem!

Awa'—ye coward thoughts, awa'—
That flower can never fade with me,
That frae the wint'ry winds that blaw
Round each neglected bud is free!
No; it shall only bloom more fair,
When cherish'd and ador'd by me,
And a' my joy, and a' my care,
This bonnie blushing flower shall be!

JAMES MACDONALD.

Born 1807 — Died 1848.

James Macdonald, A.M., the author of many Sabbath-school hymns and several still popular Scottish songs, was born at Culcreuch, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, September 18, 1807. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he graduated, and also passed through the theological classes with the view of becoming a minister in the Established Church. He began life as a teacher in the parish of Drymen at the age of seventeen, and subsequently (1833) during his theological course he taught in a boarding-school in the manse of Kincardine Blair-Drummond. On the termination of this engagement he went to Glasgow, where he was for a time occupied as a private tutor. Having relinquished the intention of entering the ministry, he joined the printing establishment of the Messrs. Blackie of that city as a corrector of the press. In this calling he had no superior in Scotland, and as a proof-reader of Greek no equal. While thus occupied he became an earnest and devoted Sunday-school teacher, and composed many sweet hymns for the use of his pupils. Macdonald's mind being still bent upon teaching, he accepted an invitation about the year 1845 to take charge of a school in Blairgowrie, where he laboured for a time with much acceptance. He removed to another school in Dundee, and finally to the village of Catrine in Ayrshire, where he died May 27, 1848, after a lingering illness.

Macdonald's poems and lyrics appeared in various collections, such as the *Book of Scottish Song*, and in various papers and periodicals, but they have not been published in a collected form. His only separate publications are two booklets of "Hymns for the Use of Sunday-schools," in which he was always deeply interested. His poems display considerable poetic merit and a spirit of genuine piety. In a letter to the Editor, dated September 24,

1875, Dr. Macdonald, of the Free Church, North Leith, writes, "Macdonald was an excellent, warm-hearted, and most useful man, and I loved him warmly. I am unable to give any precise particulars of his life while at Blairgowrie. He was an admirable and enthusiastic teacher, and was greatly esteemed by young and old. I will only add that in all Christian work I ever found him a very hearty and loving helper."

THE WILDERNESS WELL.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

(EXTRACT.)

"Ho ye that thirst approach the spring
Where living waters flow,
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go."—*Par. Is.* lv. 1.

So sang the son of Amoz, as he saw,
In vision bright, the coming Saviour's day,
When David's throne and sceptre would give law
To men in nations, loving to obey.
With glowing breast and eye of fervid ray
The prophet gazed along the course of time,
And poured in golden drops the melting lay
Of heaven's grace revealed to every clime,
When David's Son should leave his realms on high,
And come to earth for wretched man to die.
Within the veil of heaven's sacred fane,
The holy man in vision sweet was led,
And taught the numbers of the seraph strain—
The joyful words that sinless beings said
Of God the Son, whose feet were yet to tread
The dust of earth, and fallen man restore,
When Judah's crown and sceptre's might had fled,
And law begirt the tribes of God no more,
A lowly thrill rushed through the prophet's breast,
He cried "Unclean," and quailed at Heaven's behest.
While basking in the rays of wondrous light,
A scene of gladness filled his ravished eye,
Messiah's reign and kingdom blessed his sight,
In all the grandeur of the eternal sky.
He saw the angels of the Lord on high
Descend in gorgeous light on Bethlehem's plain.
And raise the hallelujah symphony
Of man restored to Heaven's love again,
Redemption's glories in a boundless cloud
Of peerless, priceless gems around him crowd.
He saw the night of darkness flee away,
He saw the Sun of Righteousness arise
To cheer the earth with beams of healing ray,
And make the desert wear the garden's dyes.
His lit eye saw the Fountain of the skies
Run far and wide o'er many a dreary plain,
Creating where it flowed a paradise
Of flowery grandeur, feeding on the rain,
And dew, and light, and smile of Heaven above,
And slumb'ring in the arms of holy love.
He saw, and in his joy of heart he sung
And cried aloud on all the tribes of earth,
Of every nation, kindred, hue, and tongue,
To hail with joy their great Redeemer's birth,
And sing in hymns of loud-resounding mirth
The jubilee of Heaven's Lord and King,
Whose loving sceptre scatters every dearth
That hunger, thirst, and wretchedness can bring.
He saw the Shiloh come—the prophet ran,
And bade men kiss the lowly Son of man.
Messiah came to earth,—the Vine Branch came,—
The Fountain flowed,—the Balm of Gilead grew,
The King, the mighty Counsellor by name,
Glid down on Judah's mountains like the dew.
Proud Salem saw her King; but, ah! how few
Revered the name of Mary's righteous Son!
She saw his wonders, heard his doctrines true,
And paid him with the cross for what he'd done.
But on his cross Christ won his golden crown:
'Twas from his side the fount of life ran down,
That shall through ages pour its balmy stream,
And shed the blessing of its gentle cure
On all who will to see its joyous gleam,
And wash their bodies in its waters pure.
The broken-hearted, sick, and lowly poor,
The wand'ring sinner, weeping 'neath his load,
And they who dread the pangs the damned endure,
Alone are found to seek the hill of God.
Go, ask at them, for they alone can tell
What Zion is, whence flows their Desert Well.

THE THREE AGES.

CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to look on a new-blown flower;
To watch the tints of the summer sky;
To lurk in the depths of a sylvan bower,
Lulled by the lone stream's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to view, at the opening day,
The pearls that gem the green-clad earth;
And hear the burst of the song-birds' lay—
The morning hymn of their love and mirth.

'Tis sweet to stand, at the dusky hour,
By the pebbly rim of a glassy lake,
While myriad stars, in a silent shower,
Drop calmly down as a silv'ry flake.

But where's the sight, on the earth or sky,
By the garden bower, or woodland wild,
Where aught so sweet as the heavenward eye,
And fervent look, of a praying child?

The cherub form seems not of this land,
No tenant of earthly mould or clay,
But a stranger—come from the seraph band
On Zion's hill, in the realms of day,

A dream of light,—a vision of might,—
A starbeam cased in a mortal urn,—
A soul of bliss from spheres of delight,—
An incense breath from the lamps that burn.

Around the throne of the Unseen Power
That ruleth beyond the depths of night,—
A sainted seer of the heavenly dower,
That waits the good in the land of light;

Come here to tell to the earthly mind
Of the hopes that spring where fears begin,
And rend in twain the fetters that bind
Poor man a slave to the ways of sin.

Then smile not thou at its lowly prayer,
Though short its cry for mercy appear;
An angel band is hovering there,
And He that bled still deigneth to hear.

Round childhood's day shines many a ray,
Of beauteous gleam and of nameless dye;
But the hour the young heart strives to pray
Brings brightest joy to a parent's eye.

YOUTH.

O fairest season in the life of man!
Sweet noontide of his short and chequered day!
Who would not wish to live again that span
Of radiant hopes and feelings, ever gay,
Which round the heart, like sunbeams in the stream,
In many a glad and glittering halo ran!—
Such as of old young poets used to dream
Begirt the brow of her that led the van
Of merry maids, who danced on vine-clad hills
To the soft tinkling music of old Grecian rills.

That morn! the young mind breaks its golden cell,
And finds its wings expand o'er trackless air;
Oh what a gush of towering fancies swell
In billowy madness, and a power that ne'er
Would seem to bend beneath misfortune's gale!
No new-fledged bird that roams the summer dell
Is half so fond of earth's rich flowery vale—
So vainly dreams in ceaseless joy to dwell
Amid its sunny haunts and smiling flowers,
Bathed in the blessed dew of heaven's balmy showers.

The song of birds—the lulling hum of bees—
The bleat of lambs—the evening waterfall—
The shepherd's pipe—the dulcet summer breeze—
The milkmaid's merry lay—commingled, all
In soft harmonious cadence charm the ear,
And make earth seem but one vast music-hall—
One choir of joy—this life a long career
Of sweets whereon the heart should never pall:
O happy time, O days of careless glee—
Of golden morning dreams—from pain and sorrow free!

But ah! what snares athwart its pathway lie,
What fraud is used to lure it from the way
Its fond heart seeks beyond yon spangled sky,
And chain it under sin's corrosive sway!
O youth, beware, for myriad unseen foes
By night, by day, their ruthless trick'ries try
Thy soul to rifle of its dower on high,
And rob thy young heart of its soft repose—
Its bed of peace—its hopes of high renown—
Then leave thee to the world's sneer and desolating frown.

But happy he! who, like that maiden fair,
Whom painter's art has reared before our eyes,
With willing heart receives a mother's care
To lead him wisdom's way, and gain that prize
So dearly won—so fraught with love and grace
For all to seek, which all may win and share:
O who would not this cold world's wiles efface,
And, with a will deep-fixed, for ever dare
To baffle all the snares that sin has wove,
And lose earth's fleeting joy for deathless bliss above?

OLD AGE.

A lonely hamlet, with its house of prayer,
To which a matron's guided on her way,
By one that shows a daughter's tender care,
And, by their side, a child that seems to pray,

Is all the scene—but, while we fondly gaze,
What thoughts of Life and Death these objects raise.

We leave weak childhood's morn of smiles and tears,
And youth's full tide of gaiety and glee,
To commune with the hoary man of years,
Who longs from out this vale of tears to be,
And find that rest he here has sought in vain,
Beyond the reach of vanity and pain.

Pilgrim of life! what though thy locks be gray,
Thine eye be dim, thy cheek be wan and pale;
Tho' gone the strength of youth's exulting day,
And e'en the mind itself begin to fail;
Ne'er let the tear of grief bedim thine eye,
Thy desert's crossed—thy Jordan's rolling nigh!

Though friends have dropped like brown leaves from the tree,
And hopes be dead that once bloomed fresh and fair;
Though all alone on earth thou seem'st to be,
No one so poor as with thy grief to share;
Lift up thine eyes in faith to Him that bled—
The cloud is past—thy solitude has fled.

A few more steps—thy weary feet at last,
With joy, shall tread that gorgeous sunny shore,
Where, nestled safe, the withering simoom blast
Of pangs and cares shall beat on thee no more—
No more along our earth a wanderer driven,
Thy panting breast has found a home in heaven.

HYMN.

(FROM THE WILDERNESS WELL.)

Oh God above,
Thou art our love.
And hope of life always;
Thy name is all our praise;
Thine arm is our salvation sure;
Thy loving-kindness shall endure
Through never-ending days.
When fades the light and glory of the sun,
Thy truth a pure and blessed stream shall run
In climes where first its blessed flow begun.
Like dew by heaven's light
Again it shall ascend,
And with eternal might
It shall in radiance bright
And glory never end.

Jehovah, Lord,
Be thou adored,
Almighty Three-in-One,
Thy love hath wonders done.
Jordan's stream and Tabor hill,
Sychar's well and Kedron's rill,
Revealed thy great and gorgeous plan
Of love and wondrous grace to man;
There rose thy Sun of righteousness and love;
There, robed with all the might of Heaven above,
Thine image stood, the fulness of thy grace,
Thy Godhead radiant in his living face;
Thy messenger—our sacrifice;
Thine only Son—our only prize,
Who came to seek and save
The sons of misery,
And by his dying gave
Them hope beyond the grave
Of glory in the sky.
Immanuel,
Around thee dwell
The majesty and might
Of Heaven's glories bright:
Seraphs tune their golden lyres,
Angel hosts before thee bend,
Endless love each breast inspires;
Unto thee they kneel and send
All the glowing soul's desires,
Their first, and last, and only Friend.
With lowly heart we here would lend
Our feeble voice, and join the lay—
The hymn of everlasting day.
But ah! what can we say or sing
To Heaven's Lord—to Heaven's King?
Oh what can dust and ashes bring
To Him whose sceptre rules the earth and sky,
To Him who sits on glory's throne on high,
'Mid grandeurs which no mortal hand or eye
Can think or see in frailty's dress,
Till o'er this weary wilderness,
With sorrow's heavy load,
Our wand'ring feet have trode?
But, glory to thy name,
Thou art, O Lord, the same
As when on earth thou gav'st thy willing aid
To him who in distress a prayer made
Upon destruction's brink,
And looked at thee and said,
Help me, Jesus, or I sink.
Thou great I Am,
Thou mercy's Lamb,
Thou Lamp of light,
Thou Branch of might,
Thou Fount of cleansing wave,
Thou Balm to cure,
Thou Rock to hide,
Thou Friend of poor,
To guard and guide,
Thou'rt ever nigh to save.
Thou hear'st the moan and lowly cry
Of sorrow's bed, where poor men lie

On pillows wet with bitter tears,
Crushed by an avalanche of fears,
And swathed in clouds of awful gloom,
Portending nought but horror's doom;
Thou lift'st the lattice of the sky,
And pour'st upon the weary eye
A flood of hope on angel wing
That makes the vexed man to sing.
The child of grief and woe by thee is seen,
As every prop on which he loved to lean
By angry tides is loosed and swept away,
O'erwhelmed by waves, or made the tempest's play,
He looks without, on life's tumultuous sea,
He looks within, where comfort used to be,
Nor there, nor here, one vestige can he find
Of all that once was sacred to his mind,
He feeds on sorrow's bread, and fills with tears
The cup that cheered the noon-day of his years.
O God! man's days are but a dream at best,
Till thou in mercy com'st to cheer his breast,
And turn his heart from trusting on a reed
So sure to break, and breaking sure to bleed.
Then all is changed, his harp is tuned to sing,
Of thee the Lord, his Prophet, Priest, and King.

Oppression's groan
The heavy load,
The blist'ring goad,
The blood-hound's greedy yell,
The vulture's hoarded cell,
By thee is known,
The captive's clanking chain,
Pale famine's cry and pain,
Dost thou not hear?
And sorrow's blist'ring tear,
And hunger's trembling fear,
The tyrant's choking fangs,
His victim's silent pangs,
The weary bloodshot eye,
The heavy throbbing sigh,
Man's bale and misery,
Dost thou not see?

O gracious God of love, who feed'st the leaves
That dangle on each shrub, and bush, and tree,
Thine eye, thine ear, no vail of fraud deceives,
No lying tissue throws its net o'er thee.
The dwelling place of justice is thy throne—
Great God in man! thy love will yet appear,
Thy day will come—thy wisdom shall be shown,
Dread retribution's judgment hour is near.

O Father great,
Upon thee wait
All living things on earth:
The forest bends to thee,
The ocean owns its birth,
Thine, mighty God, to be.
The dew smiles by thy power,
The grass feeds from thy hand,
Thy Godhead owns the flower,
The wind knows thy command,
The stream by thee is taught to know its way,
The bird inquires at thee what song to sing,
Thy voice the sun, and moon, and stars obey,
All heaven, earth, and hell proclaim thee King.

Thy way is light,
Thine arm is might,
To sink or save
A worm or world
From desolation's grave.
Thy truth unfurled
On Sinai's hill,
Thy holy will
On Bethlehem's plain,
Send joy and peace to every strand,
And fall on bosoms pierced with pain.
As dew-drops on a parched land,
Or silver rain;
And they who taste delight to dwell,
As we do, round thy Desert Well.

THE THISTLE.

Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms on the mountain,
And decks the fair bosom o' Scotland's green howes?
Loo'st thou the floweret o' Liberty's fountain,
The emblem o' friendship that guards as it grows?
The wee lamb may sleep 'neath its shade wi' its mither,
The maukin may find 'neath its branches a lair,
And birds o' ilk feather may there flock thegither,
But wae to the wretch wha our thistle wad tear!

Loo'st thou the thistle? the broad leaves it weareth
Are gemm'd o'er wi' pearls o' morning's sweet dew—
Lo! on ilk dew-drop a dear name it beareth—
The name of a' freeman o' leal heart and true.
Kenn'st thou the story o' proud fame and glory
That's tauld by ilk spike o' its bristled array?
Nae wonder our thistle wi' grandeur is hoary,
It's auld as creation—it's new as the day.

Loo'st thou the thistle?—the rose canna peer it,
Nae shamrock can smile wi' sae gaudy an air,
The lily maun hide a' its beauty when near it,
The star-flag is bonnie—the thistle is mair.
True to the thistle, I'll ne'er lo'e anither,
Whatever my station, wherever I be;
Its love in my bosom no blighting can wither,
Auld Scotland's ain darling I'll lo'e till I dee.

Here's to ilk pillar that bides by the thistle!
Lang may his roof-tree be kept frae decay—
Lang may the voice o' happiness whistle
In glee round his dwallin' by nicht and by day.
Here's to the banners that wave o'er the ocean,
The rose of old England, the brave and the free;
The shamrock that raises green Erin's devotion;
The thistle of Scotland—hurrah for the three!—

O LEEZE ME ON THE GLEN.[1]

O leeze me on the glen that summer maks
her Eden ha',
And bigs her fairy bower in the depths o' the
greenwood shaw;
The glen where the winds play their saftest,
sweetest summer tune,
Amang the heather bells and the green waving
woods o' June.
'Tis the glen of my boyhood, the cradle o' my
happy days,
Still fondly my heart longs to roam o'er its
broomy braes,
And listen to the sang o' the lintie on its
whinny bed,
And wipe awa' the tear, for love and warm
friendship fled.

Though torn frae thy lap where I first drank
the balmy air,
Thy picture hangs untouched 'mid the canker
o' writhing care;
Thy gray rugged cliffs and thy lowne lily-
dappled dells,
Thy pale primrose banks, thy pure gurgling
mountain wells,
Thy haughs spread wi' daisies, thy honey-
scented meadow-land,
Thy green velvet holmes and thy auld hoary
woods so grand,
Aft drift through my dreams, all wrapt in
their azure hue,
Like scenes o' the happy isles sparkling wi'
hinny dew.

O can I e'er forget the glory o' thy dawning
morn,
When the pearly tears o' night fa' in beads frae
the aged thorn;
And the milky mists creep back to their bed
in the mossy muirs,
And heaven's bliss comes down wi' the draps
o' the crystal showers;
When joy's trumpet sounds through the val-
leys o' the ringing woods,
And echo singeth back wi' the voice o' the
water-floods—
While frae bank and frae brae a clear gush o'
music flies,
With the incense of earth, away to the ruby skies.

Can the warld brag o' aught like the pride o'
thy gouden noon,
When the revelry of morn is lulled to a solemn
croon,
And the flocks cease to bleat on the brow o' the
benty knowe,
While the linns o' the Endrick shine bright in
a silver lowe;
As the bride on her bridal day walks forth in
her gay attire,
Her heart fu' o' joy and her een glancing
maiden fire;
So the valley calmly basks in the beauty o' its
flowery dress,
While the winds hover o'er, gently fanning its
loveliness.

But dearer far to me the mirk o' thy gloamin'
hour,
When the curlew's eerie cry echoes far frae its
fenny bower;
And the throstle's e'ening hymn, wi' the sough
o' the water fa',
Now rises and now sinks, now like death calmly
glides awa'—
When the flowers shut their een and the winds
in the woods are still,
And the wee lammies sleep in the howe o' the
dewy hill;
Then the weary soul o' man, like the bird to
its cozy nest,
Floats on fancy's wings 'mang the clouds o'
the purple west.

Thus morning, noon, and eve, sweet vale o'
my youthfu' days,
I roam still in thought through my haunts on
thy bracken braes;
And as Endrick waxes deep when she bounds
near her resting goal,
So deepens aye the flow o' thy love in my weary
soul.
Farewell, then, my glen, the land o' my
brightest dreams,
My heart, like the stricken dear, pants for thy
silver streams;
At this late hour o' life I would fainly come
back again,
And sleep on the braes o' my ain native happy
glen.

[1] The beautiful mountain stream of the Endrick rises among the hills south-west of Stirling, and passing in a rapid course by the villages of Fintry, Balfron, Killearn, and Drymen, falls into Lochlomond a few miles west from Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose.—Ed.

THE PRIDE O' THE GLEN.

Oh, bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley,
And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree;

The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the simmer,
And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e;
Mair dear to my heart is that lowne cozy dingle,
Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha' den,"
I met wi' the fairest e'er bounded in beauty,
By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the welkin,
An' blithe as the lambkin that sports on the lea;
Her heart is a fount rinnin' ower wi' affection,
And a warld o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded treasures,
The heir o' his grandeur and hie pedigree;
They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom,
When alane wi' the angel o' luve and o' thee.

I've seen the day dawn in a shower-drappin' goud,
The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea;
The clouds shinin' bricht in a deep amber licht,
And the earth blushin' back to the glad lift on hie.

I've dream'd o' a palace wi' gem-spangled ha's,
And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond sheen,
Wi' towers shinin' fair, through the rose-tinted air,
And domes o' rare pearls and rubies atween.

I've sat in a garden, 'mid earth's gayest flowers,
A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
And breathin' in calm the air's fragrant balm,
Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies;
Yet the garden, and palace, and day's rosy dawning,
Though in bless'd morning dreams they should aft come again,
Can ne'er be sae sweet as the bonnie young lassie,
That bloom'd by the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

The exile, in sleep, haunts the lands o' his fathers,
The captive's ae dream is his hour to be free;
The weary heart langs for the morning rays comin',
The oppress'd for his Sabbath o' sweet liberty.
But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
Is the day that I'll ca' the young lassie my ain;
Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy,
On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

James Ballantine, one of the sweetest of living Scottish singers, was born in the West Port of Edinburgh, June 11, 1808. He has chronicled in verse his recollections of the famous locality of his birth in a highly characteristic effusion entitled "The Auld West Port," in which he says—

"O the days are sair changed wi' the auld West Port,
Whar ance a wee loon I gat schulin' an' sport;
Now far wearing through, though few fouters care for't,
Yet dear to my soul is the auld West Port.

"Ilka auld water-wife wi' her stoups at the well,
Ilka laigh half shop-door wi' its wee tinkling bell,
Ilka howff where wee callants were wont to resort,
Are a' stannin' yet in the auld West Port."

The father of the poet was a brewer by trade, and while he lived his family were comfortably maintained, but on his death he left a widow, three daughters, and James, then only seven years of age, but indifferently provided for. The young lad did not, as may be supposed, receive a very liberal school education, and at the age of ten he was obliged to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of his mother and sisters. He was apprenticed to a house-painter, and soon acquired a thorough knowledge of his trade. At a subsequent period he for a short time attended the University of Edinburgh to study anatomy with a view to professional advancement. He afterwards turned his attention to the art of glass-painting, in which profession he met with the most gratifying success. He became the head of the eminent firm to which was intrusted the execution of the stained-glass windows for the Houses of Parliament, his designs being considered the best by the royal commissioners.

From an early age Ballantine has been a writer of verses. His first appearance in print to any extent was in the pages of *Whistlebinkie*, a publication which did much to encourage struggling talent. In 1843 the *Gaberlunzie's*

Wallet appeared, containing some admirable lyrics, and it soon attracted a very large share of public attention. This was followed soon after by the *Miller of Deanhaugh*, a prose story with many pieces of good poetry interspersed. In 1856 an edition of his poems was published in Edinburgh; and in 1865 a volume appeared from his pen entitled *One Hundred Songs*, which met with a warm welcome. A love-tale in the Spenserian stanza called "Lilias Lee," and "Malcolm Canmore," a historical drama—was issued in 1872. This volume also contains a number of short poems. He is the author of a life of Roberts the painter, and also of a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany. A posthumous volume appeared in 1878, entitled *Whistle Binkie*, Ballantine having died at Edinburgh in Dec. 1877.

Of Mr. Ballantine a critic remarks:—"He, like many men of similar stamp, has the high merit of being self-educated—that is, he owes his education and position not to any accident of birth or fortune, but to his own talents and exertions. . . . He has not devoted himself to literature or poetry as a profession; nor has he ever, through imprudent love of the Muses, neglected his proper avocations. . . . He has not been restricted to the narrow field of his own bosom, nor to the little circle of a few congenial friends, for his observation of human nature and character. He has not, as many poets, and preachers, and moralists have done, looked upon the world of human beings afar off, as if from an eminence and through a telescope; but he has descended into the fields, and traversed the streets and lanes of society; he has gone forth freely among his fellowmen; he has associated with them, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, good and bad; and consequently his poetry is not the dreamy effusion of brooding and disordered fancy, but a faithful transcript of the impressions produced upon an honest heart and a discerning mind by mutual contact with the realities of life. . . . His exquisite taste for the beautiful in natural scenery and in language, his keen eye to observe, and his warm heart to commiserate the sorrows of mankind, render him a 'sweet singer' after Nature's own heart; while his thorough mastery of the fine language of old Scotland, in all its wealth and pith of expressive terms and familiar idioms, gives him the power to wield at will the sympathies and feelings of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen."

HARVEST-HOME.

Hark! 'tis the voice of harvest-home
That rings athwart the welkin dome,
And fields and forests, hills and skies,
Are clothed in bright autumnal dyes:
The generous earth her treasures yields,
And golden sheaves bestrew the fields,
And sweeping fleet the rigs along,
The bands of sturdy reapers throng,
Gath'ring in heaps earth's bounteous load,
Hymning in heart, "All praise to God!"

Hail, happy field! hail, joyous sight!
Where manhood strong, and beauty bright,
Invest with life the laughing plain,
Each striving foremost place to gain;
From group to group the farmer flies
With cheerful tones and eager eyes,
He knows that friendly joke or hint
Works wonders when it's kindly meant,
And sometimes ere the day be past
They lead the first who lagged the last.

Come now, your sickles nimbly ply,
Trust not that richly mottled sky,
For lazy vapours, gray and cold,
Are creeping o'er the distant wold;
Then haste, press on, no time for talk,
Come bind and fork, come lead and stack,
That mellow moon yields ample light,
Come, have your harvest-home to-night,
Nor leave ungathered on the plain
One single sheaf of golden grain.

The harvest-moon, the harvest-moon,
Praise God for that most grateful boon;
From dewy eve till gray-eyed morn
She scatters gold o'er ripening corn,
And flickering through the chequered leaves,
She studs with gems the bristly sheaves,
And cheers the weary reapers on
Until their timely labour's done;
Then praise Him, morning, eve, and noon,
Who gives to Earth her harvest-moon.

But see the harvest maiden Queen,
Borne lightly laughing o'er the green,
With blushing cheek and sparkling eye
She waves her treasured prize on high;
Admiring rustics strive in vain
Approving smile or glance to gain,
For her dear Sandy's coming soon
Far o'er the moor, 'neath that bright moon,
With her through yellow fields to stray,
And fix their happy bridal-day.

The fields are swept, the barns are filled,
In long straight rows, huge stacks are piled,
In graceful forms they rise on high
Beneath the farmer's keen gray eye,
Who with artistic skill and care
Must have them built to taper fair.
Old grandame's fowls are clucking heard
Rejoicing in the rich barn-yard,
And happy groups of peasants come
To welcome jocund harvest-home.

The board is heaped with ample cheer,
And all are linked in friendship dear,
And on one level all are raised,
And all are pleased, and all are praised;
Till roused by pipes and fiddles sweet
The happy groups start to their feet,
And dance, and skip, and cleek, and reel,
And bob, and bound, and whirl, and wheel,
Till floors and windows shake and clatter,
And distance whispers, "What's the matter?"

Hail, rural mirth and rustic glee!
Hail, honest pure simplicity!
With lively dance, and joyous song,
Your jocund merriment prolong;
And while your bosoms grateful glow
To Him whose bounties round you flow,
And while your thoughts are raised to Heaven,
Be't yours to give as He has given,
Whose sun and moon illume yon dome,
Who gives yon gen'rous harvest-home.

THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' Nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin' blast
That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it passed,
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift
That cam' in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift,
And winter's wild war, wearied baith heart and e'e,
As we warsled richt sair ower the drear muirland lea,
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

O! snelly the hail smote the skeleton trees
That shivering shrunk in the grasp o' the breeze,
Nor birdie, nor beast, could the watery e'e scan,
A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man;
Tho' the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared
To mak up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whar the pure Word o' God
Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road,
The slee hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds,
Kirk-bell and house riggin', the white drift has squared,
But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae Elder was known
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John,
And drear was I that day when we bore him awa',
Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his haffits o' snaw;
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

And aye when I think on thae times lang gane by,
Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye,
And I see the auld man, as he clapp'd my wee head,
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead.
He nursed me, he schooled me,—how can I regard
But wi' warm-gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard.

In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm on the earth,
And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven.
O! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
That sprang frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now,
And tho' I hae neither high station nor power,
I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower,
And my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,

To dry up the tear-draps frae sorrow's dull e'e,
And mony puir bodies my awmrie hae shared,
'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirk-yard.

FALLING LEAVES.

Pale symbols of our mortal end,
Ye meet me on my way,
Where thrushes coo, and streamlets wend,
As if it still were May.

Your merry dance with wind and light,
Your bridal green is gone;
Ye come like farewells to the sight—
Ye fall as from a throne.

Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
Ye can but fade away;
Ye ne'er will rise to meet your fellow
Upon the fresh green spray.

But friends in Christ though fallen now,
And in the churchyard sleeping,
Will blossom yet on Life's spring bough.
And glory end their weeping.

Adown the stream I see you going,
Here spattered with the foam,
And there, on waters scarcely flowing,
Ye rest as if at home.

A dream comes over me in calm
Of trees that never fade,
Of leaves that shed a healing balm,
Of skies that never shade.

Our days are dropping like the leaves—
Our tree will soon be bare!
For shorter are our summer eves,
And colder is the air.

But yet the orchard fruit grows mellow;
As down the leaves are winging—
Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
I hear the reapers singing!

What, then, of all our leaves bereft,
When reaping angels come,
If autumn's golden fruit be left—
Their joyous harvest-home!

THE FEEDING SHOWER.

The feeding shower comes brattlin' doun,
The south wind sughs wi' kindly soun',
The auld trees shake their leafy pows,
Young glossy locks dance round their brows,
And leaf and blade, and weed and flower,
A' joyous drink the feeding shower.

The misty clud creeps ower the hill,
And mak's each rut a gurglin' rill,
And tips wi' gowd each auld whin cowe,
And gaurs the heath wi' purple glow,
And sterile rocks, gray, bleak, and dour,
Grow verdant wi' the feeding shower.

The ewes and lambs a' bleat and brouse,
The kye and couts a' dream and drouse,
'Mang grass wha's deep rich velvet green
Is glist a' owre wi' silver sheen,
And birdies churm in ilka bower,
A welcome to the feeding shower.

The soil, a' gizen'd sair before,
Is filled wi' moisture to the core;
Ducks daidlin' in the dubs are seen,
The cawin' corbies crowd the green,
Their beaks are sharp when rain-cluds lower—
They batten in the feeding shower.

Furth frae their stalks the ears o' grain
Peep sleely, lapping up the rain,
Ilk gowan opes its crimson mou',
And nods, and winks, till droukit fou,
And butter-cups are whomled ower,
Brim-laden wi' the feeding shower.

The drowsy sun, as dozed wi' sleep,
Doun through the lift begins to peep,
And, slantin' wide in glist'nin' streams,
The light on bright new verdure gleams,
And Nature, grateful, owns His power
Wha sends the genial feeding shower.

LAY UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN

Why treasures hoard that rust and rot,
Or gold that thieves may steal?
Why are those priceless gems forgot
That bear God's holy seal?
Strive ye to gain the Christian's share,
And store in heaven your prize;
For if your dearest treasure's there,
There will your wishes rise.

On food and raiment wherefore spend
Your life in careworn thought,
While food for an immortal mind
Remains by you unsought?
Your Father feeds the fowls of air,
Who neither reap nor sow;

The lilies spin not, yet how fair
The gentle lilies grow!

And if God feed the sparrow small,
And clothe the fading flower,
Will He not clothe and feed you all,
Poor children of an hour?
For present wants then take no thought,
But fix your hearts above;
And He, whose blood your souls hath bought,
Shall give you light and love.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose-cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's Bairn, she was Naebody's Bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' toited by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, tho' her young heart was sair;
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's Bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood, an' nane hailed her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doomed her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again "Naebody's Bairn."

She cam' smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like loun simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'enin' starn
Shines on the green sward that haps Naebody's Bairn!

A STIEVE HEART AND A STURDY STEP.

Ne'er trow the day will lour throughout,
although the dawn be dark;
Ne'er dream ye're doomed to drag through life,
though hard your early wark;
The morning gray and misty aften brings a golden day—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

A wee bit jutting boulder whiles will help ye ower the wa',
So ne'er despise the willing gift, although it may be sma';
The birdie, e'er he flees, is proud to hap alang the spray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

The road to happiness is aft wi' sorrows thickly strewn;
The waur to win the mair we prize ilk comfort that we own;
And peace and freedom aft are gained by bluidy battle fray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

Then if the prize ye seek be high, and if your aim be pure,
Press onward ever hopeful, still be patient to endure;

For he wha seeks to enter heaven must watch,
and work, and pray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the
steepest brae.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is
kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tran-
quil mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae
faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles,
nae doubt, ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears
flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in
store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' simmer, when the clear and
cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd
and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gaurs verdure
spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel
ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na
whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

EVAN MACCOLL.

Evan MacColl, better known to his Gaelic countrymen as "Clarsair nam Beann," or "The Mountain Harper," was born at Kenmore, Lochfyneside, Argyleshire, September 21, 1808. Here, a farmer on a small scale and a fisherman at the same time, his father Dugald MacColl reared a family of six sons and two daughters; and though in comparatively humble circumstances he contrived to afford his second son Evan a good education. Like many others of the minstrel race, Evan seems to have inherited the poetic faculty, and that peculiar temperament incident to it, from his mother, who was a Cameron. He composed his first song in praise of a neighbouring Chloe, and by his literary effort gained great *éclat* among his friends. His father's circumstances rendered it necessary for the young poet to engage in the business of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years—years during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed. In the spring of 1837 he became a contributor to the *Gaelic Magazine*, then published in Glasgow, and before the close of the year he issued a volume under the title of "*Clarsach nam Beann;* or Poems and Songs in Gaelic." MacColl's next publication was "*The Mountain Minstrel;* or Poems and Songs in English," a work which has passed through four editions. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, speaking of this volume, said—"There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the 'Mountain Minstrel' which seem to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

In 1831 MacColl's father and the rest of the family emigrated to Canada, but the young bard could not be persuaded to leave the land of his birth, where he remained, and in 1839 was appointed to a clerkship in the customs at Liverpool, when he removed to that city. In 1850, in consequence of impaired health, he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of

visiting his kinsmen in Canada. Soon after crossing the Atlantic he obtained a situation in the custom-house at Kingston, Canada, where he still continues to reside. In 1864 his townsmen presented the "Bard of Loch-fyne" with his portrait as a mark of their esteem and admiration.

The late Dr. Norman Macleod, himself a poet, said—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild indeed, and sometimes rough, are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and so striking—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man."

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.[1]

Mark ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
  Marshalling his millions for the fray!
Britons! up and on at the despot base,
  Dashing in between him and his prey.
    Up! 'tis honour's cause;
    Up! and ere you pause
  Let the empire sought be his grave.
    Now's the fated time!
    Crush his course of crime!
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

On the Euxine wave—on the Baltic tide
  Soon shall our proud banners be unfurled;
Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
  Well may dare to battle half a world.
    On then stern as fate!
    Strike, ere all too late!
  Europe you from Cossack rule would save:
    Onward in your might—
    God defend the right!
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Waken, Poland! wake from thy dream of death;
  Think of all thy suff'rings unavenged:
Hungary, arise! proving, in thy wrath,
  Thy old hate of tyranny unchanged:
    By thy sword of flame,
    Schamyl! son of fame,
  Swear that now or never thou shalt have
    Thy Circassia free,—
    Her best hope is thee:
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Glory to the brave! Soon may they return
  Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame!
Soon their haughty foe shall his rashness mourn,
  Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
    Potent though he be,
    Europe shall him see
  Mercy on his knee lowly crave.
    Such be quick the fall
    Of earth's despots all:
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

[1] Written on declaration of war against Russia in 1854.

A VISIT TO STAFFA.

Over Mull's mountains gray dawned the warm-blushing day,
  As to Ulva a good-bye throw we;
Before a fair wind from the shore right behind
  Our swift bark spreads her canvas snowy.
On, on speed we now where, far off, on our bow
  Loomed that isle of which fame spoke so loudly;
On, where wash the wild waves Staffa's columns and caves,
  Fast and faster, our way we go proudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's cliff took slight note;
  Nor, although its blessed shore was so nigh us,
Could Columba's own isle for a moment beguile
  Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed world,
  'Mid the waves round it joyously dancing,
Stood that isle which all there well indeed might declare,
  All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy weird beach, wondrous Staffa, we reach—
  Now we kneel with devotion beseeming;
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and dark,
  Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming;
And now wend we our way where above us in play
  Wakes the seamew a clamorous chorus,
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo!
  Fingal's Cave in its glory before us!

What vain fool would compare with that fabric so rare
  Palace, church, or cathedral splendour?
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze
  It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with thee,
  Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn!
He who sees not God's hand in thy record so grand
  Never will in the holiest volume.

O the joy of that hour! O the heart-stirring pow'r
Of the music so wildly romantic,
Which the light summer gale in yon pile blended well
With the sough of the moaning Atlantic!
Still, in fancy's charmed ear, that wild anthem I hear—
Still, the echoes that answered our voices,
As we hymned our delight at His goodness and might
Who could fashion such things to rejoice us.

Witching isle of the west, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough nor the harrow;
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow.
What to thee is the spring of which bards love to sing?
What reck'st thou how the harvester speedeth,
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth?

Thine is not the red rose that like beauty's cheek glows,
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning;
Thine is not the glad thrush in the green hazel bush
Hailing sweetly the Maytide morning;
But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,
And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave
Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Staffa, well love I thee, yet right loath would I be
In the winter to voyage by thee,
When the west winds rave, and a ready grave
Finds the bark that would dare to nigh thee.
And from Skerrievore comes the ceaseless roar
Of the mountain waves over it bounding,
While thy echoes reply to the sea-bird's shrill cry
Heard afar 'mid that music confounding.

Then the time is to hear with a credulous ear,
What old islesmen believe in devoutly—
That though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,
On thy pillar-propped throne seated stoutly;
Yet withal, when the storm in its fearfullest form
O'er the maddened Atlantic sweeps past thee,
Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,
As if fearing each hour would thy last be!

When but yet a boy, the most cherished joy
Of my heart was the hope to view thee;
Ne'er did Moslem pine for far Mecca's shrine
More than I for a journey to thee.
The long fret is o'er—yet for evermore
Shall the glamour by thee cast o'er me
Flourish fresh and fair in my memory, where
Thou shalt seem as if still before me.

MY ROWAN-TREE.[1]

Fair shelter of my native cot—
That cot so very dear to me,
O how I envy thee thy lot,
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice-happy rowan-tree!

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee:—
A kingdom now were less my care
Than then my rowan-tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round!
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my rowan-tree.

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grand-papa to see;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my rowan-tree.

'Twas thus I dream'd, that happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way,
Far from my rowan-tree.

[1] Written on receiving in Canada a bunch of rowan-berries taken from a tree planted by MacColl when a boy. To the proper understanding of certain allusions in the concluding verses of the poem, it may be necessary to inform the uninitiated in Celtic superstitions that the rowan-tree was once held in great veneration in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland—and this on account of its supposed possession of virtues that are now, I suspect, very rarely called into action. Amulets made from its wood were worn about the person as a protection against the malice of goblins, witches, and warlocks. And woe be to that woman who at Beltane time would forget to place a sprig of rowan over the entrance to her byre! The butter which ought to fill her crocks during the following summer would be sure to find its way into the churn of some more canny and unscrupulous neighbour! The worst of all bad luck, however, was certain to befall that household at whose hearth there was not a careful avoidance of using any portion of the rowan-tree as fire-wood! A death in that family within the next twelvemonths would be the inevitable consequence! No wonder the rowan-tree grew and flourished under such a protective system.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry;
A stranger to me sits beside
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Yet still in fancy I can mark
Thy lily bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perch'd on my rowan-tree.

Like rubies red on beauty's breast,
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some spring warbler's nest,
Left in my rowan-tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my rowan-tree.

. . . . . .

The forest many trees can boast,
More fit perhaps for keel or knee;
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the rowan-tree.

How beautiful above them all
Its snow-white summer drapery!
A cloud of crimson in the fall,
Seems Scotland's rowan-tree.

Well knows the boy at Beltane time,
When near it in a vocal key,
What whistles perfectly sublime
Supplies the rowan-tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
Might look for, who would carelessly
Home in his load of firewood fetch
Aught of the rowan-tree.

In vain would midnight hags colleague
To witch poor crummie's milk, if she
Had only o'er her crib a twig
Cut from the rowan-tree.

Alas! that in my dreams alone
I ever now can hope to see
My boyhood's home and thou my own,
My matchless rowan-tree!

A MAY MORNING IN GLENSHIRA.[1]

Lo, dawning o'er yon mountain gray
The rosy birth-day of the May!
Glenshira knoweth well 'tis Beltane's blissful day.

The Maam has donned its brightest green,
The hawthorn whitens round Kilblane,
And blends the broom its gold with Shira's azure sheen.

Hark from the woods that thrilling gush
Of song from linnet, merle, and thrush!
To hear herself so praised the morning well may blush.

The lark, yon crimson clouds among,
Rains down a very flood of song;
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

Yon cushat by Cuilvocan's stream
The spirit of some bard you'd deem—
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.

Thrice welcome minstrel! now at hand,
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band:
A choir like this might grace the bowers of fairy-land!

Now is the hour by Duloch's tide
To scent the birch that decks its side,
And watch the snow-white swans o'er its calm bosom glide.

Now is the hour a poet might
Be blameless if, in this delight,
He Druid-like adored the sun that crowns yon height!

O May! thou'rt an enchantress rare—
Thy presence maketh all things fair;
Thou wavest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

Thou comest, and the clouds are not—
Rude Boreas has his wrath forgot,
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

The foaming torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl, that faintly murmurs still.

Thine is the blossom-laden tree,
The meads that white with lambkins be,
Thou paintest those bright skies that in each lake we see.

Cheer'd by the smile, the herd-boy gay
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.

[1] Glenshira is in Argyleshire.

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,
A gleaming glory to the seas;
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

Around me in this dewy den
Wild flowers imparadise the scene;
Some look up to the sun—his worshippers, I ween:

Some here and there, with bashful grace,
Invite the roving bee's embrace;
Some, as with filial love, do earthward turn their face.

Above—around me—all things seem
So witching that I almost deem
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious! frail
Thy skill in fitting strains to hail
The morn that makes a heaven of Shira's lovely vale.

TO THE FALLING SNOW.

Bright-robed pilgrim from the North!
Visitant of heavenly birth,
Welcome on thy journey forth—
Come, come, snow!

Light as fairy footsteps free,
Fall, oh fall! I love to see
Earth thus beautified by thee.
Come, come, snow!

Silent as the flow of thought,
Gentle as a sigh love-fraught,
Welcome as a boon long sought,
Come, come, snow!

Let him boast of landscapes green,
Who no Highland vale hath seen,
Decked in thy resplendent sheen!
Come, come, snow!

Streamlets that to yonder tide
Gleam like silver as they glide,
Look like darkness thee beside:
Come, come, snow!

At thy touch, behold, to-day
The dark holly looks as gay
As the hawthorn does in May:
Come, come, snow!

Lo! beneath thy gentle tread,
Fair as bride to altar led,
Bends the lady-birch her head:
Come, come, snow!

See how like a crystal column,
By yon lake so calmly solemn,
Towers magnificent the elm!
Come, come, snow!

Fields that late look'd bare and brown,
Fairer now than solan-down,
Well maintain thy bright renown:
Come, come, snow!

Evening stealeth on apace—
Soon in all her virgin grace
Earth shall sleep in thy embrace!
Come, come, snow!

But enough—I fain would see
How the stars shall smilingly
Gaze upon the earth and thee:
Cease—cease now.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

She died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow
Fast by the shadows chased;
She died—like heaven's rainbow
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like flakes appearing
On the shore beside the sea;
They grew as bright; but, nearing,
The ground-swell broke on thee.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell;
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell.

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave:
She died—like sweetest dreaming
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early:
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!

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[1] Written in Glen Urquhart, Scotland.

EVENING ADDRESS TO LOCH-LOMOND.

Lake of beauty! lake of splendour,
All-surpassing! Lomond rare;
Fondly to thee would I render
Praise befitting scene so fair.

Matchless mirror of the Highlands,
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy islands—
Heaven above and heaven below!

All from margin unto margin
Sleep'st thou in thy glowing grace,
Calmly fair, as might a virgin
Dreaming of some chaste embrace.

Lo, where, watching thee serenely,
Takes yon Ben his kingly stand!
Hills that else were great look meanly
In Benlomond's presence grand.

How yon group, in grand confusion,
Now seem piercing heaven's concave,
Now seem in as grand confusion,
Overturned in Lomond's wave!

See yon eagle skyward soaring—
Air's proud empress lightning-eyed:
Lo, she sweeps! The prey alluring
Was her image in the tide.

Here, the wary heron seemeth
Watching me with careful look;
There a salmon sudden gleameth,
In his spring to catch—the hook.

Hapless trout! exultant angler,
Vaunt not *too* much of thy skill:
Thou hast met a sturdy wrangler,
One that yet may thwart thy will.

Coasting Innis-chailleach holy,
Mark yon otter wide awake!
Doubtless there the knave sups duly
On the best of all the lake.

Where the insect-chasing swallow
Hither-thither skims thy breast,
And yon wild duck—timid fellow—
Flaps his wings in awkward haste.

See with what an air of scorning
Sails yon swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than Eastern bride!

Little recks the yeoman yonder
What to me such rapture yields;—
More to him than all thy splendour
Are his own gold-tinted fields.

'Tis for him yon maids the *corrun*
Ply among the yellow corn,
Cheered on by the chorused *orun*
Of such happy labours born.

Hark, now;—'tis some youthful shepherd
Whistling all his cares away
Near yon fold where, lately, upward
To the milking went his may.

Nature now is hush'd to silence,—
Ceased the sportsman's pastime fell:
Ill becomes his licensed violence
Heath-clad Fruin's fairy dell.

Now thy face, loved lake, is beamless,—
Dies the daylight in the west:
Never mind, my beauty blameless,
Stars will soon bedeck thy breast.

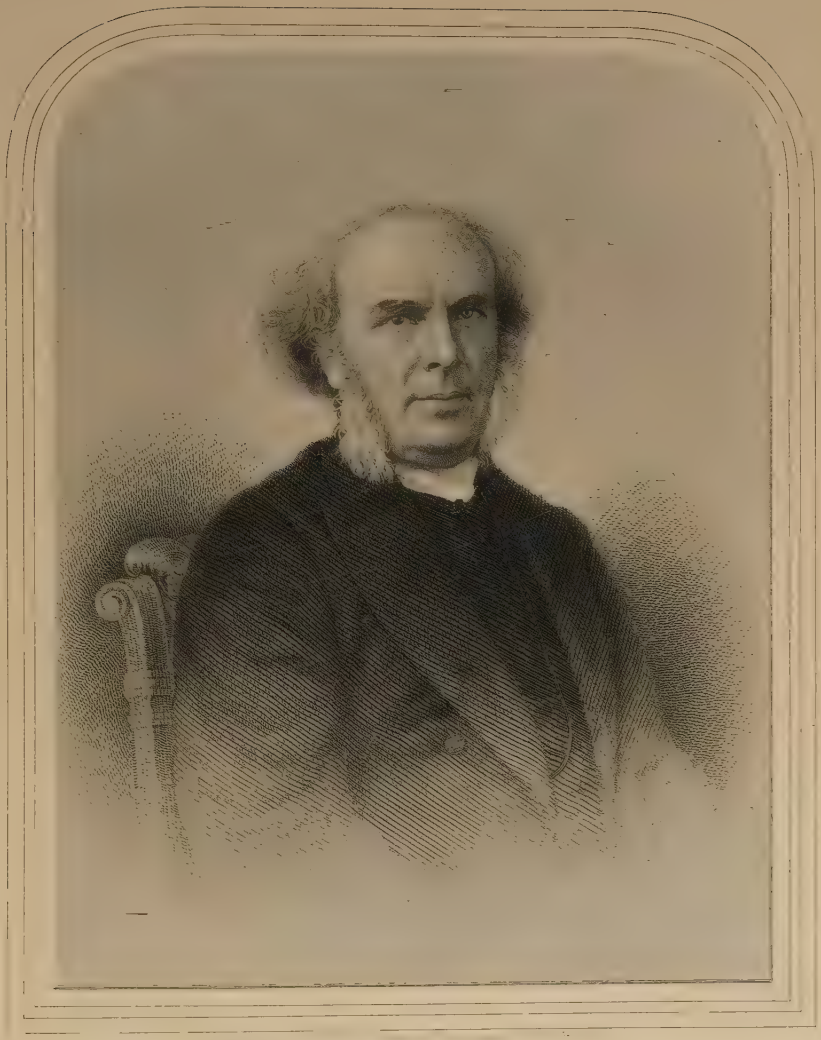
Vanished is the ray that crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransom'd,
See how Vesper now doth smile.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming,—
Just the very time to hear
Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,
Fairy minstrels piping near.

From his lair the fox is stealing,
Quits the owl her hermit cell:
Vision fair past all revealing,
Dear Lochlomond, now farewell!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., favourably known as a sacred poet and prose-writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 19, 1808. His ancestors for several generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the high-school and at the university of his



native city. For several years he acted as a missionary at Leith, after which he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso in November, 1837. He remained here for upwards of thirty years, when he returned to his native city, and became minister of the Chalmers Memorial Free Church. Dr. Bonar was for some time editor of the *Presbyterian Review*, afterwards of the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, and is the author of above twenty volumes of a religious character, including "The Land of Promise," "The Desert of Sinai," "Prophetical Landmarks," "Earth's Morning, or Thoughts on Genesis," "God's Way of Peace," and "God's Way of Holiness;" the last two having attained an extraordinary circulation. To these must be added his deservedly popular poetical works, consisting of "Lyra Consolationis," and several series of his beautiful "Hymns of Faith and Hope," which have been republished and very extensively circulated in the United States. Some of the pieces in his latest volume belong to the highest order of religious poetry.

A recent visitor to Dr. Bonar's church in Edinburgh furnishes us with the following portraiture of the gifted poet-preacher:—"The striking feature of his face is the large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no bold, rugged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace, and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet, and tranquil.' And everything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,' 'the last invitation in the Bible.' It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality, which is to an American so striking a feature of most foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation—warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face; once he paused in his discourse and addressed himself especially to the Sunday-school children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I was sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I ever saw he closed: 'Whosoever'—that includes *you;* 'Whosoever *will*'—*does that* include you?'"

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.

Past all pain for ever,
Done with sickness now;
Let me close thine eyes, mother,
Let me smooth thy brow.
Rest and health and gladness,—
These thy portions now;
Let me press thy hand, mother,
Let me kiss thy brow.

Eyes that shall never weep,
Life's tears all shed,
Its farewells said,—
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
O, would that they were mine!

A brow without a shade,
Each wrinkle smoothed,
Each throbbing soothed,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A tongue that stammers not
In tuneful praise,
Through endless days,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A voice that trembles not;
All quivering past,
Death's sigh the last,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Limbs that shall never tire,
Nor ask to rest,
In service blest,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

A frame that cannot ache,
Earth's labours done,
Life's battle's won,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A heart that flutters not,
No timid throb,
No quick-breathed sob,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A will that swerveth not
At frown or smile,
At threat or wile,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A soul still upward bent
On higher flight,
With wing of light,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Hours without fret or care,
The race well run,
The prize well won,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Days without toil or grief,
Time's burdens borne,
With strength well worn,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Rest without broken dreams,
Or wakeful fears,
Or hidden tears,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Life that shall fear no death,
God's life above,
Of light and love,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Morn that shall light the tomb,
And call from dust
The slumbering just,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

HEAVEN.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours,
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers—
No broken sunshine there!
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

These dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth—
Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came;
Bond slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

These robes of theirs are not like those below:
No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
Whence came that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

There was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—
The man and the maiden, the green and the gray;
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
And the blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay:
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away!

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

LUCY.

AUGUST 20, 1858.

All night we watched the ebbing life,
As if its flight to stay;
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden-bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,
In the half-lighted room;
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye;
To the dear lips our ear we laid,
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,
The forehead pale and fair;
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scatter'd curls
Of her rich golden hair;
We held the gentle palm in ours,
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still;
The death-frost, through her clay
Stole slowly, and, as morn came up,
Our sweet flower pass'd away.

The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
No warm responding lip to kiss;
For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts, we said,
Child of our love and care!
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,
For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallow'd up of life
On the immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When Lucy shall be there.

NO MORE SEA.

Summer ocean, idly washing
This gray rock on which I lean;
Summer ocean, broadly flashing
With thy hues of gold and green;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
O'er yon island-studded scene;
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
When "the sea shall be no more."
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
As along thy strand I range;
Or, as here I sit and watch thee
In thy moods of endless change.
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,
Musing moods of sunset sadness;
When the dying winds caress thee,
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
And all nature seems to bless thee!
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the wonders of thy shore,
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
When "the sea shall be no more!"

And yet sometimes in my musings,
When I think of what shall be,
In the day of earth's new glory,
Still I seem to roam by thee.
As if all had not departed,
But the glory lingered still;
As if that which made thee lovely
Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marred thy beauty,
Only *that* had passed away;
Sullen wilds of ocean-moorland,
Bloated features of decay.
Only that dark waste of waters
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned;
Only that shall shrink and vanish,
Yielding back the imprisoned land.
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
Long submerged and hidden plains;
Giving up a thousand valleys
Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
Winding round this rocky tower;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
Sparkling like an ocean flower.
Leaving still some placid sketches,
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon;
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
Mirrors for the silver moon.
Only all of gloom and horror,
Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger;
These shall be no longer thine.
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose;
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean
Then shall blossom as the rose.

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest, darkly lowering,
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where no bond is ever sundered;
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healèd,
Where the blighted life re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhinder'd,
Loving once, and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been·
Where a king in kingly glory,
Such as earth hath never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1809 — DIED 1851.

ALEXANDER HUME, the son of Walter Hume, a respectable merchant of Kelso, was born there in February, 1809. He received his education in his native town, his first teacher being Mr. Ballantyne, well known for his ability. The family afterwards removed from Kelso to London. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age Alexander suddenly disappeared, and joined a company of strolling players. He sang the melodies of his native land with wonderful skill,—was equally successful with the popular English comic songs of that day,—could take a part in tragedy, comedy, or farce,—and, if need be, could dance a reel or hornpipe. He soon therefore became a great favourite with the manager, but disgusted with his associates he left them, and returned to London. By the kindness of a relative he was put in a way of earning his own livelihood, and in 1827 he obtained a good situation with a firm in Mark Lane. In the same year he became a lover, which first influenced him to attempt the art of rhyming, but although tolerably successful in his efforts at verse-making, he failed to win

the object of his admiration. Hume dedicated his first volume of songs to his friend Allan Cunningham. In the preface to this volume he says: "I composed them by no rules excepting those which my own observation and feelings formed; I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so I have written. Of all poetical compositions, songs, especially those of the affections, should be natural, warm gushings of feeling—brief, simple, and condensed. As soon as they have left the singer's lips they should be fast around the hearer's heart." In 1837 the poet was married, and in 1840 he visited the United States for the benefit of his health. Five years later he published a complete edition of his *Poems and Songs*, many of which enjoy an unusual degree of popularity. In 1847 he made a second voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired by over-application to business. He returned with health somewhat improved; but it again gradually declined, and he died at Northampton in May, 1851, leaving a widow and six children. During the latter years of his life Mr. Hume entirely abandoned literary pursuits, devoting all his time to his business, in which he met with very great success.

MENIE HAY.

A wee bird sits upon a spray,
And aye it sings o' Menie Hay,
The burden o' its cheery lay
Is "Come away, dear Menie Hay!
Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
There's not a bonnie flower in May
Shows a bloom wi' Menie Hay."

A light in yonder window's seen,
And wi' it seen is Menie Hay;
Wha gazes on the dewy green,
Where sits the bird upon the spray?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
At sic a time, in sic a way,
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"

"What seek ye there, my daughter dear?
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"
"Dear mother, but the stars sae clear
Around the bonnie Milky Way."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
Ye something see ye daurna say,
Pawkie, winsome Menie Hay!"

The window's shut, the light is gane
And wi' it gane is Menie Hay;
But wha is seen upon the green,
Kissing sweetly Menie Hay?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
For ane sae young ye ken the way,
And far from blate, O Menie Hay!"

"Gae scour the country, hill and dale;
Oh! wae's me, where is Menie Hay?
Search ilka nook, in town or vale,
For my daughter, Menie Hay."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
I wish you joy, young Johnny Fay,
O' your bride, sweet Menie Hay."

MY BESSIE.

My Bessie, oh! but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
Oh! do they no remember ye o' mony happy hours,
When on this green and gentle hill we aften met to play,
An' ye were like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day?

The gowans blossom'd bonnilie, I'd pu' them from the stem,
An' rin in noisy blithesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
To place them in thy lily breast, for ae sweet smile on me;
I saw nae mair the gowans then, then saw I only thee.

Like two fair roses on a tree, we flourish'd an' we grew,
An' as we grew, sweet love grew too, an' strong 'tween me and you;
How aft ye'd twine your gentle arms in love about my neck,
An' breathe young vows that after-years o' sorrow has na brak!

We'd raise our lisping voices in auld Coila's
melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie
banks and braes;
But thought na we o' banks and braes, except
those at our feet,
Like yon wee birds we sang our sang, yet
ken'd na that 'twas sweet.

Oh! is na this a joyous day, a' nature's breath-
ing forth
In gladness an' in loveliness ower a' the wide,
wide earth?
The linties they are lilting love on ilka bush
an' tree,
Oh! may such joy be ever felt, my Bess, by
thee and me!

SANDY ALLAN.

Wha is he I hear sae crouse,
There ahint the hallan?
Whase skirling rings through a' the house,
Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,
As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind gudewife,
This blithesome Sandy Allan,
Who lo'es him mickle mair than life,
An' glories in her callan.
As sense an' sound are ane in song,
Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan;
Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
Ha'e Luckie an' her callan.

To gi'e to a', it's aye his rule,
Their proper name an' callin',
A knave's a knave, a fule's a fule,
Wi' honest Sandy Allan.
For ilka vice he has a dart,
An' heavy is its fallin';
But aye for worth a kindred heart
Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings his knee he winna bring,
Sae proud is Sandy Allan,
The man wha richtly feels is king,
Ower rank, wi' Sandy Allan.
Auld Nature, just to show the warl'
Ae truly honest callan,
E'en strippit till't, and made a carle,
An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.

I'VE WANDER'D ON THE SUNNY HILL.

I've wander'd on the sunny hill, I've wander'd
in the vale,
When sweet wee birds in fondness meet to
breathe their am'rous tale;
But hills or vales, or sweet wee birds, nae
pleasures gae to me—
The light that beam'd its ray on me was love's
sweet glance from thee.

The rising sun, in golden beams, dispels the
night's dark gloom—
The morning dew to rose's hue imparts a fresh-
ening bloom:
But sunbeams ne'er so brightly play'd in dance
o'er yon glad sea,
Nor roses laved in dew sae sweet as love's sweet
glance from thee.

I love thee as the pilgrims love the water in
the sand,
When scorching rays or blue simoom sweep
o'er their withering hand;
The captive's heart nae gladlier beats when set
from prison free,
Than I when bound wi' beauty's chain in love's
sweet glance from thee.

I loved thee, bonnie Bessie, as the earth adores
the sun,
I ask'd nae lands, I crav'd nae gear, I prized
but thee alone;
Ye smiled in look, but no in heart—your heart
was no for me;
Ye planted hope that never bloom'd in love's
sweet glance from thee.

OH! YEARS HAE COME.

Oh! years hae come, an' years hae gane,
Sin' first I sought the warld alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.
But oh! behold the present gloom,
My early friends are in the tomb,
And nourish now the heather bloom
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is now a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

O' our great ha' there's left nae stane—
A' swept away, like snaw lang gane;
Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' and mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry,
On the hills o' Caledonia.
The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
The wild-flowers bloom no on the lea,
As if the kind things pitied me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh;
When we forgét them, then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.
An' howsoever changed the scene,
While memory an' my feeling's green,
Still green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE was born at Glasgow, July 28, 1809. His father, who was a banker, removed to Aberdeen when John was very young, and here he began his education at a private school, then under the rectorship of Mr. Merson. In his twelfth year he became a student of Marischal College, where he remained for four years, and then attended the University of Edinburgh. In 1829 he went to the Continent, and continued his studies at Göttingen and Berlin. From Germany he proceeded to Italy, where he devoted himself to the study of the Italian language and literature, and to the science of archæology. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1834; but not finding the profession congenial, he occupied his time chiefly in writing for the reviews. It was at this time that he published a very successful translation of Goethe's "Faust," which at once established his reputation as an accomplished German scholar. In 1841 he was appointed professor of Humanity in Marischal College, a position which he held for eleven years. In 1850 he published a translation of the dramas of Æschylus, which he dedicated to the Chevalier Bunsen and Edward Gerhard, "the friends of his youth and the directors of his early studies."

In 1852 Blackie was elected to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University, and in 1853 he travelled in Greece, residing in Athens for several months until he had acquired a fluent use of the living Greek language.[1] In the matter of accent he became a convert to the modern Greek pronunciation, with certain modifications, and has since then persistently denounced the English method of pronouncing Greek with Latin accentuation as a barbarous figment, utterly destitute of any foundation either in science or in philological tradition. In 1857 he published *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems*. In 1860 he issued *Lyrical Poems*—many of them in Latin; and six years later his *Homer and the Iliad*, in four octavo vols., including a translation of the Iliad in ballad measure. For his highest honours as a poet and a scholar Professor Blackie is indebted to his admirable rendering of the illustrious Greek poet. Several of his lectures and discourses have been issued separately, of which the most famous is the discourse on *Democracy*, in which he defended the principles of the British constitution in opposition to those who held up America as the model of political excellence. The year following *Musa Burschicosa*, a volume of songs for students and university men, appeared; and in 1870 he put forth

[1] The learned professor, in his enthusiasm for that ancient tongue, declares broad Scotch "Doric" the only correct pronunciation. "The English," he remarks, "don't know how to pronounce Greek. When Gladstone went to Greece a few years ago, not a word could the Greeks understand when he spoke to them; therefore he was obliged to address them at Corfu in Italian. I went to Greece and they understood every word I said. —W

a volume of *War Songs of the Germans*, with historical sketches, in which he advocated the cause of Germany against France with great energy and decision. This work was followed in 1872 by *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*, and by a prose volume entitled *Self-culture*, which appeared in 1874 and was republished in the United States. Professor Blackie has also appeared as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, London, where he successfully combated the views of John Stuart Mill in moral philosophy, of Mr. Grote in his estimate of the Greek Sophists, and of Max Müller in his allegorical interpretation of ancient myths. His views on moral philosophy were afterwards embodied in a separate work, *The Four Phases of Morals* (second edition, 1874, reprinted in America); while his philological papers generally appeared under the title of *Horæ Hellenicæ* (London, 1874). His philosophy of Taste appeared in the work *On Beauty* (1858), in which he combated the famous Association theory of Alison and Jeffrey. More recently he has advocated with characteristic energy and ardour the establishment of a Celtic professorship in the University of Edinburgh. Another volume of poems, entitled *Songs of Religion and Life* appeared in 1876, and contains many fine effusions, amongst others the poem "Beautiful World." He is now (May, 1876) engaged on a work to be entitled *The Language and Literature of the Highlands*.

A writer in *St. James's Magazine* says:—"Professor Blackie has been known so long for his excellent translations and his scholarly abilities, that it will be unnecessary to say much here. If additional proof were needed that there is more in the teaching of the classics than mere 'gerund-grinding,' we have it in this most amiable of Scotch professors. It would be a treat of no ordinary kind to hear him dilate upon Aristophanes. There are points, too, in Homer, which no one has seized upon so sharply and effectively as he. We should like to hear him talk offhand about Thersites. Yet the wonder is that Professor Blackie should have spent so much of his time in translations—not in the class, but in his study as literary work—considering his undeniable claims as a writer of original poetry. There is no member of a Scotch senatus so well and favourably known as Professor Blackie, chiefly because he has so little of the orthodox school-man about him."

THE DEATH OF COLUMBA.

Saxon stranger, thou didst wisely,
Sunder'd for a little space
From that motley stream of people
Drifting by this holy place;
With the furnace and the funnel
Through the long sea's glancing arm,
Let them hurry back to Oban,
Where the tourist loves to swarm.
Here, upon this hump of granite,
Sit with me a quiet while,
And I'll tell thee how Columba
Died upon this old gray isle.

I.

'Twas in May, a breezy morning,
When the sky was fresh and bright,
And the broad blue ocean shimmer'd
With a thousand gems of light,
On the green and grassy Machar,
Where the fields are spredden wide,
And the crags in quaint confusion
Jut into the Western tide;
Here his troop of godly people,
In stout labour's garb array'd,
Blithe their fruitful task were plying
With the hoe and with the spade.
"I will go and bless my people,"
Quoth the father, "ere I die,
But the strength is slow to follow
Where the wish is swift to fly;
I am old and feeble, Diarmid,
Yoke the oxen, be not slow,
I will go and bless my people,
Ere from earth my spirit go."
On his ox-drawn wain he mounted,
Faithful Diarmid by his side;
Soon they reached the grassy Machar,
Soft and smooth, Iona's pride:
"I am come to bless my people,
Faithful fraters, ere I die;
I had wish'd to die at Easter,
But I would not mar your joy,
Now the Master plainly calls me,
Gladly I obey his call;

I am ripe, I feel the sickle,
Take my blessing ere I fall."
But they heard his words with weeping,
And their tears fell on the dew,
And their eyes were dimmed with sorrow,
For they knew his words were true.
Then he stood up on the waggon,
And his prayerful hands he hove,
And he spake and bless'd the people
With the blessing of his love:
"God be with you, faithful fraters,
With you now, and evermore;
Keep you from the touch of evil,
On your souls his Spirit pour;
God be with you, fellow-workmen,
And from loved Iona's shore
Keep the blighting breath of demons,
Keep the viper's venom'd store!"
Thus he spake, and turn'd the oxen
Townwards; sad they went, and slow,
And the people, fixed in sorrow,
Stood, and saw the father go.

II.

List me further, Saxon stranger,
Note it nicely, by the causeway
On the left hand, where thou came
With the motley tourist people,
Stands a cross of figured fame.
Even now thine eye may see it,
Near the nunnery, slim and gray;—
From the waggon there Columba
Lighted on that tearful day,
And he sat beneath the shadow
Of that cross, upon a stone,
Brooding on his speedy passage
To the land where grief is none;
When, behold, the mare, the white one
That was wont the milk to bear
From the dairy to the cloister,
Stood before him meekly there,
Stood, and softly came up to him,
And with move of gentlest grace
O'er the shoulder of Columba
Thrust her piteous-pleading face,
Look'd upon him as a friend looks
On a friend that goes away,
Sunder'd from the land that loves him
By wide seas of briny spray.
"Fie upon thee for thy manners!"
Diarmid cried with lifted rod,
"Wilt thou with untimely fondness
Vex the prayerful man of God?"
"Not so, Diarmid," cried Columba;
"Dost thou see the speechful eyne
Of the fond and faithful creature
Sorrow'd with the swelling brine?
God hath taught the mute unreasoning
What thou fail'st to understand,
That this day I pass for ever
From Iona's shelly strand.
Have my blessing, gentle creature,
God doth bless both man and beast;
From hard yoke, when I shall leave thee,
Be thy faithful neck released."
Thus he spoke, and quickly rising
With what feeble strength remained,
Leaning on stout Diarmid's shoulder,
A green hillock's top he gained.
There, or here where we are sitting,
Whence his eye might measure well
Both the cloister and the chapel,
And his pure and prayerful cell.
There he stood, and high uplifting
Hands whence flowed a healing grace,
Breathed his latest voice of blessing
To protect the sacred place,—
Spake such words as prophets utter
When the veil of flesh is rent,
And the present fades from vision,
On the germing future bent:
"God thee bless, thou loved Iona,
Though thou art a little spot,
Though thy rocks are gray and treeless,
Thine shall be a boastful lot;
Thou shalt be a sign for nations;
Nurtured on thy sacred breast,
Thou shalt send on holy mission
Men to teach both East and West;
Peers and potentates shall own thee,
Monarchs of wide-sceptred sway
Dying shall beseech the honour
To be tomb'd beneath thy clay;
God's dear saints shall love to name thee,
And from many a storied land
Men of clerkly fame shall pilgrim
To Iona's little strand."

III.

Thus the old man spake his blessing;
Then, where most he loved to dwell,
Through the well-known porch he enter'd
To his pure and prayerful cell;
And then took the holy psalter—
'Twas his wont when he would pray—
Bound with three stout clasps of silver,
From the casquet where it lay;
There he read with fixed devoutness,
And, with craft full fair and fine,
On the smooth and polished vellum
Copied forth, the sacred line,
Till he came to where the kingly
Singer sings in faithful mood,
How the younglings of the lion
Oft may roam in vain for food,

But who fear the Lord shall never
Live and lack their proper good.
Here he stopped, and said, "My latest
Now is written; what remains
I bequeath to faithful Beathan
To complete with pious pains."
Then he rose, and in the chapel
Conned the pious vesper song
Inly to himself, for feeble
Now the voice that once was strong;
Hence with silent step returning
To his pure and prayerful cell,
On the round smooth stone he laid him
Which for pallet served him well.
Here some while he lay; then rising,
To a trusty brother said:
"Brother, take my parting message,
Be my last words wisely weighed.
'Tis an age of brawl and battle;
Men who seek not God to please,
With wild sweep of lawless passion
Waste the land and scourge the seas.
Not like them be ye; be loving,
Peaceful, patient, truthful, bold,
But in service of your Master
Use no steel and seek no gold."
Thus he spake; but now there sounded
Through the night the holy bell
That to Lord's-day matins gather'd
Every monk from every cell.
Eager at the sound, Columba
In the way foresped the rest,
And before the altar kneeling,
Pray'd with hands on holy breast.
Diarmid followed; but a marvel
Flow'd upon his wondering eyne.—
All the windows shone with glorious
Light of angels in the shrine.
Diarmid enter'd; all was darkness.
"Father!" But no answer came.
"Father! art thou here, Columba?"
Nothing answer'd to the name.
Soon the troop of monks came hurrying,
Each man with a wandering light,
For great fear had come upon them,
And a sense of strange affright.
"Diarmid! Diarmid! is the father
With thee? Art thou here alone?"
And they turn'd their lights and found him
On the pavement lying prone.
And with gentle hands they raised him,
And he mildly looked around,
And he raised his arm to bless them,
But it dropped upon the ground;
And his breathless body rested
On the arms that held him dear,
And his dead face look'd upon them
With a light serene and clear;
And they said that holy angels
Surely hover'd round his head,
For alive no loveliest ever
Look'd so lovely as this dead.

Stranger, thou hast heard my story,
Thank thee for thy patient ear;
We are pleased to stir the sleeping
Memory of old greatness here.
I have used no gloss, no varnish,
To make fair things fairer look;
As the record stands I give it,
In the old monks' Latin book.
Keep it in thy heart, and love it,
Where a good thing loves to dwell;
It may help thee in thy dying,
If thou care to use it well.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have
enough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast
stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a
torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shove its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was
rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,

His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quail'd,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

BENEDICITE.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floor'd,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roar'd!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soar'd,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein pour'd,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

THE TWO MEEK MARGARETS.

It fell on a day in the blooming month of May,
When the trees were greenly growing,
That a captain grim went down to the brim
O' the sea, when the tide was flowing.

Twa maidens he led, that captain grim,
Wi' his red-coat loons behind him,
Twa meek-faced maids, and he sware that he
In the salt sea-swell should bind them.

And a' the burghers o' Wigton town
Came down, full sad and cheerless,
To see that ruthless captain drown
These maidens meek but fearless.

O what had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned, where the tide was swelling?

O waes me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing
Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

O spare them! spare them! thou captain grim!
No! no!—to a stake he hath bound them,
Where the floods as they flow, and the waves as they grow,
Shall soon be deepening round them.

The one had threescore years and three;
Far out on the sand they bound her,
Where the first dark flow of the waves as they grow,
Is quickly swirling round her.

The other was a maiden fresh and fair;
More near to the land they bound her,
That she might see by slow degree
The grim waves creeping round her.

O captain, spare that maiden gray,
She's deep in the deepening water!
No! no!—she's lifted her hands to pray,
And the choking billow caught her!

See, see, young maid, cried the captain grim,
The wave shall soon ride o'er thee!
She's swamped in the brine whose sin was like thine;
See that same fate before thee!

I see the Christ who hung on a tree
When his life for sins he offered;
In one of his members, even he
With that meek maid hath suffered.

O captain, save that meek young maid;
She's a loyal farmer's daughter!
Well, well! let her swear to good King James,
And I'll hale her out from the water!

I will not swear to Popish James,
But I pray for the head of the nation,
That he and all, both great and small,
May know God's great salvation!

She spoke; and lifted her hands to pray,
And felt the greedy water,
Deep and more deep around her creep,
Till the choking billow caught her!

O Wigton, Wigton! I'm wae to sing
The truth o' this waesome story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
And his saints shall reign in glory.

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.[1]

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she
Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee
On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said; "that may not be;
What's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
I take my portioned share."

"But you have two and I have none;
One burden give to me;
I'll take that bundle from thy back,
That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,
That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean,
'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
Within that precious load
Which thou dost bear with such fine care
Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,
Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
She gave a mournful wave:
"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept
By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
Was dropt upon the heather.

OCTOBER.

Once the year was gay and bright,
Now the sky is gray and sober;
But not the less thy milder light
I love, thou sere and brown October.

[1] The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.

Then across each ferny down
Marched proud flush of purple heather;
Now in robe of modest brown,
Heath and fern lie down together.

Weep who will the faded year,
I have weaned mine eyes from weeping;
Drop not for the dead a tear,
Love her, she is only sleeping.
And when storms of wild unrest
O'er the frosted fields come sweeping,
Weep not; 'neath her snowy vest
Nature gathers strength from sleeping.

Rest and labour, pleasure, pain,
Hunger, feeding, thirsting, drinking,
Ebb and flow, and loss and gain,
Love and hatred, dreaming, thinking.
Each for each exists, and all
Binds one secret mystic tether;
And each is best as each may fall
For you and me, and all together.

Then clothe thee or in florid vest,
Thou changeful year, or livery sober,
Thy present wear shall please me best,
Or rosy June, or brown October.
And when loud tempests spur their race,
I'll know, and have no cause for weeping,
They brush the dust from off thy face,
To make thee wake more fair from sleeping.

A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down!
Away to the bonnie green hills
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother,
The wear and the waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine-wood nod near
To the light-plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good;
More dear than the wealth of the world,
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away where the green twigs nod
In the fragrant breath of the May,
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,
And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

THE HIGHLAND MANSE.

If men were free to take, and wise to use
The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,
Then kings and mighty potentates might choose
To live and die lords of a Highland manse.
For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind
Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,
The bliss that chiefly suits the human kind
Within this bounded compass largely lies—
The healthful change of labour and of ease,
The sober inspiration to do good,
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,
The working hand leagued with the thoughtful mood;
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,
The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

Beautiful world!
Though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words
For the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light,
Bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight,
Full as a river!
Bright world! brave world!
Let cavillers blame thee!
I bless thee, and bend
To the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world!
Bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued
Wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky,
Meadow and mountain,
Eagerly gushes
Life's magical fountain.
Bright world! brave world!
Though witlings may blame thee,
Wonderful excellence
Only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood
His sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean
Is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing
Wild dances weaving,
Clods with new life in spring
Swelling and heaving!
Thou quick-teeming world,
Though scoffers may blame thee,
I wonder, and worship
The God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
What poesy measures
Thy strong-flooding passions,
Thy light-trooping pleasures?
Mustering, marshalling,
Striving and straining,
Conquering, triumphing,
Ruling and reigning!
Thou bright-armied world!
So strong, who can tame thee?
Wonderful power of God
Only could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
While godlike I deem thee,
No cold wit shall move me
With bile to blaspheme thee!
I have lived in thy light,
And, when Fate ends my story,
May I leave on death's cloud
The bright trail of life's glory!
Wondrous old world!
No ages shall shame thee!
Ever bright with new light
From the God who did frame thee!

THOMAS SMIBERT.

BORN 1810 — DIED 1854.

THOMAS SMIBERT, a poet and most prolific prose-writer, was born Feb. 8, 1810, at Peebles, of which town his father held for some time the honourable office of provost. Intended for the medical profession, he was at first apprenticed to an apothecary, and afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh. He was licensed as a surgeon, and began practice at Innerleithen, near Peebles, but lack of business and a disappointment in love induced him to abandon the place and his profession, and betake himself to the field of literature. Removing to Edinburgh he obtained employment with the Messrs. Chambers, and became a successful writer for their *Journal*, to which he contributed no less than five hundred essays, one hundred tales, fifty biographical sketches, and numerous poems within a period of five years. He also wrote extensively for the *Information for the People*, a work published by the same firm.

In 1842 Smibert was appointed sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper, and the same year a historical play from his pen, entitled *Condé's Wife*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where it had a run of nine nights. Although by the bequest of a wealthy relative Smibert became independent of his pen as a means of livelihood, he still continued to write. Besides contributing to *Hogg's Instructor*, he published a work on *Greek History*, collated a *Rhyming Dictionary*, and prepared a magnificently illustrated volume on the *Clans of the Highlands of Scotland*. In 1851 he collected and published his poetical compositions in a volume entitled *"Io Anche!* Poems chiefly Lyrical." Many of the pieces are translations from French writers.

Mr. Smibert died at Edinburgh January 16, 1854, in his forty-fourth year. Dr. Rogers says of him:—"With pleasing manners, he

was possessed of kindly dispositions, and was much cherished for his intelligent and interesting conversation. In person he was strongly built, and his complexion was fair and ruddy. He was not undesirous of reputation both as a poet and prose-writer, and has recorded his regret that he had devoted so much time to evanescent periodical literature. His poetry is replete with patriotic sentiment, and his strain is forcible and occasionally brilliant. His songs indicate a fine fancy and deep pathos."

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie riggs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I hae tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune
In pity o' her maen.
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year!

THE HERO OF ST. JOHN D'ACRE.

Once more on the broad-bosom'd ocean appearing,
The banner of England is spread to the breeze,
And loud is the cheering that hails the uprearing
Of glory's loved emblem, the pride of the seas.
No tempest shall daunt her,
No victor-foe taunt her,
What manhood can do in her cause shall be done—
Britannia's best seaman,
The boast of her freemen,
Will conquer or die by his colours and gun.

On Acre's proud turrets an ensign is flying,
Which stout hearts are banded till death to uphold:

And bold is their crying, and fierce their defying,
When trench'd in their ramparts, unconquer'd of old.
But lo! in the offing,
To punish their scoffing,
Brave Napier appears, and their triumph is done;
No danger can stay him,
No foeman dismay him,
He conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

Now low in the dust is the crescent flag humbled,
Its warriors are vanquish'd, their freedom is gone;
The strong walls have tumbled, the proud towers are crumbled,
And England's flag waves over ruin'd St. John.
But Napier now tenders
To Acre's defenders
The aid of a friend when the combat is won;
For mercy's sweet blossom
Blooms fresh in his bosom,
Who conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

"All hail to the hero!" his country is calling,
And "hail to his comrades!" the faithful and brave;
They fear'd not for falling, they knew no appalling,
But fought like their fathers, the lords of the wave.
And long may the ocean,
In calm and commotion,
Rejoicing convey them where fame may be won,
And when foes would wound us,
May Napiers be round us,
To conquer or die by their colours and gun!

MY AIN DEAR LAND.

O bonnie are the howes,
And sunny are the knowes,
That feed the kye and yowes,
Where my life's morn dawn'd;
And brightly glance the rills,
That spring amang the hills,
And ca' the merrie mills,
In my ain dear land.

But now I canna see
The lammies on the lea,
Nor hear the heather-bee
On this far, far strand;
I see nae father's ha',
Nae burnie's waterfa',
But wander far awa'
Frae my ain dear land.

My heart was free and light,
My ingle burning bright,
When ruin cam' by night,
Thro' a foe's fell brand:
I left my native air,
I gaed—to come nae mair!—
And now I sorrow sair
For my ain dear land.

But blythely will I bide,
Whate'er may yet betide,
When ane is by my side
On this far, far strand;
My Jean will soon be here,
This waefu' heart to cheer,
And dry the fa'ing tear
For my ain dear land.

THE VOICE OF WOE.

"The language of passion, and more peculiarly that of grief, is ever nearly the same."

An Indian chief went forth to fight,
And bravely met the foe.
His eye was keen—his step was light—
His arm was unsurpassed in might;
But on him fell the gloom of night—
An arrow laid him low.
His widow sang with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see
Ay, cheray me!

A Moorish maiden knelt beside
Her dying lover's bed;
She bade him stay to bless his bride,
She called him oft her lord, her pride;
But mortals must their doom abide—
The warrior's spirit fled.
With simple tongue the sad one sung,
When none could hear or see,
Ay, di me!

An English matron mourned her son,
The only son she bore;
Afar from her his course was run,
He perished as the fight was done,
He perished when the fight was won,
Upon a foreign shore.
With simple tongue the mother sung,
When none could hear or see.
Ah, dear me!

A gentle Highland maiden saw
A brother's body borne
From where, for country, king, and law,
He went his gallant sword to draw;
But swept within destruction's maw
From her had he been torn.
She sat and sung, with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Oh, hon-a-ree!

An infant in untimely hour
Died in a Lowland cot;
The parents own'd the hand of power
That bids the storm be still or lour;
They grieved because the cup was sour,
And yet they murmured not.
They only sung with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Ah, wae's me!

THOMAS T. STODDART.

THOMAS TOD STODDART was born in Argyle Square, Edinburgh, February 14, 1810. He is the son of a distinguished rear-admiral of the British navy, who was present at Lord Howe's victory, at the landing in Egypt, at the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen with Nelson, and in many other encounters. Young Stoddart was educated at a Moravian establishment near Manchester, and subsequently passed through a course of philosophy and law in the University of Edinburgh. At the age of sixteen he received a prize in Professor Wilson's class for a poem on "Idolatry." He studied for the bar, and was admitted to practise in 1833; but finding the profession uncongenial, he abandoned it. A few years later he married and settled at Kelso, where he has since resided. For many years he has devoted himself to the pursuits of literature and the pleasures of good old Walton's favourite recreation. He was an early and frequent contributor of poetry to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In 1831 he published "The Lunacy or Death-wake; a Necromaunt in Five Chimeras;" in 1835, "The Art of Angling;" in 1837, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" in 1846, "Abel Massinger, or the Aeronaut, a Romance;" in 1847, "The Angler's Companion," a new edition of which was published in 1852; and in 1866, "An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs." His latest poetical work, entitled "Songs of the Seasons, and other Poems," was issued in 1873.

LOCH SKENE.

Like the eye of a sinless child,
That moss-brown tarn is gazing wild
From its heath-fringe, bright with stars of dew,
Up to the voiceless vault of blue.

It seemeth of a violet tinge,
Shaded under its flowery fringe,
For the dark and purple of moss and heather,
Like night and sunset blend together.

That tarn, it lieth on the hills,
Fed by the thousand infant rills,
Which are ever weeping in very sadness,
Or they smile through their tears with a gleam of gladness.

You may hear them in a summer's hour,
Trickling, like a rainbow shower,
From yon rock, whose rents of snow
Lie shadow'd in the tarn below.
It looketh from the margin bare,
Like a headstone in a churchyard fair;
But the heavy heron loveth well
Its height, where his own sentinel
He sits, when heaven is almost done
With the slow watch of the sun,
And the quiet day doth fold
His wings in arches of burning gold.

There is a lonesome, aged cairn,
Rising gray through the grass-green fern;

It tells of pale, mysterious bones,
Buried below the crumbling stones;
But the shadow of that pile of slaughter
Lies breasted on the stirless water,
As if no mortal hand had blent
Its old, unearthly lineament.

A wizard tarn is gray Loch Skene!
There are two islands sown within:
Both are like, as like the other
As brother to his own twin-brother;
Only a birch bends o'er the one,
Where the kindred isle hath none,
The tresses of that weeping tree
Hang down in their humility.

'Tis whisper'd of an eyrie there,
Where a lonely eagle pair
In the silver moonlight came,
To feed their young by the holy flame;
And at morn they mounted far and far,
Towards the last surviving star.
Only the forsaken nest
Sighs to the sea-winds from the west,
As if they told in their wandering by
How the rightful lord of its sanctuary
Mourneth his fallen mate alone
On a foamy Atlantic stone.

Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar.

Out at the nethermost brink there gushes
A playful stream from its ark of rushes,
It leaps like a wild fawn from the mountains,
Nursing its life with a thousand fountains,
It kisses the heath-flower's trembling bell,
And the mosses that love its margin well.

Fairy beings, one might dream,
Look from the breast of that silver stream,
Fearless, holy, and blissful things,
Flashing the dew-foam from their wings,
As they glide away, away for ever,
Borne seaward on some stately river.

That silver brook, it windeth on
Over slabs of fretted stone,
Till it cometh to the forehead vast
Of those gorgon rocks, that cast
Their features many a fathom under,
And, like a launch through surge of thunder,
From the trembling ledge it flings
The treasures of a thousand springs;
As if to end their blissful play,
And throw the spell of its life away.

Like a pillar of Parian stone
That in some old temple shone,
Or a slender shaft of living star,
Gleams that foam-fall from afar;
But the column is melted down below
Into a gulf of seething snow,
And the stream steals away from its whirl of hoar,
As bright and as lovely as before.

There are rainbows in the morning sun,
Many a blushing trembling one,
Arches of rarest jewelry,
Where the elfin fairies be,
Through the glad air dancing merrily.

Such is the brook, so pure, so glad,
That sparkled high and bounded mad,
From the quiet waters, where
It took the form of a thing so fair.

Only it mocks the heart within,
To wander by the wild Loch Skene,
At cry of moorcock, when the day
Gathers his legions of light away.

For the sadness of a fallen throne
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone,
And the tarn and the hills and the misted stream
Are shaded away to a mournful dream.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Is there wind up our willow-tree?
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THE BRITISH OAK.

The oak is Britain's pride!
The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest-side,
The guardian of her seas!
Its hundred arms are brandish'd wide
To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen trim the sail,
And wake the battle smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale
On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead
The golden acorn lay,
And watch with care the bursting seed,
And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed
In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be
The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
And empress o'er the wave!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

Let ither anglers choose their ain,
An' ither waters tak' the lead;
O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;
An Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
An' mony a sawmon sooms aboot,
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae,
So gin ye tak' an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy hackles black and reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed!

MUSINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE TEVIOT.

With thy windings, gentle Teviot!
Through life's summer I have travelled—
Shared in all thy merry gambols,
All thy mazy course unravell'd.

Every pool I know and shallow,
Every circumstance of channel,
Every incident historic
Blent with old or modern annal,

Which, within thy famous valley,
Dealt a mercy or a sorrow—
Every song and every legend
Which has passed into its morrow.

Who has loved thee, artless river,
Best of all thy single wooers?
Of thy wayward, witching waters,
Who most ardent of pursuers?

On thy banks, a constant dreamer,
Sitting king among his fancies,
Casting all his wealth of musing
Into thy tried course of chances.

Name another in thy prattle
Who has done his service better—
Tendering or accepting tribute,
Creditor as well as debtor?

Out of thy redundant plenty,
On the lap of living mercies,
I have woven a votive offering—
Shaped a wreath of simple verses.

Every generous wish attend thee!
And, among thy generous wishers,
Takes its place with bard and scholar
The more lowly band of fishers.

To that lowly band belonging,
In its pleasures the partaker,
More I feel of true contentment
Than the lord of many an acre.

Still, with glowing virtues, Teviot!
Graces, joys, and forms of beauty,
Fill the valley of thy holding—
Roll in dignity of duty!

Forward roll, and link thy fortunes
With fair Tweed—thine elder sister!
Lyne and Leithen, Ettrick, Leader,
In their earlier turns have kissed her.

Welcome, more than all the others,
Thou! whose fulness of perfection
Finds a grateful recognition
In this symbol of affection!

So entwined, Tweed glides exultant,
As a joyful burden bearing
All thy passionate confidings—
The rich lore of love and daring

Which to ballad and romances,
Oft uncouthly, bard committed,
Guided by thy chime or plaining,
To the rhythm which best befitted.

In the arms of Tweed enfolded,
Followed still by my devotion,
Thou art separate to the vision,
Wending on thy way to ocean.

Even there, I see the spirit
Of whose life partook the willow,
And whose love laved slope and meadow,
Moving o'er the restless billow.

In the salmon which ascends thee—
All arrayed in gorgeous scaling—
A proud legate I distinguish
From the court of Neptune hailing;
From the kingdom of the Trident,
Bearing to his native river
Noble gifts of self-devotion,
Tribute to the Tribute Giver!

FLOWER-LIFE.

PART FIRST.

Angels are sowers everywhere!
They scatter as they fly
The gifts of heaven. In flower-life
Is traced their passing by.

Upon the beaten thoroughfare,
Under the hedge-row sere,
On the heavings of the churchyard,
In places dread and drear;

Upon the far-famed battle-field,
Where freedom at a blow
Abased the giant Tyranny,
Their mission is to sow.

Also 'mid pleasant homesteads,
And meadows of delight,
And up among the harbourings
Of God's tempestuous might;

Upon the mountain forehead,
Which the ploughshare never scarr'd,
They cast, while soaring heavenward,
Their farewells of regard—

The nigh-exhausted affluence
Committed to their charge,
On the more favour'd valley land,
Sown broadcast and at large!

In yon desert, parch'd and howling,
On yon rock, so bare and stern,
If you have eyes and soul of grace
You may their tracks discern.

No spot without its token—
Its letter of commend
Left by celestial Visitor—
Sent by the Unseen Friend!

In flower-life is scripture,
Which to study is to gain
Glimpses of the eternal world,
Where saints with their Saviour reign.

By power of its teachings
We higher climb and nigher

To the heaven of the heavens seven,
Where sit the tongues of fire;

And of God's heart and purposes—
His glory and his power—
New revelations ope on us
By virtue of the flower!

Better than pulpit rhapsodies,
Safer than priestly strife,
In its guidings to the throne of love
Is the study of Flower-life.

PART SECOND.

Angels are sowers everywhere,
They scatter as they fly
The gifts of Heaven, and everywhere
Reveals their passing by.

Behold it in that shining tuft
No jeweller could devise
Out of the seed of orient pearl,
Or diamond's flashing eyes!

From imprint of the messenger
On mercy's errand sent,
Sprung up, obedient to the charm,
The sparkling ornament.

An angel dropt the acorn
Four centuries gone by,
From which yon gnarled oak cast root,
And sprung its antlers high.

And oft among the curtains of
The storm-defying tree
Are heard the rustling as of wings,
And a sound like a nearing sea.

The lovers trysting under it
Affirm that earnest eyes
Are ofttimes gazing down on them
Like stars from autumnal skies;

And the pauses in their whisperings
Are filled up to the ear
With conference among the boughs
Of voices low and clear—

With renderings of legends
That stir the spirit fond,
And snatches of quaint melody,
Cull'd from the world beyond.

The gathering of angels
'Mid the hidings of the oak
Is a page in the pleasant fiction
Of the merrie fairy folk.

For angel-life and fairy-life,
In the poet's soul and song.
Their part hold in the mystery
That mateth Right with Wrong.

And everywhere and everywhere,
The angels and the elves,
To win God's creatures, zealously
Contend among themselves.

Yet of this grand contention
'Twixt the Evil and the Good—
'Twixt elf and angel, wrong and right—
The end is understood!

Ye messengers of God! go on
Sowing the seed of grace,
And grant that in the reaping-time,
When face is turned to face,

And man beholds the Maker
In whose image he was fraught—
When the light of apprehending
Things that were vainly sought

Comes flashing on an intellect
Obscured by the under-powers,
Be ye among the presences,
Ye sowers of the flowers!

That vindicate God's glory
By the showing of His love,
And lend a leal helping hand
To the paradise above!

JOHN BETHUNE.

BORN 1810 — DIED 1839.

JOHN BETHUNE, the younger of two remarkable brothers, was born at the Mount, once the residence of Sir David Lindsay, in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, August, 1810. We have already noticed the scanty education received by his elder brother Alexander; but the

schooling of John was limited to a single day, after which he was never at school again. He was taught, however, to read by his mother, and initiated into writing and arithmetic by Alexander—his teacher in boyhood and guardian and counsellor in more advanced years. For some time he was employed as a cowherd, and at the age of twelve he joined his brother in the work of breaking stones on the road. To better his condition he apprenticed himself in 1824 to a country weaver, and so soon acquired a good knowledge of the trade that at the end of the first year he could earn fifteen shillings a week. This was much better than stone-breaking, and with the hope of being able to assist his aged parents he resolved to follow weaving as his future craft, for which purpose he purchased a loom and commenced in earnest, with his brother Alexander for his apprentice. But the national mercantile depression which followed so utterly disappointed his calculations that his earnings were soon reduced to six shillings weekly, and he was obliged to return to his old occupation as an out-door labourer. Amidst all these hardships and privations John had also to encounter the evils attendant upon weak health, which repeatedly suspended his labour in the fields. It was during these intervals that he consoled himself with reading and composition, and under this harsh apprenticeship his intellectual qualities were called forth and ripened for action. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he had composed upwards of twenty poetical pieces of some length, and all of them pervaded by considerable beauty both of sentiment and language. These attempts, however, by which, in the course of time, he might make himself independent of bodily toil, were for several years prosecuted by stealth: none but his brother and his parents knew how his lonely hours were employed. "Up to the latter part of 1835," Alexander Bethune states in the memoir of his brother, "the whole of his writing had been prosecuted as stealthily as if it had been a crime punishable by law. There being but one apartment in the house, it was his custom to write by the fire, with an old copy-book, upon which his paper lay, resting on his knee, and this through life was his only writing-desk. On the table, which was within reach, an old newspaper was kept continually lying, and as soon as the footsteps of any one were heard approaching the door, copy-book, pens, and inkstand were thrust under the covering, and before the visitor came in he had in general a book in his hand, and appeared to have been reading."

Since October, 1829, John Bethune had been employed as a day-labourer on the grounds of Inchrye, in the neighbourhood of his birthplace; but in 1835, on the death of the overseer, he was appointed his successor. The emoluments of this office considerably exceeded anything he had formerly enjoyed, for its salary was £26 a year, with the right of a cow's pasturage. To this new situation he gladly betook himself, with his brother Alexander as his assistant; but their satisfaction was short-lived, for the estate of Inchrye soon changed owners, which was followed by a change of servants. Under these circumstances the brothers were obliged to leave their snug appointment; and to add to their misfortunes, the new landlord required the little cottage at Lochend in which they had located their aged parents. Being thus altogether homeless, John and Alexander resolved to erect a house for themselves and their parents, which they did, chiefly with their own hands, at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh; and here the noble-hearted peasants, after having tried various kinds of hand-labour in vain, resolved to make literature their principal resource. John contributed to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*, and other serials, and supplied some pieces to his brother's *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*. He also jointly wrote with Alexander the *Lectures on Practical Economy*, designed to improve the homes and habits of the poor, and which was commended by the press, although the work did not become popular. Deep mortification at the failure of this work preyed on a constitution already broken, and brought on pulmonary consumption, of which he died at Mount Pleasant, Sept. 1, 1839, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Thus passed away an obscurely born and hard-handed son of toil, who, without the training of college or school, and with few of even the ordinary opportunities of self-improvement, became a vigorous original prose writer and a poet of no ordinary mark. While his

writings in either capacity were stamped with the impress of true genius, they also showed much depth of reflection, ennobled by the spirit of genuine devotional piety. And such also was his daily life—simple, pure, and meditative, showing a man far above the ordinary mark, and isolated from the sphere in which he lived. His poems, by which he was so little known while he lived, but which will constitute his best commemoration, were published by his brother Alexander, with a memoir of their author, in 1840; and from the profits of the second edition, issued the following year, a sufficient sum was realized to erect a monument in the churchyard of Abdie, over the grave where the two brothers now rest.

HYMN OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here, but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling—
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart,—
The lookers on,—the showy garments rustling,—
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they,—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose:
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death.
Approach and look, when the long grass is plumy;
See them above; they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

A SPRING SONG.

There is a concert in the trees,
There is a concert on the hill,
There's melody in every breeze,
And music in the murmuring rill.
The shower is past, the winds are still,
The fields are green, the flow'rets spring,
The birds, and bees, and beetles fill
The air with harmony, and fling
The rosied moisture of the leaves
In frolic flight from wing to wing,
Fretting the spider as he weaves
His airy web from bough to bough;
In vain the little artist grieves
Their joy in his destruction now.

Alas! that, in a scene so fair,
The meanest being e'er should feel
The gloomy shadow of despair,
Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal.
But in a world where woe is real,
Each rank in life, and every day,
Must pain and suffering reveal,
And wretched mourners in decay—
When nations smile o'er battles won,
When banners wave and streamers play,
The lonely mother mourns her son
Left lifeless on the bloody clay;
And the poor widow, all undone,
Sees the wild revel with dismay.

Even in the happiest scenes of earth,
When swell'd the bridal-song on high,
When every voice was tuned to mirth,
And joy was shot from eye to eye,
I've heard a sadly-stifled sigh;
And, 'mid the garlands rich and fair,
I've seen a cheek, which once could vie
In beauty with the fairest there,
Grown deadly pale, although a smile
Was worn above to cloak despair:
Poor maid! it was a hapless wile
Of long-conceal'd and hopeless love,
To hide a heart which broke the while
With pangs no lighter heart could prove.

The joyous spring and summer gay
With perfumed gifts together meet,
And from the rosy lips of May
Breathe music soft and odours sweet;
And still my eyes delay my feet
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,
And hear the happy birds repeat
Their anthems to the coming even;
Yet is my pleasure incomplete;
I grieve to think how few are given
To feel the pleasures I possess,
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,
Must pine in utter loneliness,
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh! could we find some happy land,
Some Eden of the deep blue sea,
By gentle breezes only fann'd,
Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,
Grew only pure felicity;
Who would not brave the stormiest main
Within that blissful isle to be
Exempt from sight or sense of pain?
There is a land we cannot see,
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray;
And yet so narrow is the road,
From it our spirits ever stray.
Shed light upon that path, O God!
And lead us in the appointed way.

There only joy shall be complete,
More high than mortal thoughts can reach,
For there the just and good shall meet,
Pure in affection, thought, and speech;
No jealousy shall make a breach,
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy;
There sunny streams of gladness stretch,
And there the very air is joy.
There shall the faithful, who relied
On faithless love till life would cloy,
And those who sorrow'd till they died
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,
See pleasure, like a whelming tide,
From an unbounded ocean flow.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.[1]

O Lord, munificent, benign,
How many mercies have been mine,
Since last I met with thee
In that blest ordinance of thine—
The holy feast of bread and wine,
Which was enjoy'd by me!

How many days, in goodness sent,
Have been in sickening sadness spent;
How many nights have come,
Which promis'd rest and sweet content,
Yet left behind them, when they went,
Distress, and grief, and gloom!

How many purposes have fail'd,
How many doubts my heart assail'd,
And held my spirit fast;
How many sins have been bewail'd,
How many follies have prevail'd,
Since I confess'd thee last!

But still to thee my spirit springs,
And underneath thy sheltering wings
A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of thy sufferings,
And all thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at thy feet, and say,
"Lord, take it, it is thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray,—
Feed it with love by night and day,
And let thy will be mine."

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Adieu! ye wither'd flow'rets!
Your day of glory's past;
But your latest smile was loveliest,
For we knew it was your last.
No more the sweet aroma
Of your golden cups shall rise
To scent the morning's stilly breath,
Or gloaming's zephyr-sighs.

[1] The sacrament here alluded to was administered on the second Sabbath of June, 1838, and it was the last at which the minister of the parish (Rev. Laurence Millar) officiated, and likewise the last at which the author of these lines took his seat: the former being dead, and the latter too ill to attend, before another opportunity occurred.

Ye were the sweetest offerings
  Which friendship could bestow—
A token of devoted love
  In pleasure or in woe!
Ye graced the head of infancy,
  By soft affection twined
Into a fairy coronal
  Its sunny brows to bind.

Ye deck'd the coffins of the dead,
  By yearning sorrow strew'd
Along each lifeless lineament,
  In death's cold damps bedew'd;
Ye were the pleasure of our eyes
  In dingle, wood, and wold,
In the parterre's sheltered premises,
  And on the mountain cold.

But ah! a dreary blast hath blown
  Athwart you in your bloom,
And, pale and sickly, now your leaves
  The hues of death assume.
We mourn your vanish'd loveliness,
  Ye sweet departed flowers;
For ah! the fate which blighted you
  An emblem is of ours.

There comes a blast to terminate
  Our evanescent span:
For frail as your existence, is
  The mortal life of man!
And is the land we hasten to
  A land of grief and gloom?
No: there the Lily of the Vale
  And Rose of Sharon bloom!

And there a stream of ecstasy
  Through groves of glory flows,
And on its banks the Tree of Life
  In heavenly beauty grows.
And flowers that never fade away,
  Whose blossoms never close,
Bloom round the walks where angels stray,
  And saints redeem'd repose.

And though, like you, sweet flowers of earth,
  We wither and depart,
And leave behind, to mourn our loss,
  Full many an aching heart;
Yet when the winter of the grave
  Is past, we hope to rise,
Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness,
  To blossom in the skies.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Born 1810 — Died 1872.

William Miller, author of "Willie Winkie" —which the Rev. George Gilfillan characteristically pronounced "the greatest nursery song in the world"—was born in Bridgegate, Glasgow, in August, 1810, but passed most of his early years at Parkhead, then a country village near Glasgow, and from whence many of his rural inspirations and recollections are derived. He was intended for a surgeon, and pursued for a period his studies for that profession, but a severe illness, with which he was seized when about sixteen, induced his parents to change their intention, and Willie was apprenticed to a wood-turner. By diligent application he soon became one of the best skilled workmen of his craft, and even in his later years it is said that there were but few who could equal him in speed or excellence of workmanship.

While still a youth some of his verses appeared in the public prints, but the first of his compositions that attracted attention was his nursery song of "Willie Winkie." This was followed by a number of pieces of a similar character, and led to the author's acquaintance with many eminent literary gentlemen. The best known of Miller's nursery songs were all written before he was thirty-six years of age, but it was not till 1863 that he collected and published a small volume, entitled *Scottish Nursery Songs, and other Poems.* In November, 1871, ill health compelled him to abandon work and to confine himself to the house, when he again found pleasure in poetic composition, which for several years he had almost entirely abandoned. In July, 1872, he removed to Blantyre with the expectation that the purer air of the country would reinvigorate his frame. But this hope was not

fulfilled, and in a few weeks he was brought back and died at his son's residence in Glasgow, Aug. 20, 1872. His remains were buried in the family ground at Tollcross, and since then a monument designed by the sculptor Mossman has been erected by the poet's friends and admirers in the Glasgow Necropolis. To his only son we are indebted for several unpublished productions of Mr. Miller's later years given in our Collection.

Robert Buchanan, in writing of William Miller, remarks: "No eulogy can be too high for one who has afforded such unmixed pleasure to his circle of readers; who, as a master of the Scottish dialect, may certainly be classed alongside of Burns and Tannahill; and whose special claims to be recognized as the laureate of the nursery have been admitted by more than one generation in every part of the world where the Doric Scotch is understood and loved. Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung. Every corner of the earth knows 'Willie Winkie' and 'Gree, Bairnies, Gree.' Manitoba and the banks of the Mississippi echo the 'Wonderfu' Wean' as often as do Kilmarnock or the Goosedubs. 'Lady Summer' will sound as sweet in Rio Janeiro as on the banks of the Clyde. . . . Few poets, however prosperous, are so certain of their immortality. I can scarcely conceive a period when William Miller will be forgotten; certainly not until the Scotch Doric is obliterated, and the lowly nursery abolished for ever. . . . Speaking specifically, he is (as I have phrased it) the Laureate of the Nursery; and there, at least, he reigns supreme above all other poets, monarch of all he surveys, and perfect master of his theme. His poems, however, are as distinct from nursery gibberish as the music of Shelley is from the jingle of Ambrose Phillips. They are works of art—tiny paintings on small canvas, limned with all the microscopic care of Meissonier. The highest praise that can be said of them is that they are perfect 'of their kind.' That kind is humble enough; but humility may be very strong, as it certainly is here."

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up stairs and doun stairs
In his nicht-goun,
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing gray thrums
To the sleeping hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor,
And disna gie a cheep.
But here's a waukrife laddie
That winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin', round about,
Crawing like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,
Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

"Hey, Willie Winkie—
The wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a body's knee
Like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
That canna rin his lane.
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
Before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gies strength anew to me.

COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

There is a country gentleman,
Who leads a thrifty life,
Ilk morning scraping orra things
Thegither for his wife—
His coat o' glowing ruddy brown,
And wavelet wi' gold—

A crimson crown upon his head,
Well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape,
He brings them to disgrace,
For, like a man o' metal, he
Siclike meets face to face;
He gies the loons a lethering,
A crackit croon to claw—
There is nae gaun about the bush
Wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly,
His look both sage and grave—
His bearing bold, as if he said,
"I'll never be a slave!"
And tho' he hauds his head fu' high,
He glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs
Wi' glowerin' at the sun:

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand
Wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb,
And round his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laughing haud their sides,
And cry, "Preserve us a'!
Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawbluid,
Douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame
To work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed,
May gape till he be dead;
And if ye live in idleness,
Ye'll find unto your cost,
That they wha winna work in heat,
Maun hunger in the frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack,
And honest pride will fill
Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-off frien's
Will bring grist to your mill;
And if, when grown to be a man,
Your name's without a flaw,
Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes
To Cockie-leerie-la!

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his e'e,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.

For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and wharfrae comes the rain?
He's a perfect divert: he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first body's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships on the sea?—
But after I've tell't him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his "Wha?" and his "When?"
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug-shugging afore him,
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain,—
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
When I saw him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he march'd ben,
Sae like mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.

Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And glooms through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies hae got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE.

The moon has rowed her in a cloud,
Stravaiging win's begin
To shuggle and daud the window-brods,
Like loons that wad be in!
Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
Or craik in saughen tree!
We're thankfu' for a cozy hame—
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Though gurgling blasts may dourly blaw,
A rousing fire will thow
A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh
My tousie taps-o'-tow.
O who would cule your kail, my bairns,
Or bake your bread like me?
Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Oh, never fling the warmsome boon
O' bairnhood's love awa';
Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek,
Between me and the wa';
How ae kind arm was owre ye baith:
But, if ye disagree,
Think on the saft and kindly soun'
O' "Gree, my bairnies, gree."

SPRING.

The Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,
Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—
There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,
And the gowan wi' his red croon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,
Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair,
Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

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We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffing and laughing far adoon the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,
Sweetly singing wi' the flower-branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring!
Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing;
Flower-dappled hill-side and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en;
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green—

Bairnies bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,
Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee!
In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and fair,
That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

LADY SUMMER.

Birdie, birdie, weet your whistle!
Sing a sang to please the wean;
Let it be o' Lady Summer
Walking wi' her gallant train!
Sing him how her gaucy mantle,
Forest green trails ower the lea,
Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't
Wi' the field-flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
And her e'e sae like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving blue!
How we meet on hill and valley,
Children sweet as fairest flowers,
Buds and blossoms o' affection,
Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
Sing it ower and ower again;
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,
Like a shower o' summer rain.
"Hoot, toot, toot!" the birdie's saying,
"Wha can shear the rigg that's shorn?
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
I'll toot on anither horn."

HAIRST.

Tho' weel I lo'e the budding spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost:

For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And hand in hand they jink aboot,
Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
"I weary for the summer woods,
The lintie's tittering sang;"
But when the woods grew gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, "When will hairst-time come,
The gloaming o' the year?"

Oh, hairst-time's like a lipping cup
That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sae ladylike!
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
The apples taste your mou',
And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase
The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest
Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest;
Some coming joys are dancing aye
Before his langing een—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!
The gowden grain afore,
And apples drop into his lap,
Or row in at the door!
Come, hairst-time, then, unto my bairn,
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool
The gloaming o' the year!

NOVEMBER.

Infant Winter, young November,
Nursling of the glowing woods,
Lo! the sleep is burst that bound thee—
Lift thine eyes above, around thee,
Infant sire of storm and floods.

Through the tangled green and golden
Curtains of thy valley bed,
See the trees hath vied to woo thee,
And with homage to subdue thee—
Show'ring bright leaves o'er thy head.

Let, oh! let their fading glories
Grace the earth while still they may,
For the poplar's-orange, gleaming,
And the beech's ruddy beaming,
Warmer seems to make the day.

Now the massy plane-leaf's twirling,
Down the misty morning light,
And the saugh-tree's tinted treasure
Seems to seek the earth with pleasure—
Show'ring down from morn till night.

Through the seasons, ever varying,
Rapture fills the human soul;
Blessed dower! to mankind given,
All is perfect under heaven,
In the part as in the whole.

Hush'd the golden flute of mavis,
Silver pipe of little wren,
But the redbreast's notes are ringing,
And its "weel-kent" breast is bringing
Storied boyhood back again.

Woodland splendour of November,
Did departing Autumn dye
All thy foliage, that when roamin'
We might pictur'd see her gloamin'
In thy woods as in her sky?

JOHN FROST.

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,
Wi' your crispin' an' poutherin' gear, John Frost;
For hedge, tower, and tree,
As far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You're very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost!
Altho' ye hae wrought in the dark, John Frost;
For ilka fit-stap,
Frae the door to the slap,
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost;
For the weans, wi' cauld taes,
Crying, "Shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae 'wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost,
Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost;
For a cloit o' a fa'
Gars them hirple awa',
Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye hae fine goings on in the north, John Frost!
Wi' your houses o' ice and so forth, John Frost!
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn till they tire,
Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost;
And your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose
Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

OUR AIN FIRE-END.

When the frost is on the grun',
Keep your ain fire-end,
For the warmth o' summer's sun
Has our ain fire-end;
When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,
Or snaw-wreaths ye could be smoor'd in,
The best flower in the garden
Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa!
Roun' our ain fire-end,
He mak's rabbits on the wa',
At our ain fire-end.
Then sic fun as they are mumping,
When, to touch them ye gae stumping,
They're set on your tap a-jumping,
At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep
At our ain fire-end,
When ye on your whistle wheep,
Round our ain fire-end;
Now, the dog maun get a saddle,
Then a cart's made o' the ladle,
To please ye as ye daidle
Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
At our ain fire-end,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap,
At our ain fire-end;
Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,
And a' that's gude I wish ye,
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink
O' our ain fire-end,
Fu' monie a time ye'll think
On our ain fire-end;
On a' your gamesome ploys,
On your whistle and your toys,
And ye'll think ye hear the noise
O' our ain fire-end.

WHEN JAMIE COMES HAME.

Ye breezes, blaw saft as the coo o' the dove,
Waft gently the ship hame, that brings me my love.
The joy o' my heart brings the tear to my ee,
For I trust ye'll bring safely my laddie to me.
We'll hae crackin' o' thum's when young Jamie comes hame—
Some eatin' sour plums, when my Jamie comes hame—
An' seats will be shiftin', an' bonnets be liftin',
When up the Clyde driftin' my Jamie comes hame.

An' how's my joe Janet? I ken what he'll say,
An' syne tak' my han' in his ain kindly way—
Sae douce aye afore fock—nae ane will can tell
The touslin' I'll get, when we're left by oursel'.
I ken wha'll get married, when Jamie comes hame—
Fock say my head's carried at his comin' hame—
'Tween out-in and in-in, an' here an' there rinnin',
It really is spinnin' at his comin' hame.

The parish is ringin' wi' what I will wear,
An' spite has an answer to a' that do speer,
"Some cheap trash o' muslin at saxpence the ell,
An' if a thocht yellow, the liker hersel'."
A pose I've a-hidin', till Jamie comes hame—
My time I'm a-bidin', till Jamie comes hame;
Then a silk gown o' green, wi' a skinklein' sheen,
Will dazzle their een, when my Jamie comes hame.

THE BLUE BELL.

The blue bell, the blue bell, I'll try to sing thy praise,
For thou hast been to me a joy in many lonely ways;
When listening to the skylark, it puzzled me to tell
Which were the most beloved—his notes, or thou, the Scottish bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! nae wonder that I loe
The dewy shimmerin' gloamin', for ever link'd wi' you:—
A band o' rosy rovers then, we rifled copse an' dell
For meadow-queen to bind, wi' thee, thou bonnie gracefu' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! where'er we wandering go,
By highway, or in bye-way, or where tiny streamlets flow;
By hedgerow, or in leafy lane, or by the wayside well,
We meet in nook, or marge o' brook, thy bonnie droopin' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! does Afric's traveller dream
O' slender wavin' flow'rets, that grew by Clutha's stream—
O' being once again a boy, with blue bells in his hand,
An' wake to bless the dream that gave to him his native land.

The sang o' the mavis, frae aff the holly-tree,
The lintie in the whin-bush, that sings sae merrilie;
The hum o' rural murmurs, like sound o' ocean shell,
Are ever thine, for glaumorie is round the sweet blue bell.

THE HAW BLOSSOM.

Think on the time when thy heart beat a measure,
All tuneful as woods with the music of love;
Then say if thy breast can forget e'er the pleasure
Gave by flowers at thy feet, or the haw bloom above.

Tell then the lover to woo in the e'enin'
Down where the haw blossom's flourishing seen;
Sweeter shade never two young hearts was screenin'
Than the thorn with its snaw-crown and mantle of green.

If, with such sweetness around them when roamin',
The heart of the lassie, sae guileless, is won,
For ever the haw-bloom, the richness of gloamin',
And the blush of his dearie, shall mingle in one.

Bloom with the lily-breath! everywhere growing—
Down in the deep glen thy white crown is seen;
High 'mid the dark firs alike art thou blowing;
Thou'rt the banner of love! and the summer's fair queen.

SONNET TO A LADY.

Thy hand is on the plough—look ye not back;
Thy hand is on the harp—strike ye the string:
A youthful poetess may courage lack,
But Heaven deserts not whom it taught to sing.
If 'mid the pageant of thy fancy's throng,
Passing before thy mind in musing hour,
Fair Blantyre riseth—beautiful as song!—
And thou should note some sweet neglected flow'r—
The gift is thine—the poet's power to fling
A witch'ry round it, that all eyes shall see
Another—not the modest cow'ring thing
That's fed by dew and sunshine on the lea,
But glorified—to grace a festival!
A gowan made a gem—meet for a coronal!

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

Alexander Maclagan was born at Perth, April 3, 1811. His father Thomas Maclagan, first a farmer and afterwards a manufacturer, removed to Edinburgh when his son was five years of age. He attended several schools in Edinburgh, and when ten years old was placed in a jeweller's shop, where he remained for two years, when he was apprenticed to a plumber. He applied his leisure time to diligent study, and in 1829, while yet an apprentice, became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, some of his poetical pieces receiving the commendation of Professor Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd. He afterwards proceeded to London, where he worked for some time at his trade, and where he made the acquaintance

of Allan Cunningham. He returned to Edinburgh, and was for two years manager of a plumbery establishment at Dunfermline, but for many years past he has devoted himself entirely to literary and educational pursuits. In 1841 Maclagan published an edition of his poems, which attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, who invited him to Craigcrook Castle, his residence near Edinburgh. The following letter, the last which his lordship ever wrote, was sent to our author regarding a new volume entitled *Sketches from Nature, and other Poems,* which he was about to publish:—

"24 Moray Place, 4th Jan. 1850.

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the poems and the kind letter you have sent me, and am glad to find that you are meditating an enlarged edition of your Poems. I have already read all these in the slips, and I think them on the whole fully equal to those in the former volume. I am most pleased, I believe, with that which you have entitled 'A Sister's Love,' which is at once very touching, very graphic, and very elegant. Your 'Summer Sketches' have beautiful passages in all of them, and a pervading joyousness and kindliness of feeling, as well as a vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds. 'The Scorched Flowers' I think the most picturesque. Your muse seems to have been unusually fertile this last summer. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, or to be able to do you any service. If you publish by subscription you may set me down for five or six copies, and do not scruple to apply to me for any further aid you may think I can lend you.—Meantime, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful friend, "F. Jeffrey."

Soon after his patron's death Maclagan found a new friend in Lord Cockburn, who obtained a clerkship for him in the office of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. In 1851 he was entertained by a number of his admirers at a public dinner, and more recently a similar compliment was extended to him in his native town. The poet's third publication, entitled *Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes,* appeared in 1854. Two years later he had conferred on him by the Queen a civil list pension of £30 per annum. In 1860 the poet joined a company of Highland Volunteers, receiving the commission of ensign. In 1863 he published a little volume of patriotic songs under the title of "Volunteer Songs, by Alexander Maclagan, Ensign Second City E. R. V.;" also a collection of "War Songs," written during the Crimean and Indian wars. His latest poetical publication, a handsome quarto volume richly illustrated, entitled "Balmoral: Songs of the Highlands, and other Poems," appeared in 1871. It includes some of the author's formerly published poems; and is dedicated by permission to her Majesty the Queen.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

The glory of the starry night
Hath vanished, with its visions bright;
Whilst daybreak blushes glad my sight,
Take my first kiss of fond delight,
And let me greet,
With blessings meet,
Thy morning smiles, my sister sweet.

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
Thy lovely face, drinking the tone
Of thy sweet voice, my early known,—
My long, long loved,—my dearest grown,—
I feel thou art
A joy, a part
Of all I prize in soul and heart.

Sweet guardian of my infancy,
Hast thou not been the blooming tree
Whose soft green branches sheltered me
From withering want's inclemency?
No cloud of care,
Nor bleak despair
Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

And thou hast been, since that sad day
We gave our mother's clay to clay,
The morning star, the evening ray,
That cheered me on life's weary way,—
A vision bright,
Filling my night
Of sorrow with thy looks of light.

Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,—
Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet,
Or grief's pale seal was on them set,—
Ere hope declined,
And cares unkind
Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.

In glorious visions still I see
The village green, the old oak tree,
The sun-bathed banks where oft with thee
I've hunted for the blaeberrie,
Where oft we crept,
And sighed and wept,
Where our dead linnet soundly slept.

Again I see the rustic chair
In which you swung me through sweet air,
Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
Or dressed my little doll with care;
In fancy's sight
Still rise its bright
Blue beads, red shoes, and boddice white.

And oh! the sunsets in the west;
And oh! my joy when gently prest
To the soft pillow of thy breast,
Lulled by thy mellow voice to rest,
Sung into dreams
Of woods and streams,
Of lovely buds, and birds, and beams.

Sweet were the morns that then did break,
Sweet was thy song—"Awake! awake,
My love; for life, for beauty's sake,
Awake, and dewy kisses take!
Awake, and raise
A song of praise
To Him whose paths are heavenward ways."

When wintry tempests swept the vale,
When thunder and the heavy hail
And lightning turned each young cheek pale,
Thine ever was the Bible tale
Or psalmist's song
The wild night long.
How firm the heart where faith is strong!

Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
Fall shattered into diamond showers:
Come, let us seek our wildwood bowers,
And lay our heads among the flowers;
Come, sister dear,
That we may hear
Our mother's spirit whispering near.

For worldly wealth I have no care,
For diamond toy to deck my hair,
For silk or satin robes to wear;
Content, if I can daily share,
And hourly prove,
The joys that move
The pure heart with a sister's love.

THE OUTCAST.

And did you pity me, kind sir?
Say, did you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
Ay, nearly fasted three,
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

My mother told me I was born
On a battlefield in Spain,
Where mighty men like lions fought,
Where blood ran down like rain!
And how she wept, with bursting heart,
My father's corse to see!
When I lay cradled 'mong the dead,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

At length there came a dreadful day,—
My mother too lay dead,—
And I was sent to England's shore
To beg my daily bread,—
To beg my bread; but cruel men
Said, Boy, this may not be,
So they locked me in a cold, cold cell,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

They whipped me,—sent me hungry forth;
I saw a lovely field
Of fragrant beans; I plucked, I ate;
To hunger all must yield.
The farmer came,—a cold, a stern,
A cruel man was he;
He sent me as a thief to jail,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

It was a blessed place for me,
For I had better fare;
It was a blessed place for me,—
Sweet was the evening prayer.
At length they drew my prison bolts,
And I again was free,—

Poor, weak, and naked in the street,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

I saw sweet children in the fields,
And fair ones in the street,
And some were eating tempting fruit,
And some got kisses sweet;
And some were in their father's arms,
Some on their mother's knee;
I thought my orphan heart would break,
For none did pity me;
For none did pity me, kind sir,
For none did pity me.

Then do you pity me, kind sir?
Then do you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
Ay, fasted nearly three,
And slept upon the cold, hard ground,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

LOVE'S EVENING SONG.

Night's finger hath prest down the eyelids of day,
And over his breast thrown a mantle of gray,—
I'll out to the fields, and my lonely way
Shall be lighted by fancy's burning ray;
And, oh! might I hear my own love say,—
"Sing on, sing on, I'll bless thy strain,"—
My heart would re-echo most willingly,
"Amen, sweet spirit, amen!"

I seek the green bank where the streamlet flows,
The home of the bluebell and wild primrose;
Where the glittering spray from the fountain springs,
And twines round the branches like silver strings,
Or falls again through the yellow moon's rays,
Like rich drops of gold—a thousand ways.
I come in thy presence, thou bright new moon!
To spend nature's night, but true love's noon;
To stretch me out on the flowery earth,
And to christen with tears the young buds' birth.

Oh! surely, ye heavens! some being of light
Is descending to earth in this calm, calm night,
Bearing balm and bliss from a holy sphere,
To cheer the hearts that are sorrowing here,
Gently alighting upon each breast
It knew on earth and loved the best;
That its strength be renewed, its sleep be rest,
Its thoughts be pure, and its dreams be blest.
Spirit of brightness on me alight,
For the thirst of my soul would gladly sip
The dew that is shed from thy downy wing;
Then breathe, sweet spirit, oh! breathe on my lip,
And teach me the thoughts of my soul to sing,
For my words must be warmed at a holy flame
Ere I venture to breathe my true-love's name!
I speak it not to the worldly throng,
I sing it not in the festive song;
But when clasped in the arms of the solemn wood,
In the calm of morn and the stillness of even,
I tell to the ear of solitude
The name that goes up with my prayers to heaven.

Come, Echo! come, Echo! but not from the caves
Where gloom ever broods and the wild wind raves,
Come not in the gusts that sweep over the graves,
In the roar of the storm or the dash of the waves;
But softly, gently, rise from the earth,
As full as the heave of a maiden's breast,
When the first sigh of love is starting to birth,
And sweetly disturbing her bosom's rest;
Softly, gently, rise from the bed
Where the young May gowan hath laid its head,
Hath laid its head, and slept all night,
With a dewy heart—so pure and bright;
Come with its breath, and the tinge of its blush,
Come with its smile when the skies grow flush:
Come, and I'll tell thee the secret way
Thou must go to my love with my lowly lay;—
Onward, on, through the silent grove,
Where the tangled branches are interwove;
Onward, on, where the moon's gold beam
Is painting heaven upon the stream;
Through flowery paths still onward, on,
Till you meet my love as you meet the sun—
A being too bright to look proud upon!
But her gentle feet will as softly pass
As the shade of a cloud on the sleeping grass;
And the soul-fed blue of her lovely eye
Is as dark as the depths of the cloudless sky,
And as full of magic mystery!
And, more than all, her breath is sweet
As the blended odours you love to meet,
When you stir at morn the blooming bowers,
And awake the air that sleeps round the flowers.
Then tell her, Echo, my whisper'd vow,
I cannot breathe it so well as thou,
Oh! tell her all I am feeling now!

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbit and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon;
Tak' my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blythe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bricht draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-wing'd swallow, wi' Nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good will
The hard, horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill,
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring doon his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows—
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrell'd guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin' or christ'nin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleein';
Sic laughin', sic daffin', sic dancin', until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listen'd to music—ilk varying tone
Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone;
But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill-wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnies' meal!
Bless the miller—wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

CURLING SONG.

Hurrah for Scotland's worth and fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
The pastime o' the free, boys.
While head, an' heart, an' arm are strang,
We'll a' join in a patriot's sang,
And sing its praises loud and lang—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Scotland's fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game;
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Gie hunter chaps their break-neck hours,
Their slaughtering guns amang the muirs;
Let wily fisher prove his powers
At the flinging o' the flee, boys.
But let us pledge ilk hardy chiel,
Wha's hand is sure, wha's heart is leal,
Wha's glory's in a brave bonspiel—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—
That Scotland's heroes werena slack
The heads o' stubborn foes to crack,
And mak' the feckless flee, boys.
Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,
They aften tried the curlin' charm
To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear;
We hae this nicht some heroes here,
We aye are blythe to see, boys.
A' brithers brave are they, I ween;
May fickle fortune, slippery queen,
Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May health an' strength their toils reward,
And should misfortune's gales blow hard,
Our task will be to plant a guard
Or guide them to the tee, boys.
Here's three times three for curlin' scenes,
Here's three times three for curlin' freen's,
Here's three times three for beef an' greens—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

A' ye that love auld Scotland's name,
A' ye that love auld Scotland's fame,

A' ye that love auld Scotland's game,
A glorious sicht to see, boys—
Up, brothers, up, drive care awa';
Up, brothers, up, ne'er think o' thaw;
Up, brothers, up, and sing hurrah—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

AYE KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOON THE WATER.

When breastin' up against life's tide,
Richt in the teeth o' wind and weather—
To dash the giant waves aside,
When threat'nin' clouds around you gather;
To face misfortune's wildest shocks,
Although it prove nae easy matter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

Chorus.

Aye keep your head aboon the water,
Aye keep your head aboon the water;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When coward guile would lay ye low,
When envy watches for your stum'lin',
Turn boldly round upon the foe—
There's little help in useless grum'lin'!
When malice hides her sunken rocks,
Your tiny bark o' hope to shatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When poortith drives ye to the wa',
To poison ilka earthly pleasure,
Reck not how fortune kicks the ba',
Count honest fame your greatest treasure.
When slander's tongue your ire provokes,
That would a vestal robe bespatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When fickle friendship proves untrue,
There's nae sweet balm in fits o' sadness;
When love forgets her warmest vow,
To sigh and pine is dounricht madness.
There's other eyes, and lips, and locks,
And truer hearts love's hopes to flatter;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

The world will aften do its best
To fricht you wi' its hollow thunder,
To plant its foot upon your breast,
To crush you doon, and keep you under.
To guard against its hardest knocks,
Its threat'nin's to the wind to scatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of auld Scotland for ever will fear it,
"We are saved!—we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rushed—
Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel!
Still the Highland maiden cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!'
They are charging and cheering! O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? &c.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
For ever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!

Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

WE'LL HA'E NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE.[1]

Alma, field of heroes, hail!
Alma, glorious to the Gael!
Glorious to the symbol dear,
Glorious to the mountaineer.
Hark, hark to Campbell's battle-cry!
It led the brave to victory;
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

See, see the heights where fight the brave!
See, see the gallant tartans wave!
How wild the work of Highland steel,
When conquered thousands backward reel.
See, see the warriors of the North,
To death or glory rushing forth!
Hark to their shout from front to rear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Braver field was never won,
Braver deeds were never done;
Braver blood was never shed,
Braver chieftain never led;
Braver swords were never wet
With life's red tide when heroes met!
Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Let glory rear her flag of fame,
Brave Scotland cries, "This spot I claim!"
Here will Scotland bare her brand,
Here will Scotland's lion stand!
Here will Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die!
Here shout above the "symbol dear,"
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

[1] This fine song was dedicated to Sir Colin Campbell. At the decisive charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of taking the first guns with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud, "We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!" How these heroic words acted upon his brave followers is well known.—ED.

SUCCESS TO CAMPBELL'S HIGHLANDMEN.

All beneath an Indian sun,
Another mighty work is done!
Another glorious field is won!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They march! the dauntless hearts and true!
They march! the stainless bonnets blue!
They dash the traitor columns through.
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Chorus.

Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fought the traitors one to ten!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

They charge! the bravest files they break!
They charge! the loudest guns they take!
They charge for dear auld Scotland's sake!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fight! lo, blood-stained Lucknow falls!
They fight! their flag is on its walls!
How true their steel! how sure their balls!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Hail, heroes of a glorious day!
Hail, favourite sons of victory!
Let honours thick your toils repay!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
A nation's love, a nation's praise,
Will wed them to her proudest lays,
And crown with bright immortal bays
Brave Campbell's dauntless Highlandmen!

TO A WOUNDED SEA-BIRD.

I marked the murdering rifle's flash,
I marked thy shattered pinions' dash
Of agony, and heard
Thy wild scream 'bove the wailing blast,
When, stricken low, ye struggled past,
Poor wounded ocean-bird!

And ever as the swelling wave
Thee and thy riven plumage gave
  Up to my aching sight,
Thy glossy neck, with terror strained,
Showered forth warm crimson drops, which stained
  The sea-surf, foaming white.

Away! on, on the proud ship flies;
And he who struck thee from the skies—
  Heartless destroyer he!—
Feels not a pang for thee, poor thing!
Tossed by the reckless buffeting
  Of the cold careless sea.

Thy mates, perchance to bathe their breast,
May seek a while thy wave to rest,
  With greetings soothing kind!
But soon, alas! they'll gild the air,
With flashing plumage, fresh and fair,
  Leaving thee far behind.

How it will wring thy little heart,
To see thy kindred all depart,
  All glad, refreshed, and free!
Thou'lt stretch in vain thy wounded wing,
Thou may'st not from the wave upspring—
  Alas! poor bird, for thee!

Alas, for thee, poor bird!—no more
'Twill be thy joy with them to soar
  Through sunshine, calm, or storm;
Nor on the shelly shore to land,
And sit like sunshine on the sand,
  Pluming thy beauteous form.

The wintry wind that rudely raves,
The lashing rains, the torturing waves,
  Thy bleeding bosom beats.
The ocean-scattered food doth pass
Before thine eyes, but thou, alas!
  May never taste its sweets.

Cold, nestled on the black sea-rock,
I hear thy little feathered flock
  In piteous accents mourn
For thee and food—but all are gone;
And thou art drifting on, and on,
  And can no more return.

Farewell, poor wounded bird! like thee
Full many a pilgrim o'er life's sea
  In peace would fain float on,
Wer't not that tyrants on the flood
Thirst, ever thirst, to shed the blood
  That's purer than their own!

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

William Bell Scott was born at St. Leonards, near Edinburgh, September 12, 1811. The house then inhabited by his father Robert Scott, a landscape-engraver, was an old-fashioned villa, standing by itself, with a coat of arms over the doorway, both outside and inside of the house showing the characteristics of by-past days. Here his boyhood was passed with his two elder brothers and a sister younger than himself, who died when he was still in his teens. This house and sister he has commemorated in a sonnet, which we give among our selections: it also speaks of his loving, pious mother. His father had at this time a large workshop in Edinburgh, which the boys were in the habit of frequenting; and David the eldest having learned to engrave and etch, finally became a painter, the same course being followed by William. The boys were educated at the high-school of their native city; but our author, who in after years has written so much in biography, criticism, and poetry, does not appear to have been distinguished as a pupil.

The earliest metrical compositions of William are described as of a very ambitious character, his first being a tragedy of the wildest description, which he diffidently persuaded his school companions he had picked up in the street! His first published poem was the "Address to P. B. Shelley," revised and reprinted in his late illustrated volume. It appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1831–32, and was followed by other pieces, and by several in the "Edinburgh University Souvenir," published at Christmas, 1834. This volume, emulating the annuals then fashionable, was written and produced by a few students in the theological section, these being the most intimate friends

of Scott at this time, although he had long before entered the Trustees' Academy of Art, and had determined his path in life.

At the age of twenty-five he resolved to leave Edinburgh, and proceeded to London in Sept. 1836. He here became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who was then editing the *Monthly Repository*, in which Scott printed a poem of considerable length called "Rosabell," afterwards re-christened "Mary Anne," by which he became favourably known. In 1838, when he was beginning to exhibit at the British Institution and elsewhere, he issued his first book, a very small one, called "Hades, or the Transit," two poems with two etchings by himself. This little volume, like his later ones the "Year of the World" and "Poems by a Painter," both of which in their original form were to some extent illustrated with designs by himself, is now an object of rarity and prized as such, although we believe the author would rather it had never been published at all, as the second of the two poems is a juvenile expression of the fact that there is a progress in human affairs as represented by history; and as this formed the motive in the scheme of the only large poem he has produced, the "Year of the World," which is so able and splendid as a whole, he would rather that the latter had stood quite alone.

Before the "Year of the World" was produced Scott had taken a step which seriously militated against his position as a historical painter, by connecting himself with the newly-formed Government Schools of Design, and by leaving London, the centre of the arts in England. Having organized the School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, however, he was fortunate to be commissioned by Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint eight important pictures for the saloon of his large house at Wallington. These pictures, four of the ancient and four of the later "History of the English Border," are among the few excellent monumental works in painting yet existing in England.

His eldest brother David, the author of two poems, and a painter of great intellectual activity, died in 1849, and William published his memoir in 1850. This volume was the beginning of his prose publications, which have now lengthened out to a considerable list. The next was "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," followed by "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Arts." The last we need to mention is "Albert Dürer, his Life and Works," 1869. Previous to this the volume of miscellaneous poems entitled "Poems by a Painter" had appeared, the date of the first issue being 1864. Mr. Scott was now, if not one of the popular poets—which possibly he never can be—known to the initiated, and appreciated by the "inner circle," and he was content to remain so till 1875, when he thought the time had come when he "should put his poetical house in order." He accordingly issued a beautiful edition of the majority of his poems, entitled "Poems, Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.," richly illustrated by himself and his friend L. Alma Tadema, R.A. It is now many years since Mr. Scott returned to London, and finally took up his residence there.

SONNET—MY MOTHER.

ST. LEONARD'S, EDINBURGH, 1826.

A pebbled pathway led up to the door
  Where I was born, with holly hedge confined,
  Whose leaves the winter snows oft interlined;
Oft now it seems, because the year before
My sister died, we were together more,
  And from the parlour window every morn
  Looked on that hedge, while mother's face, so worn
With fear of coming ill, 'bent sweetly o'er.
And when she saw me watching, smile would she,
  And turn away with many things distraught;
  Thus was it manhood took me by surprise,
The sadness of her heart came into me,
  And everything I ever yet have thought
  I learned then from her anxious loving eyes.

WOODSTOCK MAZE.

"O never shall anyone find you then!"
  Said he, merrily pinching her cheek;

"But why?" she asked,—he only laughed,—
"Why shall it be thus, now speak!"
"Because so like a bird art thou,
Thou must live within green trees,
With nightingales and thrushes and wrens,
And the humming of wild bees."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Nay, nay, you jest, no wren am I,
Nor thrush nor nightingale,
And rather would keep this arras and wall
'Tween me and the wind's assail.
I like to hear little Minnie's gay laugh,
And the whistle of Japes the page,
Or to watch old Madge when her spindle twirls,
And she tends it like a sage."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Yea, yea, but thou art the world's best Rose,
And about thee flowers I'll twine,
And wall thee round with holly and beech,
Sweet brier and jessamine."
"Nay, nay, sweet master, I'm no Rose,
But a woman indeed, indeed,
And love many things both great and small,
And of many things more take heed."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day,
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Aye, sweetheart, sure thou sayest sooth,
I think thou art even so!
But yet needs must I dibble the hedge,
Close serried as hedge can grow.
Then Minnie and Japes and Madge shall be
Thy merry-mates all day long,
And thou shalt hear my bugle-call
For matin or even-song."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Look yonder now, my blue-eyed bird,
See'st thou aught by yon far stream?
There shalt thou find a more curious nest
Than ever thou sawest in dream."
She followed his finger, she looked in vain,
She saw neither cottage nor hall,
But at his beck came a litter on wheels,
Screened by a red silk caul;
He lifted her in by her lily-white hand,
So left they the blythe sunny wall.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

The gorse and ling are netted and strong,
The conies leap everywhere,
The wild-brier roses by runnels grow thick;
Seems never a pathway there.
Then come the dwarf oaks, knotted and wrung,
Breeding apples and mistletoe,
And now tall elms from the wet mossed ground
Straight up to the white clouds go.
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"O weary hedge, O thorny hedge!"
Quoth she in her lonesome bower,
"Round and round it is all the same;
Days, weeks, have all one hour;
I hear the cushat far overhead,
From the dark heart of that plane,
Sudden rushes of wings I hear,
And silence as sudden again.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Maiden Minnie she mopes by the fire,
Even now in the warmth of June;
I like not Madge to look in my face,
Japes now hath never a tune.
But, oh, he is so kingly strong,
And, oh, he is kind and true;
Shall not my babe, if God cares for me,
Be his pride and his joy too?
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"I lean my faint heart against this tree,
Whereon he hath carved my name,
I hold me up by this fair bent bough,
For he held once by the same;
But everything here is dank and cold,
The daisies have sickly eyes,
The clouds like ghosts down into my prison
Look from the barred-out skies.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"I tune my lute and I straight forget
What I minded to play, woe's me!
Till it feebly moans to the sharp short gusts
Aye rushing from tree to tree.
Often that single redbreast comes
To the sill where my Jesu stands;
I speak to him as to a child; he flies,
Afraid of these poor thin hands!
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"The golden evening burns right through
My dark chamber windows twain:

I listen, all round me is only a grave,
  Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
  And at each cry, yes, no, yes!
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed
  Once, twice, ah! it flieth amiss!
    Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
    Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Hark! he comes! yet his footstep sounds
  As it sounded never before!
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
  But I'll hide behind the door."
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
  It was Queen Eleänore;
And at once she felt that it was death
  The hungering she-wolf bore!
    Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
      still fall,
    Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

PARTED LOVE.

I.—THE PAST.[1]

Methinks I have passed through some dreadful
    door,
  Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades
  From a dank waste of marsh and ruinous
    shades:—
And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core;
  That day of days when hand in hand became
  Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
  Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so
    sweet,
    The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
  Together, and the temple-pulses beat!
    All gone now—where am I, and where
      art thou?

II.—THE PRESENT.

No cypress-wreath nor outward signs of grief;
  But I may cry unto the morn, and flee
  After the god whose back is turned to me,
And touch his wings and plead for some relief;
Draw, it may be, a black shaft from his sheaf:—
  For now I know his quiver harbours those
  Death mixed with his, as the old fable shows,
When he slept heedless on the red rose leaf.
And I may open Memory's chamber-door
To grope my way around its noiseless floor,
  Now that, alas!. its windows give no light,
Nor gentle voice invites me any more;
  For she is but a picture faintly bright
  Hung dimly high against the walls of night.

III.—MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at
    best,—
  I did believe the lost one's slumbering head
  Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,
  A guest that left me only when the day
  Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night! thou wert our mother at the first,
  Thy silent chambers are our homes at last;
    And even now thou art our bath of life.
Come back! the hot sun makes our lips athirst;
  Come back! thy dreams may recreate the
    past;
    Come back! and smooth again this heart's
      long strife.

IV.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Rest here, my heart, nor let us further creep;
  Rest for an hour; I shall again be strong,
  And make for thee another little song:
Rest here, and look down on the tremulous
    deep,
Where sea-weeds like dead mænad's long locks
    sweep
  Over that dreadful floor of stagnant green,
  Strewed with the bones of lovers that have
    been,
Nor even yet can scarce be said to sleep.

Beyond that sea, far o'er that wasteful sea,
The sunset she so oft hath seen with me
  Flames up with all the arrogances of gold,
Scarlet and purple, while the west wind falls
  Upon us with its deadliest winter-cold;—
Shall we slide down? I think the dear one
    calls!

SAINT MARGARET.

The wan lights freeze on the dark cold floor,
Witch lights and green the high windows adorn;
The cresset is gone out the altar before,

[1] W. M. Rosetti remarks in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1876, that one of the forms of verse in which the poet-painter succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. —Ed.

She knows her long hour of life's nigh worn,
And she kneels here waiting to be re-born,
On the stones of the chancel.

"That door darkly golden, that noiseless door,
Through which I can see sometimes," said she,
"Will it ever be opened to close no more;
Will those wet clouds cease pressing on me;
Shall I cease to hear the sound of the sea?"
Her handmaids miss her and rise.

"I've served in life's prison-house long," she said,
"Where silver and gold are heavy and bright,
Where children wail, and where maidens wed,
Where the day is wearier than the night,
And each would be master if he might."
Margaret! they seek thee.

The night waxed darker than before;
Scarce could the windows be traced at all,
Only the sharp rain was heard rushing o'er;
A sick sleeper moaned through the cloister wall,
And a horse neighed shrill from a distant stall,
And the sea sounded on.

"Are all the dear holy ones shut within,
That none descend in my strait?" said she;
"Their songs are afar off, far off and thin,
The terrible sounds of the prison-house flee
About me, and the sound of the sea."
Lights gleam from room to room.

Slowly a moonshine breaks over the glass,
The black and green witchcraft is there no more;
It spreads and it brightens, and out of it pass
Four angels with glorified hair,—all four
With lutes; and our Lord is in heaven's door.
Margaret! they hail thee.

Her eyes are a-wide to the hallowèd light,
Her head is cast backward, her bosom is clad
With the flickering moonlight pale purple and white;
Away to the angels her spirit hath fled,
While her body still kneels,—but is it not dead?
She is safe, she is well!

MRS. JANE C. SIMPSON.

Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson is a daughter of the late James Bell, advocate, and was born at Glasgow in 1811. Her first verses appeared in the *Greenock Advertiser* while her father resided in that town. To the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by her brother Henry Glassford Bell, she afterwards contributed many beautiful poems under the assumed name of "Gertrude," and subsequently various articles in prose and verse to the *Scottish Christian Herald*. In 1836 Miss Bell published a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Piety of Daily Life*. A collection of her poems, which she called *April Hours*, was published in 1838; and in 1848 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled *Woman's History;* followed in 1859 by *Linda, or Beauty and Genius*, a metrical romance. Mrs. Simpson's last work appeared under the title of *Picture Poems*. She is the author of the beautiful and much-admired hymn beginning "Go when the morning shineth," and a frequent contributor to *Good Words* and other current periodicals. In July, 1837, Miss Bell was married to her cousin Mr. J. B. Simpson of Glasgow, in which city they chiefly resided for many years. Her present home is at Portobello, near Edinburgh.

THE LONGINGS OF GENIUS.

It is a sacred privilege to lofty natures given,
Even while in mortal guise, to walk midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
To own all gentle sympathies that bind the human race,
Yet rise in pure and earnest aim, a brighter course to trace.

Creation teems with poetry—above, beneath, around—
Thought, fancy, feeling, lie enshrined in simplest sight and sound;
Mysterious meaning clothes whate'er we hear, or touch, or view,
And still the soul aspires to grasp the beautiful and true!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

Within a lonely chamber burn'd a single sickly lamp,
Around the watcher's brows the dews of night hung cold and damp,
The page yet wet before him lay, the faithful record bore
Of many a high heroic thought he in his bosom wore.
But though the strain his muse had coin'd would soon, in cadence deep,
Cause manly hearts to thrill response, and gentle eyes to weep,
The pen dropped sadly from his hand, his head lean'd on his breast—
Alas! how feebly had his song the burning soul express'd!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

It was a gorgeous landscape on the ample canvas lay—
Wood, valley, mountain, lake, and river stretching far away,
In some sweet southern clime of earth, where skies are blue and warm,
And seldom Nature's smiling face is marr'd by gloom and storm;
So fresh the sod whence, blushing, peep'd the softly-cradled flowers,
So rich the radiance mantling round the ruin's ivied towers.
This is no *picture!* On my cheek I feel the balmy breeze;
I hear the murmur of the stream, the song-birds in the trees.
Thanks! great magician-painter, thanks! whose mind and hand unite
To steep the dreaming senses thus in silent, deep delight!
Well may'st thou now the lofty mien and flush of triumph wear;
Ah! why instead that sunken eye, those looks of pallid care?
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

'Tis ever thus! The souls that prove their source and end divine
Must ceaseless strive, yet never win the prize for which they pine;
Whate'er is purest, loveliest, best, floats on their tide of thought,
But, like the rainbow's fleeting form, dissolves ere it is caught.
And why is this, if not to teach that beauty, truth, and love
Have but one birth-place and one goal—the land of light above,
Where, far beyond our highest dreams of poetry or art,
Inviolate perfection reigns serene through every part!
O Genius! there, and there alone, thy longings wild and vain,
Expanding still, shall all at last their bright fulfilment gain!

GOOD ANGELS.

An angel came down in the still of the night,
And stood by the bed of a sleeping child.
He breathed in his ear; and I knew that the words
Were a whisper of joy—for the cherub smiled.
Then the angel flew back to his home; and I heard,
As the golden gates were wide open thrown,
Ten thousand voices the tidings rehearse—
"O child of earth! thou art all our own!"

An angel came down at the dusky dawn,
Where a youth kept watch on the field of fight:
The hostile camp in the distance loom'd,
And the grass waving green would be red ere night.
But the soldier's heart was of metal true—
God's trust and strength in his blue eye shone:
So the angel went up, and the voices rang forth—
"O child of earth! thou art still our own!"

An angel came down as the twilight closed,
To a lighted hall, where the wine flow'd free;
And the young man laugh'd as the ribald jest
And the song rose high of the drunkard's glee.

Ah! then fell a shade on that pale pure face
(As the summer moon veil'd in a soft mist o'er);
And tender and low was the seraph's strain—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down on a forest glade
As the stars went out at the flush of day,
Where one, with hot cheek and a blood-stain'd sword,
Through the dewy copse strode in haste away.
For angry words overnight, they had met
As foes this morn who were friends of yore,
And the angel went up with the murmur'd sigh—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down as the moonbeams play'd
'Mong the scatter'd gray stones of the old churchyard,
Where the strong man, bowing his anguish'd head,
By a fresh grave knelt on the cold damp sward.
The gentle friend of his youth was at rest,
And the fruits were blessed her memory bore:
So the angel flew up with a smile, and they sang—
"O child of earth! thou art ours once more!"

An angel came down to a darken'd room,
Where a father lay pale on his dying bed;
The daughter, sole light of his widow'd home,
In tears heard the blessings he pour'd on her head.
As the angel look'd, the soul broke free,
And he bore it in triumph to God the giver;
Then rang heaven's arch with the welcome shout—
"O child of earth! thou art ours for ever!"

Thus watching and waiting with zeal untired,
Good angels hover round pilgrims here;
And whether in folly's or wisdom's scene,
Be sure that some radiant spirit is near.
And oh, my brother! as first they found thee—
A blossom of hope on life's desert thrown—
May the bright host hail thee at last, in glory—
A child of heaven, and all their own!

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Upon the city's dusty street the sun beat fierce and high,
For biting winds had sudden veer'd, and summer fleck'd the sky;
And at a tall house-door flung wide a chariot stood in wait,
With bag and box atop, behind—a mix'd suggestive freight;
While children's merry voices rang upon the quiet air,
And boys and girls with sunshade hats tripp'd nimbly down the stair,
And leapt into the carriage straight; while on the steps apace,
With shawl and cloak the parents came, and smiling took their place.
"Oh! but the town is hot and dry—here we no longer stay;
Off to the country cool and clear, on wings of light away!"
The door was bang'd, the reins caught up, the whip was crack'd amain.—
Will rattling wheels to young fresh hearts e'er bring such joy again?—

In that same street, that very hour, in that bright morn of spring,
A gentle form of maiden grace lay wan and withering;
And as her quick ear caught the sound of horses' trampling feet,
She knew that household band was borne to life more green and sweet.
Yet if a pang came o'er her heart it vanish'd in a sigh,
And holier meanings lit the depths of her resplendent eye;
And as the sounds in distance died, a low clear voice awoke,
Of tone so flute-like that it seem'd she rather sang than spoke:
"Yes, *these* to fields and woods are gone, with pulses bounding high,
For May now hangs her blossoms 'neath a blue delicious sky;
And they will climb the mountains and inhale the balmy breeze,
And gather flowers, and launch the boat upon the sunny seas,
Then pluck the autumn fruits, and stand beside the golden grain,
And when the winds blow chill, return to city's home again.
But I—oh! fairer far the land to which I surely go,
Where fadeless trees are mirror'd in the crystal river's flow;
Where high upon the hills of God, aye steep'd in golden sheen,
The angels find their radiant rest 'mong pastures ever green;

Where peace unutterable fills like light the liquid air,
And speech divinest music hath, for perfect love is there.
Say, what are all the loveliest scenes here spread from shore to shore,
To that far boundless summer-land whence travellers come no more?
Oh! but this earth is dim and drear—I would I were away!
Home to that country of the soul, this early morn of May."

The prayer went up as incense from a holy censer pour'd,
Down came the willing angel straight, and loosed the silver cord:
And when that eve the boys and girls ran shouting by the sea,
She went to spend the long bright days where summers ceaseless be.

TEDIUM VITÆ.

Thou sayest "I am weary. Day by day,
Time, like a quiet river, glideth on;
No ruffle on the tide, no shifting skies—
Naught save the noiseless round of common tasks.
Oh! 'tis a tasteless life. Heaven send me change!"

Friend, many feel as thou, the thought unshaped;
Many are vainly, vaguely weary thus.
Such weariness is rash, ungrateful, mean.
Consider—change brings grief more oft than joy;
Monotony of good is good supreme,
And pain's exemption test of health entire.

Oh! there be men and women who ne'er owned
Of thy full measured blessings even a tithe:
Whose natural wants, health, money, friends denied,
Might well have sapped the core of sweet content,
And caused them pine, and fret, and weep for change—
Who yet go almost singing on their way:
Such music patience makes in great meek souls!

Art weary of God's love, that wraps thee close
In the sweet folds of mercy hour by hour?
Weary of strength renewed and sight undimmed,
To walk 'mid summer scenes 'neath open skies?
Weary of friendship's voice that woos thee forth,
And calm affection of the household band,
That watch thy steps and hail thee home with smiles?—
Art weary of all fair and gracious things
That make the sum of good to man below—
Food, raiment, kindred and domestic ties,
Music and books, and art's exhaustless stores,
With glorious pageantry of nature's realm?
If these have wearied thee, look to thyself—
Thy wit's diseased. Go, pray to have it healed.
Down, down upon thy knees; or if there be
A lowlier posture, wherein knees, hands, face,
Clasp the cold earth, pour out thy spirit there;
And, while hot tears for pardon plead, cry out
"O Lord! change naught but this weak, thankless heart!"

I KNOW NOT.

I know not if thy spirit weaveth ever
The golden fantasies of mine for thee;
I only know my love is a great river,
And thou the sea!

I know not if the time to thee is dreary,
When ne'er to meet we pass the wintry days;
I only know my muse is never weary,
The theme thy praise.

I know not if thy poet heart's emotion
Responsive beats to mine through many a chord;
I only feel in my untold devotion
A rich reward.

I know not if the grass were waving o'er me,
Would nature's voice for thee keep sadder tune:
I only know wert thou gone home before me,
I'd follow soon.

But while thou walk'st the earth with brave heart ever,
I'll singing go, though all unrecked by thee
My great affection floweth like a river,
And thou the sea!

TO A FRIEND.

How art thou spending this long summer day,
Beloved friend, where'er thy home may be?
On breezy heather uplands dost thou stray,
Or by the margin of the sounding sea?

Is the boat mirrored in the glassy lake
Where thou art resting on suspended oar—
Or, in some nook reclined of forest brake,
Dost linger o'er the page of classic lore?

Ah! well I know that nature's holy face
Will woo thee from thy prison-house of care;

Will deepen in thy soul the poet grace,
And wider ope the golden gate of prayer.

I sit and watch the ocean's quivering sheen—
The old romance of youth still round me clinging,
Dreaming of thousand things that might have been,
And losing half my sadness in my singing!

PRAYER.[1]

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love!

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Born 1811 — Died 1870.

William Sinclair, the author of some pleasing patriotic songs, &c., was born at Edinburgh in 1811. He received an ordinary education, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to a bookseller. A large circulating library connected with his employer's shop enabled him to gratify his taste for reading, and he soon became devoted to verse-making, contributing to the newspapers and periodicals of the day, including *Blackwood's Magazine*. He afterwards became a lawyer's clerk in Dundee, and was subsequently employed in the customs at Liverpool and Leith.

In 1843 Sinclair published a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Poems of the Fancy and the Affections*. To the work entitled *Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington*, published in 1852, he was a contributor. While residing at Leith he enjoyed the intimate friendship of the poets Gilfillan, Moir, and Vedder. Robert Nicoll submitted the first edition of his poems to his revision. Several of his patriotic strains have been set to music, and continue to enjoy a wide-spread popularity, not only in his native land but also in the United States and the Canadas. His poem of "The Royal Breadalbane Oak" was an especial favourite with Sir Allan MacNab, Bart., prime minister of Canada. For several years previous to his death Mr. Sinclair resided at Stirling, where he was connected with the local press, and acted also as the correspondent of several of the daily newspapers. He died, April, 1870, and a neat monument, erected by public subscription, marks the place of his interment.

[1] This much-admired hymn has been attributed to different authors, among others to the Earl of Carlisle. It appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of Feb. 26, 1831, where it is signed "Gertrude."—Ed.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

Thy queenly hand, Victoria,
By the mountain and the rock,
Hath planted 'midst the Highland hills
A Royal British Oak;
Oh, thou guardian of the free!
Oh, thou mistress of the sea!
Trebly dear shall be the ties
That shall bind us to thy name,
Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
To thy fame, to thy fame!

The oak hath scatter'd terror
O'er our foemen from our ships,
They have given the voice of England's fame
In thunders from their lips;
'Twill be mirror'd in the rills!
It shall wave among the hills!
And the rallying cry shall wake
Nigh the planted of thy hand,
That the loud acclaim may break
O'er the land, o'er the land!

While it waves unto the tempest,
It shall call thy name to mind,
And the "gathering" 'mong the hills shall be
Like the rushing of the wind!
Arise! ye Gaels, arise!
Let the echoes ring your cries,
By our mountain's rocky throne,
By Victoria's name adored—
We shall reap her enemies down
With the sword, with the sword!

Oh, dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee!
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths, who stand around,
Like brave slips from freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee!

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age:
By the royal voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave!

IS NOT THE EARTH.

Is not the earth a burial place
Where countless millions sleep,
The entrance to the abode of death,
Where waiting mourners weep,
And myriads at his silent gates
A constant vigil keep?

The sculptor lifts his chisel, and
The final stroke is come,
But, dull as the marble lip he hews,
His stiffened lip is dumb;
Though the Spoiler hath cast a holier work,
He hath called to a holier home!

The soldier bends his gleaming steel,
He counts his laurels o'er,
And speaks of the wreaths he yet may win
On many a foreign shore;
But his Master declares with a sterner voice
He shall break a lance no more!

The mariner braved the deluge long,
He bow'd to the sweeping blast,
And smiled when the frowning heavens above
Were the deepest overcast;
He hath perish'd beneath a smiling sky—
He hath laid him down at last.

Far in the sea's mysterious depths
The lowly dead are laid,
Hath not the ocean's dreadful voice
Their burial service said?
Have not the quiring tempests rung
The dirges of the dead?

The vales of our native land are strewn
With a thousand pleasant things;
The uplands rejoicing in the light
Of the morning's flashing wings;
Even there are the martyrs' rugged cairns—
The resting-place of kings!

And man outpours his heart to heaven,
And "chants his holiest hymn,"
But anon his frame is still and cold,
And his sparkling eyes are dim—
And who can tell but the home of death
Is a happier home to him?

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Francis Bennoch was born in the parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, June 25, 1812. At the age of sixteen he went to London and entered a commercial house, where he remained for a period of nine years. In 1837 he began business as a merchant on his own account, and is now the head of the well-known firm of Francis Bennoch & Co.

Bennoch had been two years in the metropolis before his Scottish feelings sought expression in verse, and it was in the *Dumfries Courier* that his first poetic essay found its way to the public. Amid the cares of business he has always found time to pay court to literature and to cultivate the society of artists and literary men. He proved a kind friend to the eccentric and unfortunate Haydon, who never applied to him in vain; and it is probable that had Bennoch not been absent on the Continent at the time, the sad termination of that artist's career might have been averted. He also rendered very essential service to the late Miss Mitford, and it was through his intervention that the public were gratified by the issue of *Atherton and other Tales*, and also by a collected edition of her dramatic works, which she dedicated to him as a mark of her gratitude and esteem. At his residence in Leicester Square, London, artists and authors are constantly met; and Mr. Bennoch's business connections with the Continent and the United States, both of which he has repeatedly visited, contribute very much to gather at his elegant entertainments a variety of eminent foreigners and literary men of the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a frequent guest of Mr. Bennoch's at his former residence at Blackheath Park, and was indebted to him for the use of a mansion-house about a mile distant from his own, which the gifted writer so charmingly described as "Our Old Home."

Three volumes of Bennoch's poems have been published in London; he has besides contributed extensively both in prose and verse to the periodicals of the day. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a member of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Society of Literature. In a note to the Editor Mr. Bennoch remarks, "I am still engaged in business, where I am only known as a man of business, few dreaming that I ever wrote any notes but business notes."

MAY-DAY FANCIES.

The biting wintry winds are laid,
And spring comes carolling o'er the earth;
Mead, mountain, glen, and forest glade
Are singing with melodious mirth.
The fields have doff'd their sober brown,
And donn'd their robes of lovely green.
On meadow wide, on breezy down,
Are flowers in countless myriads seen.
Come forth, come forth, enjoy the day
And welcome song-inspiring May!

Through bud and branch, and gnarled trunk,
To deepest root, when quickening light
Touches the torpid juices, sunk
In slumber by the winter's might,
Electric currents tingling rise,
Each circle swells with life anew;
Wide opening to the sunny skies,
Young grateful blossoms drink the dew.
Come forth, time-furrowed age, and say,
If anything feels old in May?

Step o'er the brook, climb up the bank,
And peep beneath those wither'd leaves—
Among the roots with wild weeds rank;
See how the fruitful earth upheaves
With pulsing life! How quiveringly
The timid young flowers, blushing, bend
Their gentle heads, where modesty
And all the graces sweetly blend.
Come forth, come forth, ye young, and say
What cheeks can vie with rosy May?

From desk and 'Change come forth and range;
From clanging forge, and shop, and mill;
From crowded room, from board and loom,
Come! bid the rattling wheels be still.

Come, old and young, come, strong and weak,
Indulge the limb and brain with rest.
Come gushing youth and wrinkled cheek,
In leisure feel your labour blest.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day,
Come, welcome in the glorious May!

Come, ere the dappled East has burn'd—
Made molten gold the winding stream;
Come, ere the fiery sun has turn'd
The pearly dew to misty steam;
Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
Or lambkin bleated on the hill;
Come, see how nature looks in rest,
And learn the bliss of being still.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day!
Come, welcome blossom-teeming May!

Æolian murmurs swell the breeze,
Enchant the ear, and charm the brain;
While merry bells and humming bees
Fill up the burden of the strain.
On earth, in air, oh, everywhere,
A brighter glory shines to-day;
Old bards reveal how birds prepare
New songs to herald joyous May.
Come forth, come forth, nor lingering stay.
Come, crown with flowers the matchless May!

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
To servile host or lordly crest,
But that mysterious voiceless word,
By which the world is onward prest—
Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
And stars their path of glory keep,
Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
And dreaming infants smile in sleep.
That voice, resistless in its sway,
Turns winter wild to flowery May.

From edges of the dusky shade,
That canopies the restless town,
Come trooping many a youth and maid,
With flushing face and tresses brown.
High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
They seek the wild-wood's haunted dell;
They laughing come, by twos and threes,
But chiefly twos. I mark them well—
So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
With them it seems 'tis always May.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew;
Then follow wondrous wringings out;
As wingèd seeds were blown, they knew
What laggard lovers were about.
Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
If love declared be love sincere;
Or in red ragged streaks discern
Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
Oh, love is earnest though in play,
When comes the love-inciting May.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,
Chaplets are twined for blushing brows;
While gipsies work their magic spells,
And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
Then round and round with many a bound,
They tread the mystic fairy ring;
The silent woods have voices found,
And echoing chorus while they sing:
"With shout and song, and dance and play,
We welcome in the glorious May!"

Link'd hand in hand, their tripping feet
Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice;
They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
The ring is formed for kisses sly—
Leaping and racing o'er the plain;
The young wish time would quicker fly,
The old wish they were young again.
Away with care: no cares to-day!
Care slumbers on the lap of May!

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
Now gently, kindly whispers "Home!"
To-day has been a day of mirth;
To-morrow nobler duties come.
Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,
To mingle with the web of life—
And memory store with woods and streams.
Such joys drive cankering care away;
Then ever welcome, flowery May!

THE LIME TREE.

Sing, sing the lime,—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen—
When high overhead its arms are spread,
And bees are busily buzzing around,
When sunlight and shade a woof have laid
Of flickering net-work on the ground.
I love the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
To its balmy bower in the noontide hour
Is wafted pleasure on wings unseen.

When the Switzer fought and gallantly wrought
His charter of freedom with bow and spear,
A branch was torn from the lime, and borne
As the patriot's hope, and the tyrant's fear.
They proudly tell where the herald youth fell
With a living branch in his dying hand;
Blood-hallowed, the tree is of liberty
The sacred symbol throughout the land.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;

The whisperings heard when its leaves are stirred,
Are the voices of martyrs that prompt unse

I love it the more for the days of yore,
And the avenue leading—I tell not where;
But there was a bower, and a witching flower
Of gracefullest beauty grew ripening there.
From valley and hill, from forge and mill,
From neighbouring hamlets murmurs stole;
But the sound most dear to my raptured ear
Was a musical whisper that thrilled my soul.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to wander and woo unseen.

When the gairish noon had passed, and the moon
Came silvering forest and lake and tower,
In the hush of night, so calm and bright,
How silent and sweet was the linden bower.
They may boast of their forests of larch and pine,
Of maple and elm and scented thorn,
Of ash and of oak, defying the stroke
Of the tempest on pinions of fury borne;
Give me the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The vows that are made beneath its shade
Are throbbings of spirits that bless unseen.

OUR SHIP.

A song, a song, brave hearts a song,
To the ship in which we ride,
Which bears us along right gallantly,
Defying the mutinous tide.
Away, away, by night and day,
Propelled by steam and wind,
The watery waste before her lies,
And a flaming wake behind.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home,
The home of the brave and the free.

With a fearless bound to the depths profound,
She rushes with proud disdain,
While pale lips tell the fears that swell,
Lest she never should rise again.
With a courser's pride she paws the tide,
Unbridled by bit, I trow,
While the churlish sea she dashes with glee
In a cataract from her prow.
Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She bears not on board a lawless horde,
Piratic in thought or deed,
Yet the sword they would draw in defence of law,
In the nation's hour of need.
Professors and poets, and merchant men
Whose voyagings never cease;
From shore to shore, the wide world o'er,
Their bonds are the bonds of peace.
Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She boasts the brave, the dutiful,
The aged and the young,
And woman bright and beautiful,
And childhood's prattling tongue.
With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
And we fear not the storm or squall;
For faithful officers rule the helm,
And Heaven protects us all.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home,
The home of the brave and free.

LONDON.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,
Then, London, one to thee!
Thine ancient name all tongues proclaim
The watchword of the free;
Where'er the flag of liberty
Is righteously unfurl'd,
There London is;—her mighty heart
Beats through the civil world.
Then ho! for London brave and high,
Which she shall ever be,
While justice rules within her walls,
And honour guides the free.

Of conquering peace the pioneers
Her dauntless merchants are;
Her ships are found the world around,
Her sons 'neath every star.
Her sheltering tree of liberty
Spreads hourly more and more;
Its roots run under every sea,
It blooms on every shore.
Unfading youth, untarnished truth,
Great London! bide with thee;
Of cities,—queen, supreme, serene,
The leader of the free.

In days of dread, she boldly stood
Undaunted, though alone,
To guard with might the people's right
Invaded by the throne;
And yet when civil fury raged,
And loyalty took wing,
Her gallant bands, with bows and brands,
Defended well their king.
Then ho! for London, might and right,
With her twin brothers be;
To curb with right the despot might,
Exalting still the free!

The wandering king, of crown bereft,
The patriot, lone, exiled,
Alike find refuge and repose
Where freedom ever smiled;
And evermore she spreads her store
The exile to maintain,
And what has been her pride before,
Shall be her pride again.
Then ho! for London, ward and guard
To all who refuge seek;
A terror to the tyrant strong,
A shelter to the weak.

And now within her ancient halls,
Where freemen ever stand,
She welcomes men from every clime,
With open heart and hand;
She welcomes men of every creed,
The brave, the wise, the good;
And bids all nations form indeed
A noble brotherhood.
Clasped hand in hand, let all mankind
Like loving brothers be;
From pole to pole, let every soul
United be—and free.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.

They knew that they were cared for then,
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years, when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale.
They woke; the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale!

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills the wintry wind
Blew fiercely—wildly screaming.
Adown the glen rushed tawny floods—
The tempest rocked the Closeburn woods
Where lay the cushats dreaming.
And dreaming too a maiden lay,
A maiden lovely as the day,
And sweet as is the scented May,
Lay Hebe fondly dreaming.

Over the hills the spring winds came,
Softly, gently blowing.
Adown the glen the glancing rills
Came dancing from the Closeburn hills
In sweetest cadence flowing:
And down the glen a gallant came,
Who woke to life love's latent flame,
New life awakened by a name
That came like music flowing.

Over the hills the summer breeze
Came with odours laden—
Odours wafted from the trees
Where sing the happy summer bees—
And happy made the maiden.
For with it came sweet orange flowers,
So wisely prized in lady bowers.—
Oh, Hebe is no longer ours,
For married is the maiden.

UNDER THE LINDEN.

Come—come—come!
You know where the lindens bloom;
Come—come—come!
And drink of their sweet perfume.
Come! meet me, beloved, beneath their shade,
When day into night begins to fade;
A time for wooers and wooing made
Is the twilight's deepening gloom.

Wait—wait—wait!
I will come unto thee betimes;
Wait—wait—wait!
I will come with the evening chimes—

I will come when shimmering up the sky
The light of the day retreats on high,
And darkening shadows unveiling lie
Beneath the odorous limes.

Here—here—here!
My beautiful met at last.
Here—here—here!
My sheltering arm thou hast.
The storms of life may fiercely blow,
And sorrow in surging tides may flow.
Come wealth or want—come pleasure or woe,
My treasure is in thy breast.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO HAWTHORNE.[1]

A verse!—My friend, 'tis hard to rhyme
When cares the heart enfold,
And Fancy feels the freezing time,
And shrivels with the cold.
And yet, however hard it seems
To generously comply,
The heart, fraternal, throbbing, deems
It harder to deny.

Few love the weary winter time,
When trees are gaunt and bare,
And fields are gray with silver rime,
And biting keen the air.
Though all without is weird and waste,
And shrill the tempest's din,
With those well suited to our taste
How bright is all within!

But oh! the spring, the early spring,
Is brimming full of mirth,
When mating birds, on happy wing,
Rain music on the earth;
And earth, responsive, spreadeth wide
Her leafy robe of green,
Till March is wreathed in flowery pride—
A smiling virgin queen.

Oh! that dear time is dearer made
By love's mysterious will,
Which in the sun and in the shade
Its impulse must fulfil;
In wood, or wild, or rosy face,
The law is broad and clear;
Love lends its all-entrancing grace
To spring-time of the year.

Spring-time, my friend, with mystic words,
Has filled thy life with joy,
Bound close thy heart with triple cords
That age can ne'er destroy.
For her, thy first—so fair, so good,
So innocent and sweet—
An angel pure as model stood!
The copy, how complete!

Oh! sacred season, ever blest,
When saints their offerings bring,
Thou to thy heart an offering prest
More fair than flowers of spring.
A miracle!—long ere the frost
Or snowdrift passed away,
Thy Hawthorne into blossom burst,
Anticipating May!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Born 1812—Died 1872.

Norman Macleod was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, June 3, 1812. He belonged to a race of ministers. His grandfather was the pastor of Morven, and was succeeded in

[1] The following verses were composed at the urgent request of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne—a distinguished American writer, and an intimate and very dear friend of the author of them—on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth-day of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter Una. Hence the allusion in the last verse. The poem was written in 1854, and is now first published. Mr. Hawthorne was then staying at Leamington, in Warwickshire, busy with the last sheets of his Italian romance *Transformation*. In the words of the author, "the verses bring up many pleasant recollections dimmed by the remembrance that he who could rouse with a skill unequalled the tenderest emotions, and depict with infinite power the deepest passions of the human heart, is mouldering in the tomb. Those who knew Mr. Hawthorne best loved him most; and all who were acquainted with the plans he had hoped to carry out regret that death should have stilled the heart and stayed the hand before his greatest work was accomplished."—Ed.

that office by one of his sons, whose tall figure and stately gait procured for him the name of "the high-priest of Morven." Norman's father was minister first of Campbeltown, afterwards of Campsie, and finally of St. Columba Church, in Glasgow. He was said to be one of the most eloquent Gaelic preachers of his day, and was a great authority in all matters pertaining to the Gaelic language. Norman was educated partly at the University of Glasgow, after leaving which he spent some time in Germany, and finally completed his divinity studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers, with whom he was a favourite student. In 1838, almost immediately after being licensed, he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, Ayrshire. Here he continued for about five years, and when the secession of the Free Church from the Establishment took place in 1843 he received the charge of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was while minister here that he first began to attract the notice of the Church and the public. About this time he became the editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, which he conducted for ten years. In 1846 he was intrusted by the General Assembly with a mission to Canada on the affairs of the Church. In 1851 he was inducted into the Barony parish, Glasgow, one of the most influential charges in Scotland. From this time his fame as a preacher gradually increased, and his church was every Sunday filled to overflowing by crowds eager to hear him. In 1854 he published his first work of importance, being the memorials of his friend John Macintosh, under the title *The Earnest Student*. In October of that year he first preached before the Queen in the parish church of Crathie. Henceforth his life seems to have been one continuous series of labours. Not content with the arduous duties of his large and populous parish, which he performed with an efficiency and zeal that has been seldom equalled, he threw his whole soul also into the general work of the Church. In all her schemes of public usefulness, all her efforts to elevate and Christianize the masses at home or the heathen abroad, he ever took the warmest interest. Year after year he travelled through the country, everywhere addressing meetings, and seeking to infuse into others some of the enthusiasm that burned within himself. On all matters pertaining to Christian life, every scheme that aimed at improving the social or moral condition of the working poor, no one could speak with more eloquence than he, and no one was ever listened to with more rapt attention. Nor all this time was his pen idle, as is shown by the large number of works published under his name, including sermons, lectures, addresses, devotional works, treatises on practical subjects, tales, travels, children's songs and stories, all bearing the impress of his warm heart and enthusiastic nature.

In 1860 *Good Words* was begun, a magazine which he continued to edit till his death; and every volume of it was enriched with much in prose and verse from his own pen. But it is to his tales that he chiefly owes his position in literature: "The Old Lieutenant and His Son;" "The Starling, a Scotch story;" the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," in which he gives a picture of life in the parish of Morven; "Character Sketches," containing eleven tales, among others "Billy Buttons," with its racy humour, and "Wee Davie," the best known and most pathetic of all his stories; and "Eastward," an account of his travels in Egypt and Palestine in 1865. These, which appeared originally in the pages of *Good Words*, were afterwards published separately at different times. In 1865 considerable excitement was produced in Scotland by his opposition to the strict views on the observance of the Sabbath laid down in a pastoral address which the presbytery of Glasgow had proposed to issue; but the suspicion of "heresy" on this point gradually died out. In 1867 he was commissioned by the General Assembly to visit the mission-field of the Church in India, and his "Peeps at the Far East," which also appeared in *Good Words*, are a memorial of this visit. From the shock which his system received from the fatigues of his eastern journey and the climate Dr. Macleod never quite recovered, and he died on June 16, 1872, aged sixty years. He sleeps in Campsie churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "trust in God and do the right."

In 1858 Mr. Macleod received the honorary degree of D.D. He was also appointed one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, one

of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the order of the Thistle. In May, 1869, was conferred upon him by acclamation the last honour which he lived to receive, that of being elected to the moderator's chair in the General Assembly, and never was honour more richly deserved or more hardly earned. An interesting memoir of the far-famed Scottish minister, from the pen of his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., appeared in 1876.

In alluding to Dr. Macleod's death Dean Stanley said, in a sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey—"When ten days ago there went up the sound of great lamentation as of a multitude weeping for a lost chief, in the second greatest city of the empire, when rich and poor of all creeds and opinions followed to his grave the great Scottish pastor, whose good deeds had so endeared him to all who knew him, and whose *Good Words* had reached thousands who had never seen his face, in homes and lands far away, what was it that shed over the close of that career so peaceful, so cheering a light? It was that he was known to have fought the good fight manfully, that he had finished his course with joy, and had done what in him lay to add to the happiness and goodness of the world."

DANCE, MY CHILDREN!

"Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum,
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!

"Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing,
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!"

Thus a gray-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What's to lose, and what's to win!

But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres—
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers.

TRUST IN GOD.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding;
Inward peace, and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

CURLER'S SONG.

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care," quo' the wifie, "gudeman, o' yer cough;"
A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin'!
This day we're to play the bonspiel on the loch!

Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift's beginning to blink,
Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I am aff for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
"Ready noo!" "soop it up!" "clap a guard!" "steady noo!"
Oh! curlin' aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard;
And see hoo they gether, comin' ower the brown heather,
The servant and master, the tenant and laird!
There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be.
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin'
Wi' *whirr* an' a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.
Then hurrah, &c.

It's an unco-like story that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangie like dogs ower a bane;
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in the frosty weather let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,
And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah, &c.

WE ARE NOT THERE, BELOVED!

A VOICE HEARD WHILE LOOKING AT THE GRAVES OF OUR HOUSEHOLD AT CAMPSIE.

We are not there, beloved!
So dry those tearful eyes,
And lift them up in calmness
To yonder cloudless skies;

To yonder home of glory,
Where we together live,—
'Tis all our Saviour died for,
'Tis all our God can give.

Yet, in that home of glory,
Midst all we hear and see,
The past is not forgotten,
And we ever think of thee—

Of thee and all our dear ones,
Far dearer now than ever,
For we are one in Jesus,
And nothing can us sever.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
And let those eyes be dry—
Oh, be not crushed by sorrow,
Nor ever wish to die.

Wish only to act bravely
In doing our Father's will,
And where our Master puts thee,
Be faithful and be still.

Be still! for God is with thee,
And thou art not alone,
But one in all thy labours
With the hosts around his throne.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
For not an hour is given
That may not make thee fitter
To join us all in heaven.

What though no sin or sorrow
Are in our world above,
Thy world below most needeth
The life and light of love.

Thou canst not see our glory
Beyond that peaceful sky,
Nor canst thou tell when angels
Or dearer friends are nigh:

But thou canst see the glory
Of our Saviour and our Lord,
And know his living presence,
And hear his living word.

Him, dear one! trust and follow,
Him hear with faith and love,
And He will lead thee safely
To join us all above.

And then we will remember,
And talk of all the past,
When sin and death have perished,
And love alone shall last.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Never did a kinder mother
Nurse a child upon her knee;
Yet I knew somehow or other
That she always feared for me.

When at school my teacher told her
I was busy as a bee—
Learning more than others older—
She was pleased—yet feared for me.

All the summer woods were ringing
With my shouts of joyous glee,
Through the house she heard me singing—
Yet she always feared for me.

Was she whimsical, or fretted?
That the dear one could not be!
Was I selfish, false, or petted?
That she always feared for me.

Did she think I did not love her,
Nor at heart with her agree?
Vain such question to discover
Why she always feared for me!

But one morn, in anguish waking
With a dreadful agony,
She said, in hers my small hand taking,
"He was drowned this day at sea."

And she told how but one other
Branch grew from her household tree,
And lest I, the best, should wither,
That was why she feared for me!

Then convulsively she snatched me;
Setting me upon her knee—
To her beating heart she clasped me,
While I sobbed, "Why fear for me?—

"For you told me I must walk, too,
In the path my father trod,
And that he, with none to talk to,
On the ocean walked with God.

"Often did you tell me, mother,
That our father's God was near—
That his Saviour was my brother—
Therefore I should never fear."

"I'll walk," I said, "as did my father;
Why then should you fear for me?
I'll not grieve you, for I'd rather
Sleep beside him in the sea!"

Then, again, she hugged and kissed me,
While I saw the shadows flee
From her anxious face that blessed me,
Now from sad forebodings free.

As she looked to Heaven, saying:—
"Thou hast given this child to me!"
Whispering o'er me, as if praying,
"Never more I'll fear for thee!"

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

I.

Tick! tick! tick! my heart is sick
To hear how time is flying;
For at break of day I must haste away,
And leave dear Kitty a-crying.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick, tick, tick?
Go slowly!—

II.

Tick—tick—tick—my heart is sick
To hear how time doth tarry;
For at break of day I will haste away,
My own dear Kitty to marry.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick—tick—tick!
So slowly?

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

What holy calm is this! The mountains sleep,
Wrapped in the sun-mist, through which heaven-born gleams
Kiss their old foreheads till they smile in dreams
Of early youth, when rising from the deep.

Baptized by God, they shared man's sinless days:—
Dreams, too, of Restoration, when shall cease
Creation's groans in universal peace,
And harmonies of universal praise.

But hark! From yonder glen the kirk-bell rings,
Where lambs at play 'midst purple heather bleat,
And larks make glad the air; while shepherds meet
To worship Christ. Good Lord! Thy world now sings
The hymn that louder yet shall fill the sky,
Of "Peace on earth! Glory to God on high!"

A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Ah! sune ye'll lay yer mither doon
In her lanely bed and narrow;
But, till ye're sleepin' by her side,
Ye'll never meet her marrow!

A faither's love is strong and deep,
And ready is a brither's,—
A sister's love is pure and sweet—
But what love's like a mither's?

Ye mauna greet ower muckle, bairns,
As round the fire ye gaither,
And see the twa chairs empty then,
O' mither and o' faither;

Nor dinna let yer hearts be dreich,
When wintry winds are blawin',
And on their graves, wi' angry sugh,
The snelly drift is snawin';

But think of blyther times gane by—
The mony years of blessing,
When sorrow passed the door, and nane
Frae 'mang ye a' were missing.

And mind the peacefu' gloamin' hours
When the out-door wark was endin',
And after time, when auld gray heads
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy baith are noo,
Aboon a' thocht or tellin';
For they're at hame, and young again,
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there
Yer faither and yer mither,
O love their God, and be gude bairns,
And O love ane anither!

JAMES C. GUTHRIE.

James Cargill Guthrie was born at Airniefoul Farm, in the parish of Glamis, Strathmore, Forfarshire, August 27, 1812. His father, a respectable tenant-farmer, could trace his descent from James Guthrie, the famous Scotch worthy who suffered martyrdom for his adherence to the Covenant at Edinburgh in 1651; and his mother was descended from the no less famous Donald Cargill, who suffered for the same cause in 1681. He was educated first at the neighbouring parish school of Kinnettles, and was afterwards sent to Montrose Academy, where he successfully studied for some years. Being intended by his parents for the Church, he then attended the necessary classes in Edinburgh University; but circumstances intervened which completely changed his destination, and instead of the Church he was consigned to the counting-house. This disappointment in the choice of a profession seems to have tinged with a kind of unrest the whole of his future life, and to have struck that tender chord which has given a tone of pensive sadness to all his writings.

Guthrie wrote verses from his earliest years; yet, although assiduously cultivating his poetical gifts, and occasionally contributing to magazines and reviews, he did not publish until 1851, and even then his *Village Scenes* appeared anonymously, so sensitively doubtful was he of ultimate success. Nevertheless the first edition of this long descriptive poem at once gained the ear of the public, and was rapidly disposed of. The work has now reached a fifth edition. In 1854 he published "The First False Step," which was also well received. In 1859 another continuous poem from his pen appeared entitled "Wedded Love." A large volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "My Lost Love, &c.," was published by him in 1865; followed in 1867 by "Summer Flowers." The last of his poetical works is "Rowena; or the Poet's Daughter," a poem in blank verse, which appeared in 1871.

The versatility of our author's genius showed itself by his publication in 1875 of *The Vale of Strathmore: its Scenes and Legends*, a large and exhaustive prose work, full of historical and legendary lore. He is also the author of several popular songs, amongst which may be noticed "The Bonnie Braes o' Airlie" and "The Flower of Strathmore," which have taken a high place amongst standard Scotch songs. In 1829, when a mere youth, he aided materially in establishing and conducting the *Christian Reporter*, the first cheap religious periodical published in Scotland. In this magazine, besides several able

papers in prose, appeared for the first time many of the earlier effusions of his muse.

In 1868 Mr. Guthrie was chosen from amongst a number of candidates to fill the position of principal librarian in the Dundee Public Library, then newly established. The duties of this office he continued satisfactorily to discharge until the whole library had been put into complete and thorough working order, when he retired from its management, receiving from the library committee, as representing the town-council and ratepayers, a handsome recognition of his valuable services.

THE UNSEEN.

'Twas on a wild and gusty night, in winter's
dreary gloom,
I sat in meditation rapt, within my lonesome
room,
While like a panorama passed the days of love's
sweet joy,
And all youth's blissful visions bright which
cheered me when a boy.

The winds let loose, mad shrieking howled,
among the leafless trees,
Sad from the distance hollow came the mur-
mur of the seas,
While on the trembling window-panes wild
dashed the sobbing rain,
Like a maiden by her lover left in sorrow and
in pain.

Clear high above the blast arose, like an ancient
melody,
The silver tones of a well-known voice—"I
come, my love, to thee;
My broken vows forgive, fain I would come to
thee for rest,
And pillow soft my weary head upon thy faith-
ful breast."

Like summer cloud across the blue, a shadow
on my soul
Fell dark and heavily, but quick it vanished
like a scroll:
Yes, freely I forgave, forgot the change she'd
wrought in me,
And seizing quick the lamp, I cried, "I come,
my love, to thee!"

The door I opened wide, and blushed to wel-
come to my hearth,
Her to my heart the dearest jewel, most pre-
cious gem of earth:
Alas! the flickering taper frail, it went out like
a spark,
And lo! all weeping, left me lone, faint crying
in the dark—
"Belovèd! O belovèd! come, I wait to welcome
thee!"
But no refrain came answering back, save the
wailing of the sea:
Yet still I cried—"Belovèd, come"—as if I'd
cry my last,
Heard only by the rushing wind, mock'd by
the stormy blast!

Deserted, sad, woe's me! return'd into my
widow'd room,
The chambers of my soul hung round with dark
funereal gloom,
Loud on the shivering window-panes wild beats
the sobbing rain,
Like a lover by his false one left in sorrow and
in pain!

THE LINKS O' BARRY.

In young life's sweet spring-time, one morn,
My heart like wax inclining
Some pure impression to receive,
My future keen divining;
A comely maiden fair I met
That made my footsteps tarry,
And bless the hour I wander'd forth
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, fragrant flowers 'mong sylvan bowers,
No longer can I tarry;
Far dearer to my heart the breeze
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Her eyes like violets steep'd in dew,
Her hair like sunshine glancing,
Like cherries ripe her pouting lips,
Her lily cheeks enhancing.
And O, her voice so soft and low,
Like music did she carry
My fluttering heart within her own,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O bonnie streams, sweet mountain streams,
With you I cannot tarry,
Far dearer to my heart the sea
That laves the Links o' Barry.

I took the rose-bud from my breast,
She, blushing, kiss'd its blossom;—
"Will you be mine?"—"I will;" the flower
She laid upon her bosom:
Then hand clasp'd hand, and lip met lip;
No longer could we tarry,
But vowed oft-times to meet again
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, hazel glades, sweet hazel glades,
'Mong you I cannot tarry;
The trysting hour approaches, love,
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Oh, cruel fate! why thus our hearts
So early, sadly sever;
Woes me! I mourn like wounded dove,
For ever and for ever!
Where'er you be, sweet early love,
My blessing with you carry,
Oft-times I muse on love's first joys,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
Bowers, glades, and streams, now fain would I
Among you ever tarry,
The trysting hour now comes no more
Adown the Links o' Barry.

THE MINSTREL'S LAY.

The winds were whistling loud and shrill,
Fast fell the wild and sobbing rain,
While in my desolate home I mused
Of joys which ne'er come back again.

My thoughts were melted into tears,
That ran like rivers to the sea,
Sore yearn'd my heart for those I loved,
With them I longed—oh! longed to be.

Thus hopeless, weeping like a child,
I heard no sound of opening door,
Nor human voice admittance claim,
Nor footsteps pace the oaken floor.

Yet there my own loved brother sat,
And smiled so sweetly now on me,
That lighter grew my heavy heart—
I wonder'd what his words might be!—

"With hope, dear brother, have I come
To guide you 'cross the stormy sea,
No longer mourn, weep, weep no more,
But come, my brother, come with me.

"All that you loved on earth have gone,
No one remains your heart to cheer;
A welcome waits you in the sky—
Oh! why then linger, tarry here?

"The world unheeds, nay, mocks your grief;
Night's gone; 'tis near the break of day;
The voyage is short, the shore soon reached—
Come, come, my brother, come away!"

I rose, enraptured, to embrace,
To take him kindly by the hand;
Then go together to rejoin
My all in that bright sunny land.

But he was gone! remembrance came;
I, trembling, held my stifling breath—
My brother dead for twenty years;
Oh! I have shaken hands with Death!

The ghostly warning well I know,
I'll welcome glad the break of day:
Hush!—listen—full the chorus swells—
"Come, come, my brother, come away!"

FORGET HER?

Forget her? mock me not; behold
The everlasting hills,
Adown whose rugged fissures dash
A thousand flashing rills;
E'en they, inheriting decay,
Slow moulder, though unseen;
But love, celestial sacred flower,
Is ever fresh and green.

Forget her? gaze on that bright stream,
E'er deepening as it runs
Its rocky channel, leaping free,
In storms and summer suns.
So in my heart of hearts do years,
As onward swift they roll,
The deeper grave in diamond lines
Her name upon my soul.

Forget her! hast thou ever loved?
Know then love cannot die;
Eternal as the eternal God,
'Twill ripen in the sky.
O yes! sad, drench'd in tears on earth,
By storms and tempests riven,
'Twill only blossom in its prime
In the golden air of heaven!

WILLS' BONNIE BRAES.

We love but once; in after life,
'Midst sorrows, hopes, and waes,
How fondly turns my yearning heart
To Wills' bonnie braes!

Upon a flower-enamelled bank
We sat in golden joy,
Within our inmost heart of hearts
What bliss without alloy!

The glad birds sang their even-song
Above each guarded nest,
Then folding soft their dewy wings,
Sank lovingly to rest.

Coy with her sunny ringlets fair
Did arch the zephyr's play,
While murmured fondly at our feet
The wavelets of the Tay.

Expressive silence reigned around,
I clasp'd her hand in mine—
She raised her eyes—I read it there—
Her answer—"I am thine!"

Alas! cruel Mammon with his wand
Hath cleft the rocks in twain,
And all our favourite pathways sweet
Have crumbled in the main.

All, all is changed, yet not more changed,
Woe's me, alas! than she;
Yet no reproach escapes my lips,
Though ever lost to me.

No turning love to scornful hate,
No wailing o'er my waes;
I only dream of early joys,
On Wills' bonnie braes.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' AIRLIE.

Bonnie sing the birds in the bright English valleys,
Bonnie bloom the flowers in the lime-sheltered alleys,
Golden rich the air, with perfume laden rarely,
But dearer far to me the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Winding flows the Cam, but it's no my ain loved Isla;
Rosy decked the meads, but they're no like dear Glenisla;
Cloudless shines the sun, but I wish I saw it fairly
Sweet blinkin' through the mist on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Thirsting for a name, I left my native mountains,
Drinking here my fill at the pure classic fountains;
Striving hard for fame, I've wrestled late and early,
An' a' that I might rest on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Yonder gleams the prize for which I've aye been longing—
Darkness comes atween, my struggles sad prolonging,
Dimly grow my een, and my heart is breaking sairly,
Waes me! I'll never see the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

THE FLOWER OF STRATHMORE.

The morning star's waning, the wild deer are springing,
And fair breaks the morn on the vale I adore,
Hark! sweet o'er the homesteads the lav'rocks are singing
Of golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

To songs of the mountains I've listen'd when roaming,
And heard the lute touch'd on a far southron shore,
But sweeter to me in the calm summer's gloaming,
The voice of my Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

Her hair of the sunniest, her eyes of the bluest,
On the lea tripping light as the fawn on the moor,
Her soul of the purest, her heart of the truest,
All rivals excelling, the flower of Strathmore.

Come, hope of my life, the light of each morrow,
In my heart fondly nestling, a love evermore,
To bless me in gladness, to cheer me in sorrow,
Dear, golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore!

ROBERT NICOLL.

BORN 1814—DIED 1837.

Few among the long list of Scottish poets of the nineteenth century have more closely approached the standard of their great master Burns than ROBERT NICOLL, who was born at Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, January 7, 1814. His father was at that time a farmer in comfortable circumstances; his mother's name was Grace Fenwick, a daughter of the venerable Seceder "Elder John," of whom Nicoll speaks so frequently and affectionately in his poems. His mother was the poet's first and almost only teacher, and by her aid he could read the New Testament when five years of age. At this period a sad reverse befell the family. His father had become security to a large amount for a relative, who failed and absconded, and Mr. Nicoll's ruin was the immediate consequence. He gave up his entire property to satisfy the creditors of this individual; he lost even the lease of his farm, and with his wife and several young children he left the farmhouse and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented. The young poet was thus from the date of his earliest recollection the son of a very poor man and the inmate of a very lowly home. In his sixth year he attended the parish school for a short time, and at seven he was set to herd in the fields during the summer months. Even at this early age Robert was a voracious reader, and never went to the herding without a book under his plaid; and from his studious disposition he was known among his young companions by the name of *the minister*. When about twelve he was taken from herding and set to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. During this time Robert was a diligent home student, and managed to acquire some knowledge not only of arithmetic and grammar, but also of Latin and geometry. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and although working from seven in the morning until nine at night, yet found time by abridging his hours of sleep to write verses and correspond for a newspaper. His first production as an author was an Italian love-story entitled "Il Zingaro," which appeared in *Johnstone's Magazine*. His health began to fail before the expiry of his apprenticeship, and in 1832 he returned home to be nursed by his loving mother. He rapidly recovered, and in September of that year he proceeded to Edinburgh in search of other employment. Here he met his friend Mr. Johnstone, and was introduced to Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Robert Gilfillan. Disappointed in not finding employment in Edinburgh, he opened a small circulating library in Dundee, and the year following published a volume of *Poems and Lyrics*, which was well received by the press and public.

The business upon which Nicoll had entered not proving profitable, he abandoned it and went again to Edinburgh, tormenting himself with the thought of an unpaid debt of £20, which his mother had borrowed to aid in establishing him in business. "That money of R.'s," he writes, "hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship, on earth than is. . . . Half the unhappiness of this life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not *my* way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed."

He obtained temporary employment in the

office of Mr. Tait, and through the kind intervention of that gentleman in the summer of 1836 he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times*, with a salary of £100 per annum. This was a weekly newspaper representing extreme Radical opinions, and Nicoll entered upon the work of editor with a burning zeal. "He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought their interests; but, amidst a struggle which scarcely admitted of a moment for reflection on his own position, the springs of a naturally weak constitution were rapidly giving way and symptoms of consumption became gradually apparent." The excitement of a political contest during a parliamentary election completed the physical prostration of the poet-editor; he removed to Knaresborough, and from thence to Laverock Bank, the residence near Leith of his friend Mr. Johnstone. Here he lingered until December 9, 1837, when his gentle spirit passed away. His remains were followed to the churchyard of North Leith by a large assemblage, and were interred near the grave of the dramatic poet John Home. It is now (1876) proposed to erect a suitable monument over the poet's grave. In 1836 Nicoll married Miss Alice Suter of Dundee, a lady possessed of sweet and gentle manners, and an unbounded admiration of her husband's talents. Her health was, like his own, extremely delicate; but although at first she appeared likely to precede her husband to the grave, she survived him for a considerable period before falling a victim to the same malady.

A second edition of Nicoll's poems, with numerous additions and a memoir of his life by Mrs. Johnstone, was published in 1842 by Mr. Tait, the publisher of the magazine which bears his name, and who had proved himself a faithful friend to the young poet. Since that date numerous editions of Nicoll's poems have appeared in Great Britain and the United States. Although some of his songs have attained a popularity only surpassed by those of Burns, they are not equal to his serious poems, which breathe that simple and pure piety which may be looked for in the descendant of such parents as his—"decent, honest, God-fearing people." Ebenezer Elliott says of Nicoll: "Unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns; happy in this, that without having been a 'blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious,' he chose, like Paul, the right path: and when the terrible angel said to his youth, 'Where is the *wise?*—where is the *scribe?*—where is the *disputer?* Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' he could and did answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Robert Nicoll is another victim added to the hundreds of thousands who 'are not dead, but gone before,' to bear true witness against the merciless."

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Infant! I envy thee
Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain;
Angels around thee hover in thy glee
A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blessèd things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
Ay, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent,
They bud and bloom; and straight their infant hours,
Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er:—
Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,
And blithe and happy be!

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the leaves are singing!

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheeks with tears:
Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?—
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
And from the right, ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth;
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest, has unveil'd her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree,
In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream;
Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood, and impurity, and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Come sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er—thou art a *man!*—
The struggle and the tempest both begin
Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can
A victory to win!

Say, toilest thou for gold?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?
A proud ambition, trifler, doth thee raise!
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may wondering gaze!

But would'st thou be a man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-soul'd freeman or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon-grave!

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To heaven, from whence it came!

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning, light and free!
The pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me!

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THE MORNING-STAR.

Thy smile of beauty, Star!
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale mystery! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity!

Star! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far, cold way:—
From time's first breath till now,
On thou hast flitted like an ether fay!
Where is the land from whence thou first arose;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway goes?

Pale dawn's first messenger!
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be!
Thou tellest earth and air
Of light and glory following after thee;
Of smiling day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness weeping!

Sky sentinel! when first
The nomade patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still:
And changeless thou hast looked on race, and name,
And nation, lost since then—but *thou* art yet the same!

Night's youngest child! fair gem!
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and to thy name
His own would join; then tremble when thou wast

In darkness; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blushed to earth—and thus the dreamer
dreamed and died!

Pure star of morning love!
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly
blow
In bushy dells, where thrush and blackbird
sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven
thou back dost bring!

Star of the morn! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait;
'Tis thine the bliss to see
Of lovers fond who 'mid the broom have met:
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled
dream!

Lone thing!—yet not more lone
Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,
With hopes all fled and gone—
Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.
Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far,
When blighted by deceit the heart's affections
are!

Mysterious morning star!
Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,
Than others nobler far—
Thou art like some free soul, which here
hath come
Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthrall'd—
A spark of mind, which God through earth to
heaven hath call'd!

Pure maiden star! shine on,
That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of
thee!
A home art thou—a throne—
A land where fancy ever roameth free—
A God-sent messenger—a light afar—
A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the morning-star!

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATION.

Nae sweetheart hae I—
Yet I'm no that ill-faur'd;
But there's ower mony lasses,
An' wooers are scared.
This night I the hale
O' my tocher wad gie,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Syne I wad get plenty
About me to speer—
Folk wadna be fashious
'Bout beauty or gear.
Hearts broken in dozens
Around I wad see,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Ae lover would ha'e
A' my errands to rin;
Anither should tend me
Baith outby an' in;
And to keep me gude-humour'd
Would tak twa or three,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Fond wooers in dozens,
Where I hae'na ane,
An' worshippin' hearts
Where I'm langin' alane:
Frae morning to e'enin',
How bless'd I wad be,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me!

A daft dream was yon—
It has faded awa';
Nae bodie in passin'
E'er gies *me* a ca'—
Nae sweetheart adorin'
I ever shall see,
Till a' ither bodie
Be married but me!

THE HA' BIBLE.[1]

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought
upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirred,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure
and free—
The God-enamell'd flowers—
The waving forest—the eternal sea—

[1] Wm. Howitt says:—"The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Robert Burns."—Ed.

The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

Oh! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The slave who reads shall never crouch again!
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given earth and sea and air—
Yea all that heart can ask of good and pure and fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That ALL thy Book might read,
And justice love, and truth, and liberty.
The gift was unto men—the giver God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go, spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth and truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting vow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read?

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

ORDÉ BRAES.

There's nae hame like the hame o' youth—
Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there.
An' I ha'e sat by mony streams—
Ha'e travell'd mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes,
By the burnie's side, an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love;
Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince in a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side;
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.
But thae hames are gane, an' the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth raze;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Gang ower the Ordé Braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' oh! an' I were there,
Wi' twa-three friends o' auld langsyne,
My wanderin' joy to share.
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A bit happy hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair!
Hame!—oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail, shakin' auld age, will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

THE HERD LASSIE.

I'm fatherless and motherless,
There's nane on earth to care for me;
And sair and meikle are the waes
That in the warld I maun dree.
For I maun work a stranger's wark,
And sit beside a stranger's fire;
And cauld and hunger I maun thole
From day to day, and never tire!

And I maun herd frae morn to e'en,
Though sleety rain upon me fa',
And never murmur or complein—
And be at ilka body's ca'.
I needna deck my gowden hair,
Nor mak' mysel' sae fair to see,
For I'm an orphan lassie puir—
And who would look or care for me?

The lave ha'e mithers gude and kind,
And joyful is ilk daughter's heart;
The lave ha'e brithers steve and strang,
To haud ilk loving sister's part.
But I'm a puir man's orphan bairn,
And to the ground I laigh must bow,
An' were it nae a sinfu' wish,
Oh! I could wish the warld through!

The caller summer morning brings
Some joy to this wae heart o' mine;
But I the joy o' life wad leave,
If I could wi' it sorrow tine.
My mother said, in Heaven's bliss
E'en puir herd lassies had a share;
I wish I were where mither is—
Her orphan then would greet nae mair!

BE STILL, THOU BEATING HEART.

Be still, be still, thou beating heart,—
Oh cease, ye tears, that fill my e'e;
In warldly joys I ha'e nae part—
Nae blithesome morning dawns for me.
I ance was glad as summer winds,
When fondling 'mang the grass sae green;
But pleasure now hath left my breast—
I am na' like what I ha'e been.

I ance was loved,—I loved again
The spreest lad in a' our glen;
I kent na' then o' care or pain,
Or burning brow, or tortured brain.
I braided then my flowing hair,
I had o' love and peace my fill;
Deep, deep I drank—but a' has gane—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should two hearts together twined
Be sever'd by stern fate's decree?
Why doth the brightest star of mind
Oft turn its darkest cloud to be?
My Jamie left his native glen,
My silken purse wi' gowd to fill;
But oh, he ne'er came back again—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should I longer watch and weep?
Hame, hame to yonder glen I'll gae;
There in my bridal bed I'll sleep,
Made i' the kirkyard cauld and blae.
I'll soon, soon wi' my Jamie meet,
Where sorrow has nae power to kill;
Earth's waes are past—and my poor heart
Will soon have peace—will soon be still.

THE PLACE THAT I LOVE BEST.

Where the purple heather blooms
Amang the rocks sae gray—
Where the moorcock's whirring flight
Is heard at break of day—

Where Scotland's bagpipes ring
Alang the mountain's breast—
Where laverocks lilting sing,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the lonely shepherd tends
His bleating hill-side flock—
Where the raven bigs its nest
In the crevice of the rock—
Where a guardian beacon-tower
Seems ilk rugged mountain's crest,
To watch aboon auld Scotland's glens,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the shepherd's reeking cot
Peeps from the broomy glen—
Where the aik-tree throws its leaves
O'er the lowly but an' ben—
Where the staunch auld-warld honesty
Is in the puir man's breast,
And truth a guest within his hame,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the gray-haired peasant tells
The deeds his sires have done,
Of martyrs slain in Scotland's muirs,
Of battles lost and won—
Wherever prayer and praise arise
Ere toil-worn men can rest,
From each humble cottage fane,
Is the place that I love best!

Where my ain auld mither dwells,
And longs ilk day for me—
While my father strokes his reverend head,
Whilk gray eneuch maun be—
Where the hearts in kirkyards rest
That were mine when youth was blest,
As we rowed amang the gowans,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the plover frae the sky
Can send its wailing sang,
Sweet mingled wi' the burnie's gush
That saftly steals alang—
Where heaven taught to ROBERT BURNS
Its hymns in language drest—
The land of Doon—its banks and braes—
Is the place that I love best!

Where the straths are fair and green,
And the forests waving deep—
Where the hill-top seeks the clouds—
Where the caller tempests sweep—
Where thoughts of freedom come,
To me a welcome guest—
Where the free of soul were nursed,
Is the place that I love best!

THE PUIR FOLK.

Some grow fu' proud o'er bags o' gowd,
And some are proud o' learning:
An honest poor man's worthy name
I take delight in earning.
Slaves needna try to run us down—
To knaves we're unco dour folk;
We're aften wrang'd, but, deil may care!
We're honest folk, though puir folk!

Wi' Wallace wight we fought fu' weel,
When lairds and lords were jinking;
They knelt before the tyrant loon—
We brak his crown, I'm thinking.
The muckle men he bought wi' gowd—
Syne he began to jeer folk;
But neither swords, nor gowd, nor guile
Could turn the sturdy puir folk!

When auld King Charlie tried to bind
Wi' airn, saul and conscience,
In virtue o' his right divine,
An' ither daft-like nonsense;
Wha raised at Marston such a stour,
And made the tyrants fear folk?
Wha prayed and fought wi' Pym and Noll?
The trusty, truthfu' puir folk!

Wha ance upon auld Scotland's hills
Were hunted like the paitrick,
And hack'd wi' swords, and shot wi' guns,
Frae Tummel's bank to Ettrick,—
Because they wouldna let the priest
About their conscience steer folk?
The lairds were bloodhounds to the clan—
The martyrs were the puir folk!

When Boston boys at Bunker's Hill
Gart slavery's minions falter;
While ilka hearth in a' the bay
Was made fair freedom's altar;
Wha fought the fight, and gained the day!
Gae wa', ye knaves! 'twas our folk:
The beaten great men served a king—
The victors a' were puir folk!

We sow the corn and haud the plough—
We a' work for our living;
We gather nought but what we've sown—
A' else we reckon thieving:—
And for the loon wha fears to say
He comes o' lowly, sma' folk,
A wizen'd saul the creature has—
Disown him will the puir folk!

Great sirs, and mighty men o' earth,
Ye aften sair misca' us;

And hunger, cauld, and poverty
Come after ye to thraw us.
Yet up our hearts we strive to heeze,
In spite o' you and your folk;
But mind, enough's as gude's a feast,
Although we be but puir folk!

We thank the Powers for gude and ill,
As gratefu' folk should do, man;
But maist o' a' because our sires
Were tailors, smiths, and ploughmen.
Good men they were, as staunch as steel—
They didna wrack and screw folk:
Wi' empty pouches—honest hearts—
Thank God, we come o' poor folk!

MILTON.—A SONNET.

Blind, glorious, aged martyr, saint, and sage!
The poet's mission God revealed to thee,
To lift men's souls to Him—to make them free;—
With tyranny and grossness war to wage—
A worshipper of truth and love to be—
To reckon all things nought but these alone;—
To nought but mind and truth to bow the knee—
To make the soul a love-exalted throne!
Man of the noble spirit!—Milton, thou
All this did'st do! A living type thou wert
Of what the soul of man to be may grow—
The pure perfection of the love-fraught heart!
Milton! from God's right hand, look down and see,
For these, how men adore and honour thee!

DEATH.[1]

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps,
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul! in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;—
I have a hope—a faith;—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair,
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better, all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day! shine on, be glad; days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes, than those of mortal are!

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can come:—

[1] This poem is believed to be the last, or among the last, written by Nicoll. A long poem, which he said would be by far the best thing he had ever written, founded on the story of Arnold of Brescia, was left unfinished, but the world would be glad to see the fragment, as yet unpublished.—ED.

The worthless day I heed not; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now;—
Open my chamber-window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook;
I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave,
Existence and its change my spirit cannot grieve!

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

James Hedderwick was born in Glasgow, January 18, 1814.[1] At an early age he was put to the printing business in his father's establishment. His tastes, however, being more literary than mechanical, he became dissatisfied with his position, and devoted all his leisure hours to study and composition, contributing in prose and verse to various newspapers and periodicals. In his sixteenth year he went to London. While there he attended the university, and gained the first prize in the rhetoric class. Before he was twenty-three he became sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper. In 1842 he returned to his native city and established the *Glasgow Citizen*, a weekly newspaper which long maintained a respectable position. In this journal Alexander Smith made his first appearance as a poet, and in later years poor David Gray first saw his beautiful lines in its columns, bearing the *nom-de-plume* of "Will Gurney." Among others who made their *début* in the *Citizen* was Mr. William Black, who has since attained great popularity as a journalist and writer of fiction.

Previous to leaving Edinburgh Mr. Hedderwick was entertained at a public dinner, at which the late Mr. Charles Maclaren, editor of the *Scotsman*, presided, and Mr. John Hill Burton, advocate, officiated as croupier, while the company included many literary men and artists of distinction. In 1844 he collected some of his poems which had appeared at various times in different periodicals, and published them in an elegant volume. After the death of the gifted David Gray Mr. Hedderwick prepared a most interesting memoir of his life, which was prefixed to his poems, together with an introductory notice written by Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton). In 1859 Mr. Hedderwick published another volume of poems, under the title of *Lays of Middle Age*. From this, his principal work, we make the subjoined selections.

In 1864 Mr. Hedderwick established the *Evening Citizen*, one of the first Scottish half-penny daily newspapers, which under his control maintains a high character, and is said to have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Scotland.

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems;

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthen'd shadow flings.

[1] "When I was eight years old," Mr. Hedderwick writes to the Editor, "I was in America for a few months, my father having emigrated thither with his family. Not liking the country, he returned somewhat abruptly, so that I narrowly escaped being a Yankee!" —Ed.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came—an uninvited guest—
From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before,
I shudder'd at the sight,
And I shudder still to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fix'd and dim;
And one there mourn'd a brother dead
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring,
But if the birds sang on the trees
I did not hear them sing!
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I look'd upon one wither'd flower,
And none else bloom'd for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
And every voice was low!
And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appear'd to start,
As if recall'd in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face
For memory to keep!
With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
Like odour from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life!
His every look—his every word—
His very voice's tone—
Come back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has pass'd with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remember'd
And the other soon forgot.
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
Time never can efface!

THE EMIGRANTS.

The daylight was dying, the twilight was dreary,
And eerie the face of the fast-falling night,
But closing the shutters, we made ourselves cheery
With gas-light and firelight, and young faces bright.

When, hark! came a chorus of wailing and anguish!
We ran to the door and look'd out through the dark;
Till gazing, at length we began to distinguish
The slow-moving masts of an ocean-bound bark.

Alas! 'twas the emigrants leaving the river,
Their homes in the city, their haunts in the dell;
From kindred and friends they had parted for ever,
But their voices still blended in cries of farewell.

We saw not the eyes that their last looks were taking;
We heard but the shouts that were meant to be cheers,
But which told of the aching of hearts that were breaking,
A past of delight and a future of tears.

And long as we listen'd, in lulls of the night breeze,
On our ears the sad shouting in faint music fell,
Till methought it seem'd lost in the roll of the white seas,
And the rocks and the winds only echoed farewell.

More bright was our home-hearth, more bright and more cosy,
As we shut out the night and its darkness once more;
But pale were the cheeks, that so radiant and rosy,
Were flush'd with delight a few moments before.

So I told how the morning, all lovely and tender,
Sweet dew on the hills, and soft light on the sea,
Would follow the exiles and float with its splendour,
To gild the far land where their homes were to be.

In the eyes of my children were gladness and gleaming,
Their little prayer utter'd, how calm was their sleep!

But I in my dreaming could hear the wind screaming,
And fancy I heard hoarse replies from the deep.

And often, when slumber had cool'd my brow's fever,
A dream-utter'd shriek of despair broke the spell;
'Twas the voice of the emigrants leaving the river,
And startling the night with their cries of farewell.

SORROW AND SONG.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers, by heedless footstep press'd,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight, cold and damp,
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

THE LAND FOR ME.

I've been upon the moonlit deep
When the wind had died away,
And like an ocean-god asleep
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of midnight's queen;
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've glided o'er
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees.
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce;
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.

MIDDLE AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table-land to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld,
None are so far but some are on before;

Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
The languid autumn mellows round us now;
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

Now he stroll'd along the pebbles, now he
saunter'd on the pier,
Now the summit of the nearest hill he clomb;
His looks were full of straining, through all
weathers foul and clear,
For the ship that he was weary wishing home.
On the white wings of the dawn, far as human
eye could reach,
Went his vision like a sea-gull's o'er the deep;
While the fishers' boats lay silent in the bay
and on the beach,
And the houses and the mountains were
asleep.

'Mid the chat of boys and men, and the laugh
from women's lips,
When the labours of the morning were begun,
On the far horizon's dreary edge his soul was
with the ships,
As they caught a gleam of welcome from
the sun.
Through the gray of eve he peer'd when the
stars were in the sky—
They were watchers which the angels seem'd
to send;
And he bless'd the faithful lighthouse, with its
large and ruddy eye,
For it cheer'd him like the bright eye of a friend.

The gentle waves came lisping things of pro-
mise at his feet,
Then they ebb'd as if to vex him with delay;
The soothing winds against his face came
blowing strong and sweet,
Then they blew as blowing all his hope away.
One day a wiseling argued how the ship might
be delay'd—
"'Twas odd," quoth he, "I thought so from
the first;"
But a man of many voyages was standing by
and said—
"It is best to be prepared against the worst."

A keen-eyed old coast-guardsman, with his
telescope in hand,
And his cheeks in countless puckers 'gainst
the rain,
Here shook his large and grizzled head, that
all might understand
How he knew that hoping longer was in vain.
Then silent thought the stranger of his wife
and children five,
As he slowly turn'd with trembling lip aside;
Yet with his heart to feed upon his hopes were
kept alive,
So for months he watch'd and wander'd by
the tide.

"Lo! what wretched man is that," asked an
idler at the coast,
"Who looks as if he something seem'd to
lack?"
Then answer made a villager—"His wife and
babes are lost,
Yet he thinks that ere to-morrow they'll be
back."

Oh! a fresh hale man he flourish'd in the
spring-time of the year,
But before the wintry rains began to drip—
No more he climb'd the headland, but sat
sickly on the pier,
Saying sadly—"I am waiting for the ship."
On a morn, of all the blackest, only whiten'd
by the spray
Of the billows wild for shelter of the shore,
He came not in the dawning forth, he came
not all the day;
And the morrow came—but never came he
more.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Charles Mackay, LL.D., one of the most popular poets of the day, is of honourable extraction, his paternal ancestors being the Mackays of Strathnaver in Sutherlandshire, while, on his mother's side, he is descended from the Roses of Kilravock, near Inverness.

He was born at Perth in 1814, but his early years were spent in London, his parents having removed there during his infancy, and he received the rudiments of his education in London, which was afterwards completed in the schools of Belgium and Germany. Young Mackay early manifested poetic genius, and in 1836 he gave his first volume of poems to the public. It attracted the attention of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who at once offered him a place on the paper, which was accepted, and filled with such ability that he was rapidly promoted to the responsible position of sub-editor. He soon became well known in London literary society. In 1839 a second volume appeared from his pen, entitled the *Hope of the World*, a poem in heroic verse. Soon afterwards he published *The Thames and its Tributaries*, a pleasant gossiping work; followed in 1841 by his *History of Popular Delusions*, a very entertaining and successful book.

In 1842 Mr. Mackay published his romance of *Longbeard, Lord of London*. His next publication was *The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality*, which appeared in 1842, and gave him an honourable position in the front rank of contemporary poets.[1] In 1844 he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, a journal devoted to the advocacy of advanced liberal opinions. His residence in Scotland enabled him to visit many places famous in Scottish history, the results of which were his *Legends of the Isles*, published in 1845, his *Voices from the Crowd* in 1846, and his *Voices from the Mountains* in 1847. A few months before the publication of the last-named volume the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. After conducting the *Argus* with ability and success for a period of three years, he received the appointment of editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and returned to the metropolis. The same year appeared his *Town Lyrics*, a series of ballads exhibiting the lights and shadows of the town. In 1850 was published his poem of "Egeria," probably the most artistic of his productions; and in 1856 he gave to the world two more volumes of poetry with the respective titles of *The Lump of Gold* and *Under Green Leaves*.

In 1857 Dr. Mackay visited the United States, delivering lectures there upon a theme which few have so well illustrated by their own genius—Songs National, Historical, and Popular. On his return to England he published *Life and Liberty in America*, one of his most popular works. In 1860 he issued another poetical volume entitled *A Man's Heart*. His *Studies from the Antique*, universally recognized as his noblest poetical work, appeared in 1863 during his absence in America. Dr. Mackay resided in New York from 1862 to 1865. In 1869 his poem *The Souls of the Children*, which originally appeared in 1856, and was distributed gratuitously all over the country in aid of the cause of popular education, was reproduced to stimulate the efforts of Mr. Gladstone's administration. In 1871 he published *Under the Blue Sky*, a collection of his contributions to *All the Year Round* and other periodicals. "*The Lost Beauties of the English Language:* an Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers," appeared in 1874. Dr. Mackay, who enjoys a pension on the civil list, has edited various works, including *The Book of English Songs, The Songs of Scotland, The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets*, and *Allan Ramsay and the Scottish Poets before Burns*.

A critic awards high praise to Charles Mackay as a poet, and remarks: "His verse is exceedingly sweet, flowing, and melodious; and his skill in the musical art has given him a command over the resources of rhythm which few English song-writers possess. In his happiest effusions he has combined the force of Burns with the elegance and polish of Moore." We may add that in all of Dr. Mackay's poetical writings is discernible the same high estimate of his calling and the objects to which he has dedicated his talent. The purification of literature and the advancement of mankind are both marked objects of his life. He has successfully achieved the dignified and proud position of the poet of the people, and is richly entitled to the compliment it is proposed to pay to him as such by the presentation of a substantial testimonial, to which his countrymen in all quarters of the globe where his songs and poems are known will be proud to contribute.

[1] Hugh Miller remarks of this work that "it was written while the author was conducting the sub-editorial department of a daily London paper, nor did he ever write anything superior to it."—ED.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe,
The strain recurred, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE.

I remember the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odours and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my youthful mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye suns and stars,
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars
And bore it through heaven on your golden cars.

And has it then vanish'd, that happy time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill,
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me if he would,
I have such friends for my every mood
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers! preach to me, skies!
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, wind! ye forests, nod!
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

O YE TEARS!

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart—thawing, thawing like the snow,
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snowdrops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the sun;

The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak,
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

There is a light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago—
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburden'd mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother.
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

A CANDID WOOING.

I cannot give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady;

But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;—
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady;
And, while thy gentle virtues live,
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;
The storm of passion lasts a day;
But deep, true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, friendship, honour, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more;
And friendship, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And honour, based on manly truth,
Shall live in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A traveller, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

A LOVER'S DREAMS.

I dream'd thou wert a fairy harp
Untouch'd by mortal hand,
And I the voiceless, sweet west wind,
A roamer through the land.
I touch'd, I kiss'd thy trembling strings,
And lo! my common air
Throbb'd with emotion caught from thee,
And turn'd to music rare.

I dream'd thou wert a rose in bloom,
And I the gale of spring,
That sought the odours of thy breath,
And bore them on my wing.
No poorer thou, but richer I—
So rich that far at sea
The grateful mariners were glad,
And bless'd both thee and me.

I dream'd thou wert the evening star,
And I a lake at rest,
That saw thine image all the night
Reflected on my breast.
Too far!—too far!—come dwell on earth!
Be harp and rose of May;—
I need thy music in my heart,
Thy fragrance on my way.

TO THE WEST.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil!
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast!
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go!
Where the green waving forests that echo our call
Are wide as old England, and free to us all!
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old!
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh,
Away, far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West!

APOLOGUE FROM "EGERIA."

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass;
"Where have I fallen—to what base region come?"
Exclaimed the one. "The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from attitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah, me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate."
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil;
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood:
Its sister acorn perished in its pride.

LAMENT OF CONA FOR THE UNPEOPLING OF SCOTLAND.[1]

Low o'er Ben Nevis the mists of the sunrise are trailing,
Dimly he stands, by the tempests of centuries worn;
Lonely Lochaber and gray Ballachulish are veiling
Their cold jagged peaks in the thick drooping vapours of morn;
Red gleams the sun o'er the ocean,
Lochlin with angry commotion
Batters the shore, making moan in its innermost caves;
While from each mountain height,
Fed by the rains of night,
Torrents come bounding to mingle their voice with the waves.

On through Glen Cona, the valley of murder and rapine,
Dark with the crimes and the sorrows of days that are past;

[1] Cona is the name given by Ossian to the river Coe, and one that ought to supersede the modern word.

On by the track where the three giant sphinxes of Appin
Loom through the moorland, unshapely, majestic, and vast;
On by the turbulent river,
Darting the spray from her quiver,
Bounding and rolling in glory and beauty along;
On by the rocky path,
Far through the gloomy strath,
Lonely I wander by Cona, the river of song.

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies, filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these true-hearted men?
Not for the past and its sadness,
Not for its guilt and its madness,
Mourn we, oh Cona! To-day has a grief of its own.
Forth go the young and old,
Forth go the free and bold,
Albyn is desolate! Rachel of nations! Alone!

Roll on, ye dark mists, and take shape as ye marshal before me,
One is among you—I see her, dejected and pale!
Mournful she glides; it is Cona, who hov'ring over me,
Chants in the roar of the stream her lament for the Gael.
Words from her echoes are fashioned
Surging like pibrochs impassioned;
Mourning for Scotland, and sobbing her useless appeals;
Sprite of the mountain stream,
Telling a truth—or dream!—
Reason is in it;—come, hear what the spirit reveals!

"Weep, Albyn, weep!" she exclaims, "for this dark desolation,
Green are thy mountains and blue are thy streams as of yore;
Broad are thy valleys to feed and to nurture a nation,
Mother of nations, but nation thyself never more!
Men of strong heart and endeavour
Sigh as they leave thee for ever;
Those who remain are down stricken, and weary, and few;
Low in the dust they lie,
Careless to live or die;
Misery conquers them foemen could never subdue.

"Once thou wert home of a people of heroes and sages;
Strong in the battle and wise in the counsel were they,
Firm in all duty, as rocks in the tempests of ages,
Loving and loyal, and honest and open as day.
Pure were their actions in story,
Clear was the light of their glory,
Proud were the chiefs of the clansmen who came to their call,
Proud of their race and laws,
Proud of their country's cause,
Proud of their faith, of their liberty prouder than all.

"Each Highland hut was the home of domestic affection;
Honour and Industry sat at the hearth of the poor;
Piety prompted the day's and the night's genuflexion;
Those who felt sorrow could still be erect and endure.
Born in no bright summer bowers,
Sweet were the fair human flowers—
Maids of the Highlands, array'd in their glory of smiles;
Blessings of good men's lives,
Thrifty and sober wives,
Mothers of heroes, the charm and the pride of the Isles.

"Where are they now? Tell us where are thy sons and daughters?
Albyn! sad mother! no more in thy bosom they dwell!
Far, far away, they have found a new home o'er the waters,
Yearning for thee with a love that no language can tell.
Cold are the hearths of their childhood,
Roofless their huts in the wild wood,
Bends the red heather no more to the feet of the clan;
Where once the clachan stood,
Come the shy grouse and brood,
Fearing no danger so far from the presence of man.

"Where the fair-headed, blue-eyed rosy babes of the Norland
Bathed in the burn, making merry the long summer noon,
Comes the red-deer undismay'd from his haunts in the moorland,
Slaking his thirst, where the pool shows its breast to the moon,
Where in the days long departed,
Maidens sat singing, light-hearted,
Sounds but the roar of the flood, or the whisper of rills;
Voices of human kind,
Freight not the vacant wind,
Music and laughter are mute on the tenantless hills.

"Nimrods and hunters are lords of the mount and the forest,
Men but encumber the soil where their forefathers trod;
Tho' for their country they fought when its need was the sorest,
Forth they must wander, their hope not in man but in God.
Roaming alone o'er the heather,
Naught but the bleat of the wether,
The bark of the collie, or crack of the grouse-slayer's gun,
Breaks on the lonely ear,
Land of the sheep and deer!
Albyn of heroes! the day of thy glory is done!"

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these desolate men?
Yes; but not here shall they find it;
Darkness has darkness behind it;
Far o'er the rolling Atlantic the day-star shall shine;
Young o'er the western main
Albyn shall bloom again,
Rearing new blossoms, old land! as majestic as thine.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

Miss Marion Paul Aird, the authoress of many sweet songs and sacred verses, is a native of Glasgow, where she was born in 1815. Her mother, a niece of the poet Hamilton Paul, was descended from an ancient family in the district of Cunningham, Ayrshire.[1] Miss Aird was educated at Glasgow, and in early life resided in the vicinity of that city; but for a number of years past she has lived at Kilmarnock. In 1846 appeared her first work, *The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;* followed in 1853 by a volume of prose and verse, entitled *Heart Histories.* She has also issued a large volume of poetry entitled *Sun and Shade,* and she received a grant from the royal bounty fund for her "Immortelle" on the late Prince Consort. At present (May, 1876) she is engaged in preparing for the press a new volume of *Sacred Songs and Leaflets,* and a series of articles entitled *The Poets' Garland.*

Miss Aird's beautiful hymn beginning "Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly," is sung in almost every Sunday-school in Scotland. It has been said, "Burns would have owned her as a sister—as animated by the spirit, clothed in the true mantle, and speaking the genuine language of poesy. She has a thousand-fold more of the poetical temperament than many he lauded as 'brithers'—far above the common grade of newspaper poetry."

HOPE.

Hope on, though happiness the heart may leave,
And beauty all around thee fade and die—
Let Hope her roses o'er thy future weave,
And paint her rainbow o'er the darkest sky;—
Hope, like a prisoned bird of promise, sings
Amid the storm, and beats her gilded bar—
Bright o'er the billow spreads her silver wings,
And points to lands of "living green" afar;
The dawn of glory in the heart that's riven,
Where faith gets glimpses of an opening heaven.

A purple glory, bright as Sharon's rose,
Glowed o'er the vine-clad hills of Galilee,
But clouds soon gathered o'er that eve's repose,
Fretting with silver waves the deep blue sea:
A little bark was toiling o'er the wave,
All tempest-torn, when, lo! a radiant form
Rose like the star of Hope above the grave,
And smoothed the ruffled spirit of the storm;

[1] The venerable poet Ainslie, writing to the Editor (Feb. 23, 1875), says—"Miss Aird is, I can see of verity, the child of my 'Margaret,' and her uncle Hamilton Paul used to make our house his home when he came to Bargeny; and though I was a wee boy then, I can recollect how he would set the table in a roar by his wit and humour."—Ed.

Peace o'er the night like dewy morning shone—
To the green shore the barque came floating on.

Hope on—though far, like Hagar in the wild,
From love and home—athirst—the water spent—
Alone—an empty cup—a dying child—
Cast off—her broken heart with anguish rent;
Far o'er the desert strains her weary eye—
No friend—no help of man can comfort bring;
"My child! my child! let me not see him die,"
The lone one cried, when, lo! a crystal spring.
Though love, and hope, and all but life be gone,
Think of the desert-well—and still hope on.

In yon green vale bereavèd ones are weeping—
Two loving sisters mourn a brother dead—
Their cherished one beneath the olive sleeping,
With him all beauty dies, all joy is fled;
Dark is the cloud that gathers o'er their home,
The sun of Hope upon the heart is set,—
Had *He* been here, they might not weep alone—
Can Jesus leave them?—can *He* e'er forget?
They see not *yet* the glory in the cloud!
He comes! the Comforter! and rends the shroud!

What though the tree, cut down, moss-shrouded lie,
And long beneath the tangled grass it sleep?
Like fountain waters, though the stream be dry,
The trampled root its golden sap may keep;
While round its withered heart a silver vein
Of fresh'ning waters like a sunbeam stray,
The tender branch may bud and bloom again,
And flowery verdure spring from dark decay;
Hope!—though the greenness of the bough be gone,
The *life is in its heart*—then still hope on.

THE FA' O' THE LEAF.

'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, and the cauld winds are blawin',
The wee birds, a' sangless, are dowie and wae;
The green leaf is sear, an' the brown leaf is fa'in',
Wan Nature lamentin' o'er simmer's decay.

Noo drumlie an' dark row the siller-like waters,
No a gowden-e'ed gowan on a' the green lea;
Her snell breath, wi' anger, in darkness noo scatters
The wee flowers, that danced to the sang o' the bee.

The green leaves o' simmer sing hopefu' an' cheerie,
When bonnie they smile in the sun's gowden ray;
But dowie when sear leaves in autumn winds eerie
Sigh, "Life, love, and beauty, as flowers ye decay."

How waefu' the heart where young hopes that gather,
Like spring-flowers in simmer, "are a' wede awa';"
An' the rose-bloom o' beauty, e'er autumn winds wither,
Like green leaves unfaded, lie cauld in the snaw.

But waefu' to see, as a naked tree lanely,
Man shake like a wan leaf in poortith's cauld blast,
The last o' his kin, sighin', "Autumn is gane by,"
An' the wrinkles o' eild tell "his simmer is past."

The fire that's blawn out, ance mair may be lighted,
An' a wee spark o' hope in the cauld heart may burn;
An' the "morning-star" break on the traveller benighted,
An' day, wi' its fresh gushing glories, return.

But dool, dool the fa', when shakes the clay shielin',
An' the last keek o' day sets for ever in night!
When no ae wee star through the dark clud is stealin',
Through the cauld wave o' death his dark spirit to light.

The spring-flowers o' life, a' sae blythesome and bonnie,
Though wither'd and torn frae the heart far awa',
An' the flower we thought fadeless, the fairest o' onie,
May spring up again whar nae freezin' winds blaw.

Kin' spring 'll woo back the green "bud to the timmer,"
Its heart burst in blossom 'neath simmer's warm breath;
But when shall the warm blush o' life's faded simmer
Bring back the rose-bloom frae the winter o' death?

How kin' should the heart be, aye warm an' forgi'en,
When sune, like a leaf, we maun a' fade awa';
When life's winter day as a shadow is fleein'—
But simmer aye shines whar nae autumn leaves fa'!

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,

Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
Come, come away; come away.

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

Calm sleep the village dead
In the auld kirk-yard;
But softly, slowly tread
In the auld kirk-yard.
For the weary, weary rest,
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath
The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
To the auld kirk-yard.
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
Veils the mystery of doom
In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
In the auld kirk-yard,
Though time's death-brooding wing
Shade the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep, dark earth
Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
In the auld kirk-yard;
They hear nae kindred weep
In the auld kirk-yard.
The sire, with silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
In the auld kirk-yard,
Wi' a passport to the sky
Frae the auld kirk-yard;
That when thy sand is run,
And life's weary warfare done,
Ye may sing o' victory won
Where there's nae kirk-yard.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Like an arrow through the air,
Or the fountain-flow of light,
Ministering angels fair,
Cleave the deep of night:
Quick as thought's electric glow,
Down into earth's chambers dark,
Fire-wheels running to and fro,
Like the eye of God, they dart;
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,
Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting, by thy side,
Like your shadow, all unweary,
Angel legions guard and guide—
Mantle, with their wing, your heart,
As a mother folds her child;
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,
Shielding from the tempest wild;
Silent, as the moonlight creeping,
Viewless as the ether breath,
Round the weary head when weeping,
Soothing with the peace of death,
Star-like shoots each holy one,
With sword of temper bright,
Casting the Almighty shield
Round the heir of light.

THE HERD LADDIE.

A herd laddie sat, in his plaidie o' gray,
Neath the beild o' a bush in the howe o' a brae,
On the moss-theekit stump o' an auld aiken tree,

By a wee wimplin' burnie that sang to the sea,
And silvered the hem o' a bonnie green knowe,
Whare the broom-bush, and breckan, and prim-
roses grow:
As wee stars that glimmer like sprinklins o'
gowd,
As they blink through the blue o' the gray
e'ening cloud,
His sheep lay besprent on the green mountain's
breast,
As white as the snaw-cleeded gowan they
prest—
Where the lammies were bleatin', an' jumpin'
wi' glee,
An' nibblin' the gowan that spangled the lea;
Noo laughin' and dancin' like youth's mornin'
wave,
Ere it wanders an' yaummers awa' to the grave.
The herd laddie doffed his wee bonnet, an'
smiled,
But a tear in his dark ee my heart near him
wyled,
Like an amber bead trickled adown his brown
cheek,
Clear as pearlins o' dew-draps that glanced at
his feet:
I said, "Wee herd laddie, what maks you sae
wae,
A' nature around you is smilin' an' gay—
Come, tell me your story, I'll sit by your side—
What book's that you're hidin' aneath the gray
plaid?
Are ye cauld, are ye hungry? is't far frae your
hame?
Hae ye faither or mither?" He sighed—"I
hae nane.
Yon bonnie cot house in the lap o' the glen,
When a bairnie, I toddled its but an' its ben;
When I leuk till't I greet—for that ance was
my hame—
Noo faither, and mither, an' help I hae nane;
Syne the nicht faither dee't gushes back to my
mind,
Though maister and mistress to me are fu' kind;
An' there is the psalm round his bed that we
sung—
I hear his last words drappin' yet frae his tongue:
O, the tears happit fast frae his dim closin' e'e!
When he blest us, an' tauld us his bairns he
maun lea'e;
An' that is his Bible he gied me, an' said,
'Mind your Father in heaven, my bairns, when
I'm dead;'
When my wee brithers grat round the auld
elbow chair—
For he learned us the psalms on the Sabbath
e'en there;
And we kneeled on that hearth-stane where
uncos noo meet;
When I think I've nae hame, oh! what wonder
I greet;
But I leuk to the skies, an' I ken there is ane
Wha lo'es me an' guides me, tho' on earth I
ha'e nane."
Oh! the heart that ne'er warms for the
faitherless bairn
Is hard as the millstane, an' cauld as the airn;
Oh! daut them and cleed them, wi' mitherly
care—
They are nurslings o' heaven—oh! nurse them
wi' prayer.

A MEMORY DEAR.

FOR THE NEW YEAR 1876.[1]

O sing me the song
Of years long agone,
When we met in gloamins
So cheery,

For my heart oft is sore
For the loved ones of yore,
Who come nae mair back,
When I am eerie;

Wherever ye be,
By shore or by sea,
Ye still sing to me
When aweary!

There's a throne wi' nae sea,
Tho' friends parted be,
Where we'll rest in the lea
When life-weary.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THEODORE MARTIN, who has earned high repute as a translator from the Danish, French, German, Italian, and Latin, and as the literary partner of Professor Aytoun, is a native of

[1] Miss Aird writes: "I have lost many friends of late: you might insert this, as it is a pet piece."—ED.

Edinburgh, where he was born, September 16, 1816. He is a son of Mr. James Martin, solicitor in the supreme court of Scotland, and afterwards one of the depute clerks of Session. Young Martin, on the completion of his studies in Edinburgh, adopted the profession of a solicitor, and thereafter formed a partnership with Mr. Robert Roy, W.S. At this period he, in connection with his friend Aytoun, wrote the comic ballads published under the pseudonym of *Bon Gaultier*,[1] the portion of the collection referring to American matters being attributed to Martin. In his memoir of Aytoun he says on this subject: "Some papers of a humorous kind which I had published under the *nom-de-plume* of 'Bon Gaultier,' had hit Aytoun's fancy; and when I proposed to go on with others in a similar vein he fell readily into the plan, and agreed to assist in it. In this way a kind of Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844."

In 1846 Mr. Martin established himself in London as a parliamentary agent and solicitor, and some years afterwards (1857) was married to the distinguished actress Miss Helen Faucit. He has always been actively engaged in his profession, in which he occupies a prominent place; but during his thirty years' residence in the metropolis he has found or made leisure for much literary labour. In conjunction with Professor Aytoun he translated a number of Goethe's poems and ballads, which were published in 1858; and after his friend's death he wrote an admirable memoir of his life. Their joint work, the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, has passed through twelve editions. In 1860 Mr. Martin delighted the public with a volume of Horace's Odes, which is allowed to be the best translation of that author that has yet been published —the Horatian manner and *curiosa felicitas* being preserved in a way deemed impossible in the earlier stages of our literature. This work has passed through several editions. Among Mr. Martin's other works may be mentioned an edition of Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais's Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translations of the "Vita Nuova" of Dante; Oehlenschlaeger's Danish dramas of "Aladdin" and "Correggio;" Goethe's "Faust;" "King Rene's Daughter," by Henrik Hertz; and "Catullus;" "Essays on the Drama;" a "Memoir of the Prince Consort," prepared by authority of the Queen, of which the first volume was published in 1875; and a handsome volume of miscellaneous poems, from which the following pieces have been selected. This volume is entitled "Poems, Original and Translated, by Theodore Martin: London, printed for Private Circulation, 1863." Several of his works have been republished in the United States, where they enjoy a wide popularity.

THE INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[2]

See, where eager throngs are pouring inwards
from the busy street!
Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir
of many feet!
Hark! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is
no common clay
To that dull and rueful anthem shall be laid
in dust to-day!
In yon minster's hallow'd corner, where the
bards and sages rest,
Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another
guest.
There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil
against the sun,—
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a
poet's course is run?
Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart
and bare of brow,
For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now!
Souls that kept their trust immortal, dwelling
from the herd apart,
Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a
nation's heart,
Names that on great England's forehead are
the jewels of her pride,
Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall
slumber by their side!

[1] The name is taken from the prologue to the first book of *Rabelais*.—Ed.

[2] Written *currente calamo* just after the author had witnessed that very impressive ceremony in July, 1844.

Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine eyes,
And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's mountains rise.
Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet well,
Greenly braided by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain where the lonely eagles be;
Thou hast seen the kindly heather bloom around his simple bed,
Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead.
Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky.
It may be such grave were better—better rain and dew should fall,
Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever-verdant pall;
Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,
Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured aisles,
Better aftertimes should find him—to his rest in homage bound,—
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around.
Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must start—
For we love our country dearly—in each burning Scottish heart;
Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,
'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy bier.
Hark! a rush of feet! They bear him, him the singer to his tomb;
Yonder what of him is mortal rests beneath yon sable plume;
Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears they be,
Which on manly eyes may gather—tears 'twere never shame to see,
Tears that water lofty purpose, tears of welcome to the fame
Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name.
Sadder, sadder let the anthem yearn aloft in wailing strain,
Not for him, for he is happy, but for us and all our pain!
Louder, louder let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,
Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul!
He has laid him down to slumber to awake to nobler trust,
Give his frame to kindred ashes, earth to earth and dust to dust!
Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunder rise!
Hark! a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies!
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest!

THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.

Toll no sullen bell for me,
None, when I am dying;
Let my spirit's requiem be
But the zephyr's sighing,
And the wood-bird's melody,
When the day is dying.

Rear no solemn marble where
Low my head reposes,
Let earth's sweet flowers blossom there,
Lilies pure and roses,
And beside it children fair
Sport and gather posies.

I have loved, and life was dear
All its pulses thorough;
He is dead, and life is drear,
Why, then, should ye sorrow?
Strew no cypress on my bier,
We shall meet to-morrow.

MARK BOZZARI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.)

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound,
Up and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground.
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?

Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?
Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its victory!
See, a turban'd head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!
See, oh see, the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom, like lightning flashes, flash'd the fury from our eyes,
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes;
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his blade and vow'd its weird.
Then Bozzari's voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!
On with God! through Him our foemen, death itself through Him is shent.
On!" and swift he snatched the bugle from the hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer, clear and clearer to the call;
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie—
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd his appalling cry,
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes smite them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers there.
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they meet,
Ran and frenzied by death's angels, who amidst their myriads stray'd,
Brother, in bewildered fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight;
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd seed they lay
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey.
Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! and we found thee gash'd and mown,
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds alone,
By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seam'd thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long last slumber take!
Rest beside that rock of honour, brave Count Normann, rest thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their dead!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ.[1])

At midnight, from the sullen sleep of death the drummer rose,
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale are hid as forth he goes,
With solemn air and measured step he paces on his rounds,
And ever and anon with might the doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately the rattling sticks let fall,
By turns they beat in rattlings meet reveillé and roll-call;

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1 Joseph Christian Von Zedlitz, a German poet, is credited with the authorship of "The Midnight Review," in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*.—ED.

Oh! strangely drear fell on the ear the echoes of that drum,
Old soldiers from their graves start up and to its summons come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows, in icy cerements lapp'd,
Or in the mould of Italy all sweltering are wrapp'd,
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile, or desert's whirling sand,
Break from their graves, and armèd all spring up at the command.

And at midnight from death's sullen sleep the trumpeter arose,
He mounts his steed, and loud and long his pealing trumpet blows;
Each horseman heard it, as he lay deep in his gory shroud,
And to the call these heroes all on airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—they were a ghastly file—
And underneath the glittering casques their blench'd skulls grimly smile;
With haughty mien they grasp their swords within their bony hands,—
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave their long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight from the sullen sleep of death the chief arose,
Behind him move his officers, as slowly forth he goes.
His hat is small—upon his coat no star or crest is strung,
And by his side a little sword—his only arms —is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue across the mighty plain,
As he that wore the little hat stepp'd proudly forth again—
And well these grizzly warriors their little chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night to muster in review.

"Present—recover arms!" The cry runs round in eager hum,
Before him all that host defiles while rolls the doubling drum.
Halt!—then he calls—his generals and captains cluster near—
He turns to one that stands beside and whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank it wings along the Seine,
The word that chieftain gives is "France!" the answer—"Sainte-Hélène!"
And thus departed Cæsar holds, at midnight hour alway,
The grand review of his old bands in the Champs Elysées.

THE SERENADE.

(TRANSLATION FROM LUDWIG UHLAND.)

What soft low sounds are these I hear,
That come my dreams between?
Oh! mother, look, who may it be
That plays so late at e'en.

"I hear no voice, I see no form,
Oh! rest in slumber mild!
They'll bring no music to thee now,
My poor, my ailing child."

It is not music of the earth
That makes my heart so light,
The angels call me with their songs—
Oh, mother dear, good night!

JOHN CRAWFORD.

BORN 1816—DIED 1873.

JOHN CRAWFORD was born in 1816 at Greenock, in the same apartment where, thirty years previous, had died his mother's cousin, the "Highland Mary" of Burns' song. He was from boyhood obliged to work for a livelihood, and learned the trade of a house-painter. In his eighteenth year he removed to Alloa, where he resided till his death, Dec. 13, 1873.

He early made himself acquainted with the pleasures of literature, and lost no opportunity of cultivating his mind. In 1850 he published a small volume entitled *Doric Lays: being Snatches of Song and Ballad.* Miss Mitford wrote of this little work: "There is an originality in his writings very rare in a follower of Burns. . . . This is the true thing—a flower springing from the soil, not merely cut and stuck into the earth. Will you tell Mr. Crawford how much pleasure he has given to a poor invalid?" His poetry was also highly commended by Lord Jeffrey.

In 1860 Mr. Crawford produced a second series of *Doric Lays,* a volume of considerable merit, which was published in Edinburgh. An interesting and entertaining volume entitled *Memorials of the Town of Alloa,* containing a historical and descriptive account of the town and parish, written by Crawford, and edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, was published a few months after the poet's death.

MY AULD WIFE JEAN.

My couthie auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e;
For then I can speak o' the days I ha'e seen,
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An', blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer'd wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes and the ills lang o' life we ha'e borne;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bein,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir beildless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en;
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist;
And soon we'll lie laigh; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

THE LAND O' THE BONNET AND PLAID.

Hurra! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw, and the slae;
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath, where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb:
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade,
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid?

Oh, hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love!
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honour'd for ever be matron and maid
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowany glen and the bracken-clad brae,
Where blooms our ain thistle, in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

ANN O' CORNYLEE.

I'll twine a gowany garland
Wi' lilies frae the spring;
The fairest flowers by Clutha's side
In a' their bloom I'll bring.
I'll wreathe a flowery wreath to shade
My lassie's scornfu' e'e—
For oh, I canna bide the frown
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed,
My lowly cot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
Is a' my worldly gear;
A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
Is a' I ha'e to gie;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The lintie 'mang the yellow broom,
The laverock in the lift,
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
O' hope and joy bereft;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
The ills I ha'e to dree,
For lovin' o' a paughty maid,
Fair Ann o' Cornylee.

THE WAES O' EILD.

The cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I ha'e been.

Ther're runkles on my broo,
Ther're furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
Whan o' bygone days I speak.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my bairnies ha'e gane,
Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin' life wad be
But ae lang simmer day?
My feet like lichtnin' flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They gimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my first luve lies cauld,
Oh, let me lie there.

The ourie breath o' eild
Has blown ilk frien' frae me;
They come na near my beild
I ha'e dauted on my knee;
They haud awa their heids,
My frailties no to see;
My blessings on them, ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary and worn—
To the friens o' my youth
I maun soon, soon return.

HUGH MACDONALD.

Born 1817 — Died 1860.

Hugh Macdonald was of Highland parentage, and was born in Bridgeton, Glasgow, April 4, 1817. After receiving a very limited education he was apprenticed to the block-printing business, and was first employed in the Barrowfield Works, which he has described in one of his poems as "The Guid Auld Field." He early became noted for his love of country rambles, and was familiar with every hill and dale from the Mearns Moor to Campsie Glen, and along the whole course of the Clyde from Stonebyres Linn to Bowling Braes. In this way the education which he was not privileged to derive from books he acquired in his youth from nature. He especially became no mean proficient in the science of botany, in all his excursions carrying his vasculum with him for the collection of wild plants. This knowledge stood him in good stead at a later period by giving precision and accuracy to what he

wrote, while it quickened his appreciation of and sympathy with nature. Having by his industry saved a little money he began a small business in Glasgow, but it proved unsuccessful, and Macdonald, after honourably discharging all his liabilities, retired from it with a mere trifle in his possession. He then returned to his trade of block-printing in a work near Paisley, to and from which he walked every day from Glasgow, a distance of sixteen miles!

It was about this time that Macdonald's literary career began. His first effusions were poetical, and were followed by a series of letters in defence of the character of Robert Burns from an inconsiderate and ill-advised attack made upon it by a popular Scottish writer. These letters were published in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a paper in which Macdonald's name was afterwards frequently met with in the poets' corner. In 1849 the block-printer fairly embarked in the career of a man of letters by becoming sub-editor of that newspaper. Soon after occupying his new position he began his series of "Rambles Round Glasgow," which appeared in the *Citizen* under the signature of "Caleb." The companion series of sketches descriptive of the Firth of Clyde, and entitled "Days at the Coast," were also commenced during his connection with the *Citizen*, and concluded in the columns of the *Glasgow Times*. Both these delightful volumes, abounding in charming description and enriched with poetic effusions, have been repeatedly republished, and have met with an extensive circulation.

In 1855 Mr. Macdonald connected himself with the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and was soon after appointed editor of the *Glasgow Times*. In June, 1858, when the *Morning Journal* was established, he accepted the position of literary editor, and the connection continued until his death. In this capacity sketches, essays, and reviews were constantly appearing from his pen; and among the rest a "Series of Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places," on the same plan as his two preceding volumes. But they lacked the freshness of his earlier efforts; and his friends saw painful evidences that his health was failing. After eleven years of laborious exertion for the amusement and instruction of the public, the genial and admired Macdonald died, March 16, 1860, in the forty-third year of his age. At the time of his decease he was engaged in the preparation of a work on "Old-Folk Lore," the aim of which was to gather legends, traditions, and auld-warld stories of the west of Scotland.

Mr. Macdonald was a member of various literary and scientific societies, in whose proceedings he took a prominent part. He presided at the celebration of the centenary of the birth-day of Robert Burns in Glasgow; and the year previous had the honour of being entertained at a public dinner in his native city. To show the estimation in which he was held by all sections of the community, it may be stated that after his death a sum of £900 was raised by subscription, and invested for behoof of his widow and children.

In 1863 a volume of Macdonald's poems and songs, with a memoir of his life, was published in Glasgow. The writer says of him that he "was emphatically a man of the people—a representative man. Not only did he excel as a journalist and as a writer of prose which will be permanent, but he was a true poet, to the manner born. Sprung from the industrial classes, he was proud of his origin, and always ready to uphold the dignity of labour and defend the rights of the working man. . . . A kinder-hearted man never breathed, and he was guileless even to a fault." He was especially free from literary jealousy, and was generous and prompt to acknowledge the merits of others. In especial he was among the first to recognize and call attention to the real genius of Alexander Smith, whose firm friend he remained till death.

WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A gowden dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

I never saw thy winsome face,
Thy bairnly beauty rowed in grace;
Yet thou art with me every place,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Where flick'ring beams beneath the trees
Flit playful in the summer breeze,
The eye of fancy ever sees
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
And aft in sighs her words wad fail,
When in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low, sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar;
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Blue curling reek on the breeze afloat
Quiet hover'd abune thy snaw-white cot,
And strange wild birds of eeriest note
Swept ever o'er Auchineden.

Sweet scented nurslings o' sun and dew,
In the bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves
Aft lilted to thee in the silent eves,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,
And birds to thy side all fearless came,
Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,
And kindness has charms a' charms above;
'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee;
"Lang here," they sighed, "ye wadna be,"
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years;
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed with wae—
The auld kirkyard has her darling's clay;
But a better hame is thine for aye,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside,
And sorrow has crushed the hearts of pride;
For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn;
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—
The mirk, mirk gloamin' sune shall fa';
To death's dark porch we journey a',
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the warld is dune,
And the purple stream has ceased to rin,
May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

THE BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
I love them one and all—
The eagle soaring high in pride,
The wren so blithe and small.
I love the cushat in the wood,
The heron by the stream,
The lark that sings the stars asleep,
The merle that wakes their beam.

O the birds of dear old Scotland,
I love them every one—
The owl that leaves the tower by night,
The swallow in the sun.
I love the raven on the rock,
The sea-bird on the shore,
The merry chaffinch in the wood,
And the curlew on the moor.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
How lovely are they all!
The oozel by the forest spring
Or lonely waterfall!
The thrush that from the leafless bough
Delights the infant year,
The redbreast wailing sad and lone,
When leaves are falling sear.

O for the time when first I roamed
The woodland and the field,
A silent sharer in the joy
Each summer minstrel pealed.
Their nests I knew them every one—
In bank, or bush, or tree;

Familiar as a voice of home,
Their every tone of glee.

They tell of birds in other climes
In richest plumage gay,
With gorgeous tints that far outshine
An eastern king's array.
Strangers to song! more dear to me
The linnet, modest gray,
That pipes among the yellow broom
His wild, heart-witching lay.

More dear than all their shining hues,
The wells of glee that lie
In throstle's matchless mottled breast
Or merle's of ebon dye.
And though a lordling's wealth were mine,
In some far sunny spot,
My heart could never own a home
Where minstrel birds were not.

Sweet wilding birds of Scotland,
I loved ye when a boy,
And to my soul your names are linked
With dreams of vanished joy.
And I could wish, when death's cold hand
Has stilled this heart of mine,
That o'er my last low bed of earth
Might swell your notes divine.

TO THE CLYDE.

O'er all the streams that Scotia pours
Deep murmuring to the sea,
With warmest love my heart still turns,
Fair, winding Clyde, to thee!
Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles,
Thy placid waters glide,
Linked to a thousand mem'ries sweet,
My own, my native Clyde!

Let others love the tangled Forth,
Or mountain-shadowed Spey;
The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee,
Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay;
From all their charms of wood or wild,
I ever turn with pride
To where the golden apple gleams,
On thy green banks, sweet Clyde!

It is not that thy heaving breast
A kingdom's wealth has borne,
That pregnant barques, a gorgeous crowd,
Thy spacious ports adorn;
'Tis not thy cities fair to see,
Thy castled homes of pride,
That knit this heart in love to thee,
Thou proudly rolling Clyde!

An heir of poverty and toil,
Thy wealth to me is naught,
Yet thou hast treasures to my soul,
With deepest pleasure fraught—
The homes of living, and the graves
Of parted friends are thine—
The loving hearts, the tried, the true,
Bright gems of sweet "Langsyne."

Oh! honied were my joys, I ween,
When 'side thee, lovely stream!
Life dawned upon my wakening soul,
Bright as a poet's dream,
Then daisied fields to me were wealth,
Thy waters were a sea,
And angel voices in the clouds
The larks' far showers of glee.

How loved I, on thy pebbled marge,
To watch the minnows play!
Or on thy rippled breast to set
My tiny barque away!
Or chasing wide the painted fly,
Along thy skirt of flowers,
While on the swallow-wings of joy
Flew past the laughing hours.

Each smiling season then had charms—
Spring came with buds and flowers,
And wild-bird nests, with bead-like eggs,
Leaf-screened in woodland bowers;
Summer brought aye the rushy cap,
The dandelion chain;
While hips and haws, like gems were strewn
O'er autumn's yellow train.

But years of mingled weal and woe,
Like bubbles on thy wave,
Have passed: and friends are scatter'd now,
Or slumbering in the grave.
The dust of time has dimmed my soul,
And 'neath vile passion's sway,
Its freshness and its bloom have passed
For evermore away.

Yet still I love thee, gentle Clyde;
For aye, as with a spell,
Thou bring'st me back the cherished forms
In mem'ry's haunts that dwell.
Like sunshine on the distant hills,
Life's early joys I see:
And from the brightness of the past,
I dream what heaven may be.

Dear stream, long may thy hills be green,
Thy woods in beauty wave,

Thy daughters still be chaste and fair,
Thy sons be true and brave!
And, oh! when from this weary heart
Has ebbed life's purple tide,
May it be mine, 'mongst those I've loved,
To rest on thy green side.

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel'
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers, while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;
For the wayworn and weary aft rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae gray,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,
And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My mem'ry aft haunts thee by nicht and by day;
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane,
Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e pa'ta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

TO OCTOBER.

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
Clad in glowing mantles sear;
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the west, when day's descending,
Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

Beauteous are thy rowan trees, glowing
With their beads of coral dye;
Beauteous are thy wild-rose bushes,
Where the hip in ripeness blushes,
Like a maid whose lover's nigh.

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping
From the tangled blackthorn bough,
Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage,
Clustering o'er the woodland cottage;
Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
Droopeth sad the sweet bluebell.
Gone the blossoms April cherished—
Violet, lily, rose, all perished—
Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm gray morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
Music of the falling leaf
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its inmost depths revealing;
"Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October!
More than budding, blooming Spring,
Hers is hope, delusive smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
Mem'ry loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer,
Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
Death laid low my bosom flower.
Life hath been a wintry river
O'er whose ripple gladness never
Gleameth brightly since that hour.

Hearts would fain be with their treasure,
Mine is slumb'ring in the clay;
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
For its own October day.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, a well-known Scoto-Canadian poet, was born at Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, August 12, 1818. His father, Charles M'Lachlan, was a mechanic and the author of some very respectable verses. In 1820, in company with a brother, he went to Canada and purchased land, which he partially cleared, and set out on his return to Scotland for his family, but died on the way, leaving a wife and four children unprovided for. Alexander, the only son, was sent by the mother as soon as he was able to work to the cotton factory, where the pittance which he earned helped to support the family. But he soon grew weary of the thirteen hours' daily imprisonment in the factory, and left it to become a tailor's apprentice. At this time he devoted all his leisure hours to reading Burns, and ere long became passionately fond of poetry and oratory. He went far and near to hear celebrated speakers; and he says in a letter to us dated Oct. 31, 1865, "I still recollect the feelings of rapture with which I listened to Chalmers and O'Connell." He soon began to try his powers as a poet and also as a public speaker.

In 1841 M'Lachlan removed to Canada and settled on a farm, but for many years he has followed the vocation of a lecturer on literary and other topics. In 1862 he was sent by the Canadian government to set before his countrymen in Scotland the advantages to be gained by emigrating to Canada. From his friends and admirers in Johnstone he received a public ovation, and was at the same time presented with an elegant walking-stick, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Alexander M'Lachlan, Esq., Poet, by his friends at a public supper given him in Johnstone, his native town, as a mark of respect, and as a memorial of his visit to this country from Canada. Nov. 14, 1862." Twelve years later he was again entertained by his fellow-townsmen, and received a handsome gift of books.

M'Lachlan's first volume, entitled *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, was published in Canada in 1855. Three years later another volume with the title *Lyrics* appeared, followed in 1861 by *The Emigrant, and other Poems*. His latest publication, a handsome octavo volume entitled *Poems and Songs*, appeared in 1874.

I WINNA GAE HAME.

I winna gae back to my youthfu' haunts,
For they are nae langer fair—
The spoiler has been in the glades so green,
And sad are the changes there;
The plou' has been to the very brink
O' the lovely Locher fa',
And beauty has fled wi' the auld yew-trees
And the bonnie wee birds awa'.

Young spring aye cam' the earliest there,
Alang wi' her dear cuckoo,
And the weary autumn lingered lang
Wi' her lonely cusha-doo;
And peace aye nestled in ilka nook
O' the bonnie gowany glen,
For it's always Sabbath among the flowers,
Awa' frae the haunts o' men.

How aft hae I paused in thae green retreats
O' the hare and the foggy-bee,
While the lintie lilted to his love—
As blythe as a bird could be;
And the yorlin sang on the whinny knowe,
In the cheery morn o' spring,
And the laverock drapt frae the cloud at e'en,
To fauld up her weary wing.

And the mavis sang in the thorny brake,
And the blackbird on the tree,
And the lintwhite tauld his tale of love,
Far down in the gowany lea;
And the moss an' the cress an' the crawflow'r crept
Sae close to the crystal spring,
And the water cam' wi' a laughin' loup,
And awa' like a living thing.

And it sang its way through the green retreats,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That the rowan listened on the rock,
And the hazel leaned to hear;
And the water-lilies raised their heads,
And the bells in clusters blue,
And the primrose came wi' its modest face,
A' wat wi' the balmy dew.

And the hoary hawthorn hung its head—
As lapt in a blissfu' dream,
While the honeysuckle strained to catch
The murmurs o' that stream;
And the buttercup and the cowslip pale,
To the green, green margin drew,
And the gowan cam' and brought wi' her
The bonnie wee violet blue.

And the rèd red rose and the eglantine,
And the stately foxglove came,
And mony an' mony a sweet wee flower,
That has died without a name;
While the burnie brattled doun the brae,
In her ain blithe merry din,
And leapt the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
And roared in the boiling linn;

And churned hersel' into silver white,
Into bubbles green and gay,
And rumbled round in her wild delight,
'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray;
And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim,
Like the snawdrift on the lee,
And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,
She sang awa' to the sea.

But the trees are felled and the birds are gane,
And the banks are lone and bare,
And wearily now she drags her lane
Wi' the heavy sough o' care;
And fond lovers there shall meet nae mair,
In the lang, lang simmer's e'en,
To pledge their vows 'neath the spreading boughs,
Of the birk and the beech sae green.

In a' my wanderings far or near,
Through thir woods sae wild and lane,
There was still ae spot to memory dear,
That I hoped to see again;
But I'll no gae back, I'll no gae back,
For my heart is sick and sair,
And I couldna bide to see the wreck
O' a place sae sweet and fair.

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old gray stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On the old gray stone
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er threescore and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
Which the soul can only hear!
She is not alone
On the old gray stone,
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now;
But the Eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps:
She feels the balm of bliss is pour'd
In her lone heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone
On the old gray stone,
Has a peace the world knows not.

THE HALLS OF HOLYROOD.

O let me sit as evening falls
In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
Of ancient Holyrood;
And think how human power and pride
Must sink into decay,
Or like the bubbles on the tide,
Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
To see the archers good
Draw bow within the ringing courts
Of merry Holyrood;

Ah! where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase?
Past, past away!

And where the monks and friars gray,
That oft in jovial mood
Would revel till the break of day
In merry Holyrood?
The flagons deep are emptied out,
The revellers all away;
They come not to renew the bout—
Where, where are they?

And where the plaided chieftains bold
That round their monarch stood?
And where the damsels that of old
Made merry Holyrood;
And where that fair, ill-fated queen,
And where the minstrels gray
That made those vaulted arches ring—
Where, where are they?

Tho' mould'ring are the minstrels' bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart,
And diadems decay—
But those old gushings of the heart
Never pass away.

MAY.

O sing and rejoice!
Give to gladness a voice,
Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
Rejoice with the flowers,
And the birds 'mong the bowers,
And away to the greenwoods, away!
O blithe as the fawn,
Let us dance in the dawn
Of this life-giving, glorious day;
'Tis bright as the first
Over Eden that burst—
Thou'rt welcome, young joy-giving May!

The cataract's horn
Has awaken'd the morn,
Her tresses are dripping with dew;
O hush thee, and hark!
'Tis her herald, the lark,
That's singing afar in the blue.
Its happy heart's rushing,
In strains wildly gushing,
That reach to the revelling earth,
And sink through the deeps
Of the soul, till it leaps
Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All nature's in keeping!
The live streams are leaping
And laughing in gladness along;
The great hills are heaving,
The dark clouds are leaving,
The valleys have burst into song.
We'll range through the dells
Of the bonnie bluebells,
And sing with the streams on their way:
We'll lie in the shades
Of the flower-covered glades
And hear what the primroses say.

O, crown me flowers
'Neath the green spreading bowers,
With the gems, and the jewels May brings;
In the light of her eyes,
And the depth of her dyes,
We'll smile at the purple of kings.
We'll throw off our years
With their sorrows and tears,
And time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the streams, and the birds, and the flowers.

LORD LINDSAY'S RETURN.

O weel I mind of that happy morn,
When I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

And the joyous brothers, fair and tall,
Came bounding forth from the castle hall,
With their ringing welcome, one and all.

And a sister came with her fairy feet,
The happy sprite of that green retreat;
Oh why! oh why! did we ever meet?

And we ranged the dells and the forest free,
And O, what a joyous band were we,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

No sorrow came to those bowers so green,
For we had no time to think, I ween,
On the what might be, or the what had been.

But I left them all for a distant land,
Where the lakes and the woods are wild and grand,
But my heart still turn'd to that joyous band.

Aweary of fortune's fickle gleams,
I sat me down by the stranger's streams,
And wander'd away to the land of dreams.

Again we rang'd through the forest free,
And sang our songs 'neath the greenwood tree,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

When many a year had roll'd away,
And mine auburn locks were tinged with gray,
I homeward went on a joyous day.

And on to the hall I hurried fast,
And the green lanes knew me as I past,
And the old hills said, "Thou art come at last."

Again, as on the happy morn
I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

With hope and fear my heart did bound,
But no one came at the welcome sound,
And Echo only answer'd round.

And I rush'd into the castle hall,
But I found, for the true hearts one and all,
But pictures hanging on the wall.

For the joyous ones were dead and gone,
And their names inscrib'd on a mould'ring stone
In the village churchyard old and lone.

And the forester was old and gray,
And he said, that like the flowers of May,
He saw them one by one decay.

And I sought once more the greenwood tree,
And I sat me down and sighed, "Ah me!"
Sorry as only old hearts can be!

SCOTLAND REVISITED, OR THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

When mony a year had come and gane,
  And I'd grown auld and hoary,
And mony a hope had proven vain,
  And mony a dream o' glory;
Then backward to my childhood's hame
  A weary langing sent me,
I found my native vale the same,
  But very few that kent me.

There were the hills my childhood saw,
  They look'd as if they knew me;
And well they might!—when far awa'
  Oh how they did pursue me!
And there amang the broomy braes
  I often paus'd and ponder'd
Upon the joys o' ither days,
  Then on again I wander'd.

At length our cot appear'd in view,
  O weel I kent the biggin,
There was the same o'erhanging yew
  And thack upon the riggin';
And there the winnock in the en'
  Wi' woodbine train'd sae trimly,
And up aboon the cosie den
  Reek swirlin' frae the chimly.

O how my heart leapt at the sicht,
  Till I could hardly bear it;
I felt as if I wad gang gite,
  For I was maist deleerit.
And hurrying to the sacred spot,
  Ilk thump cam' quick and quicker,
I tried to pray, but in my throat
  The words grew thick and thicker.

To hide my tears I vainly strove,
  For nae ane cam' to meet me,
Nae mother wi' her look o' love,
  Nae sister cam' tae greet me:
For gane were they, baith ane an' a',
  The dear hearts that I cherish'd,
Gane, like the flowers o' spring awa',
  Or like a vision perished.

This was the spot of all most dear.
  Where all my dreams were centr'd;
And yet, wi' trembling and wi' fear,
  Beneath that roof I enter'd.
There was the place my father sat,
  Beside my mother spinning,
An' a' the bairns, wi' merry chat,
  In joy around her rinning.

There in the cottage of my birth,
  The same roof-tree above me,
I stood, a wanderer on the earth,
  With nae ane left to love me.
Oh! I had often stood alone
  On many a post of danger,
But never wept till standing on
  My native hearth—a stranger!

I sought the auld kirkyard alane,
  Where a' the lov'd are sleeping,
And only the memorial stane
  Its watch aboon them keeping;
It only said that they were dead—
  Once here, but now departed;
A' gane! a' gane! to their lang hame,
  The true, the gentle-hearted.

O life, I cried, is all a woe,
  A journey lang and dreary:
Is there nae hame to which we go,
  Nae heart-hame for the weary?
I cleared the weeds frae aff the stane,
  And lang I sat and ponder'd
Upon the days for ever gane,
  Then weary on I wander'd.

WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., an influential member of the Conservative party, was born at Kenmure, near Glasgow, March 8, 1818. He is the only son of the late Archibald Stirling of Keir, Perthshire, the representative of an old and wealthy family; his mother was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, Renfrewshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1839 and M.A. in 1843. Soon after he printed for private circulation a small volume of poems entitled *The Songs of the Holy Land,* composed chiefly during a visit to Palestine. Having turned his attention to the study of Spanish history, literature, and art, he resided some time in France and Spain for the prosecution of his researches. He wrote *The Annals of the Artists of Spain,* issued in three volumes in 1848; *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, published in 1852, for which he had carefully prepared himself by visiting the convent of Yuste, the place to which the monarch retired, as well as by a most diligent search for materials in the archives of France; *Velasquez and his Works,* issued in 1855; and *The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V., designed* by Martin Heimskerch *in 1555, and now illustrated with portraits, prints, and notes:* London, 1870, folio, privately printed.

At the general election in 1852 Stirling was returned to the House of Commons as member for Perthshire, which county he continues to represent. In 1865, by the death of his maternal uncle Sir John Maxwell, he became heir to the baronetcy, and assumed the name of Maxwell. He was elected rector of St. Andrews University in 1863, when he received the degree of LL.D.; and he was honoured with the same high office by the University of Edinburgh in 1872. Three years later he was elected chancellor of the University of Glasgow as successor to the late Duke of Montrose. Sir William married in 1865 Lady Anna Maria Melville, third daughter of David, eighth earl of Leven and Melville, who died December 8, 1874, leaving two sons.

Among various published or privately-printed books edited or written by Sir William, may be mentioned *Lemmata Proverbialia;* Catalogues of Books relating to Proverbs, Emblems, and Ana, and to the Arts of Design, in the Library at Keir, 1860, two vols. 8vo; a handsome volume issued in 1873, entitled *The Turks in 1533;* a series of drawings made in that year at Constantinople by Peter Coeck of Aelst; and in 1875 two volumes folio, entitled *The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Bologna, Nov. 5, 1529;* and *The Procession of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. on the occasion of the Coronation, Bologna, February 24, 1530.* These magnificent series of engravings were drawn and designed the first by an anonymous Venetian, and the second by Nicholas Hogenberg, and have been reproduced in fac-simile from the very rare originals.

RUTH.

The golden smile of morning
On the hills of Moab play'd,
When at the city's western gate
Their steps three women stay'd.
One laden was with years and care,
A gray and faded dame,
Of Judah's ancient lineage,
And Naomi her name;
And two were daughters of the land,
Fair Orpah and sweet Ruth,
Their faces wearing still the bloom,
Their eyes the light of youth;
But all were childless widows,
And garb'd in weeds of woe,
And their hearts were full of sorrow,
And fast their tears did flow.
For the Lord God from Naomi
Her spouse and sons had taken,
And she and these that were their wives,
Are widow'd and forsaken;

And wish or hope her bosom knows
None other but to die,
And lay her bones in Bethlehem,
Where all her kindred lie.
So gives she now upon the way
To Jordan's western waters—
Her farewell kisses and her tears
Unto her weeping daughters:
"Sweet daughters mine, now turn again
Unto your homes," she said,
"And for the love ye bear to me,
The love ye bear the dead,
The Lord with you deal kindly,
And give you joy and rest,
And send to each a faithful mate
To cheer her widow'd breast."

Then long and loud their weeping was,
And sore was their lament,
And Orpah kiss'd sad Naomi,
And back to Moab went;
But gentle Ruth to Naomi
Did cleave with close embrace,
And earnest spoke, with loving eyes
Up-gazing in her face—
"Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor sever from thy side,
For where thou goest I will go,
Where thou bidest I will bide;
Thy people still my people,
And thy God my God shall be;
And where thou diest I will die,
And make my grave with thee."

So Naomi, not loath, was won
Unto her gentle will;
And thence with faces westward set,
They fared o'er plain and hill;
The Lord their staff, till Bethlehem
Rose fair upon their sight,
A rock-built town with towery crown,
In evening's purple light,
'Midst slopes in vine and olive clad,
And spread along the brook,
White fields, with barley waving,
That woo'd the reaper's hook.
. . . . . .
Now for the sunny harvest field
Sweet Ruth her mother leaves,
And goes a-gleaning after
The maids that bind the sheaves.
And the great lord of the harvest
Is of her husband's race,
And looks upon the lonely one
With gentleness and grace;
And he loves her for the brightness
And freshness of her youth,
And for her unforgetting love,
Her firm enduring truth—
The love and truth that guided Ruth
The border mountains o'er,
Where her people and her own land
She left for evermore.

So he took her to his home and heart,
And years of soft repose
Did recompense her patient faith,
Her meekly-suffer'd woes;
And she became the noblest dame
Of palmy Palestine,
And the stranger was the mother
Of that grand and glorious line
Whence sprang our royal David,
In the tide of generations,
The anointed king of Israel,
The terror of the nations:
Of whose pure seed hath God decreed
Messiah shall be born,
When the day-spring from on high shall light
The golden lands of morn;
Then heathen tongues shall tell the tale
Of tenderness and truth—
Of the gentle deed of Boaz,
And the tender love of Ruth.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.[1]

In Bruxelles Emperor Charles abode, fifth
Cæsar of the name;
Weary with life's long toil was he, and rack'd
with gout his frame;
His cheek was pale, his step was frail, seldom
he crossed the door,
He could not rule as he had ruled in the good
days of yore,
Nor meet the French in field and trench as he
was wont to do,
When o'er the Flemish border the lilied banner
flew;
Wherefore he had devis'd and dealt to lay the
burden down
Of pomp, and power, and majesty; of sceptre,
orb, and crown;
And all his world-wide heritage, and all his
sword had won,
To give unto Don Philip now, his dear and
only son,

[1] This poem is a translation of a Spanish ballad or romance, printed in the *Cancionero General*, Antwerp, 1577, descriptive of the abdication of the sovereignty of the Low Countries by the emperor at Brussels. The abdication took place in the same hall in which, more than forty years before, Charles had been presented by his aunt Margaret to a similar audience as reigning sovereign of the Netherlands.—Ed.

Don Philip, King of England, who that noble realm had brought
Back to Christ's faith from heresy by rebel Luther taught.
So Cæsar and the English King in Bruxelles town were met,
And paction was between them made, and time of signing set;
The year of grace one thousand was, five hundred fifty-five,
The famous year that saw the morn of this great deed arrive,
Friday, October twenty-five, three afternoon, the day
And hour, when Cæsar sign'd and seal'd his diadems away.

At Bruxelles, in the ancient hall within the castle gate,
Where valiant Dukes of Burgundy erst kept their royal state,
Upon the dais richly dight, beneath the canopy,
The throne was set, and all a-row stood chairs of honour three.
Fair Flanders' looms had spread the walls with storied hangings o'er;
And Cæsar and Don Philip came, with trumpets blown before,
With Mary, Queen of Hungary, high lady wise and wight,
And Savoy's Duke of iron mould, and many a lord and knight
Of broad Brabant and proud Castille, great chiefs of war and peace,
Grave magistrates of towns and states, and knights of Golden Fleece.

Then Cæsar sat upon his throne with calm and gracious mien,
And right and left on either hand, bade sit the King and Queen;
And near the Queen the Duke was set; and down below, the floor
Scarce held the folk that throng'd to see, a thousand souls and more.
So when the heralds silence call'd, the whispering hum was still,
And rose the Chancellor of the Fleece to speak the Emperor's will;
In weighty, well-grac'd words he said how Cæsar's Majesty
Would pass the evening of his days from broil and battle free,
And giving to Don Philip now his royal place and state,
Will'd that his loving people's will the gift should consecrate.

Then slowly, when the Chancellor ceas'd, the Emperor arose,
And told of all his toils at home, and wars with foreign foes,
How twice to heathen Barbary his Christian flag he bore,
And now eleven times had passed the stormy ocean o'er,
And how one passage more, the twelfth, for him did yet remain,
If God should grant his sole desire, to end his days in Spain.
From his first hour of royal power it had been his endeavour
Justice to mete and right to do with equal balance ever;
But if in absence, or by chance or frailty led astray,
Wrong he had done, he pray'd them all to pardon him that day;
And so he bade them all farewell, and left them to his son,
Their lord, whose rule in other realms the people's hearts had won;
This witting, he, for such a son, could joyfully lay down
The sacred trust he else had kept, of sceptre, sword, and crown;
And last of all, in earnest wise three things he did commend
Unto their care, and bid them hold in honour to the end:
Their holy faith, their country's peace, their duty to their lord,
Who lov'd them, and would win their love: this was his parting word.

Then rose the King unbonneted, and stood before the throne,
And for his father's gracious words, and grace and favour done,
Gave thanks; and humbly kneeling down he sought to kiss his hand,
But Cæsar threw his arms about his neck and bade him stand;
And many a tear was shed the while by loving sire and son,
And by the Queen, and Duke, and Knights, and nobles every one.

Next for the Cities and Estates a learnèd jurist spake,
And told the Emperor how well they were content to take
His hopeful son their lord to be; whereon Don Philip bade
The reverend Lord of Arras speak, who courteous answer made.

Then last the good Queen Mary rose, of her
long reign to tell,
And bid in fair and gentle speech her people
all farewell;
Foremost of lands to make their land—for this
she still had striven,
And now for faults and errors past she sued to
be forgiven.

In courtly words th' Estates replied they
mourn'd to see her go,
But with them still was law her will, and she
would have it so.
Wherewith the goodly company arose and
went their way
As evening fell; and so the King became our
Lord that day.

SHALLUM.

Oh, waste not thy woe on the dead, nor bemoan him,
Who finds with his fathers the grave of his rest;
Sweet slumber is his, who at night-fall hath
thrown him
Near bosoms that waking did love him the best.

But sorely bewail him, the weary world-ranger,
Shall ne'er to the home of his people return;
His weeping worn eyes must be closed by the
stranger,
No tear of true sorrow shall hallow his urn.

And mourn for the monarch that went out of Zion,
King Shallum, the son of Josiah the Just;
For he the cold bed of the captive shall die on,
Afar from his land, nor return to its dust.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

Thomas Carstairs Latto, author of the fine song "When we were at the Schule," was born in the parish of Kingsbarns, Fifeshire, Dec. 1, 1818. His father, Alexander Latto, was the parish schoolmaster; his mother's name was Christina Anderson. After receiving his elementary education in his father's school Latto entered the University of St. Andrews, where he proved himself a good student during the five sessions that he continued there. In 1838 he went to Edinburgh, and entered the office of John Hunter, auditor of the Court of Session, where he acted as the Parliament House and conveyancing clerk. He was afterwards employed in the office of William Mackenzie of Muriston, W.S., agent for the Duke of Sutherland and the Seaforth family. He subsequently acted as clerk to Professor Aytoun, and at a later period became managing clerk to a solicitor in Dundee. Latto in a letter to the Editor, dated May 10, 1872, says:—"My connection with Professor Aytoun was merely nominal. I did no work for him, and received no compensation! . . . Hunter was a man of fine literary abilities, and would fain have been a poet, but lacked the power of expression. He was of the gentlest nature, and one of the most genial of men. Muriston was quite a character, and noted for his high temper, but in the three years that I was with him—and I was constantly in his room—we never had a tiff. He did not require my presence after three o'clock, so that I was pretty much my own master. It was a great mistake I made when I left him to go to Dundee."

In 1852 Latto entered into business in Glasgow as a commission merchant, and subsequently went to New York. He adds: "My life since I came to America has not been very eventful, but it has been somewhat chequered. Poets, if I may reckon myself among the number, have rarely much of the money-making faculty, and in this regard I am a true *vates*. I have always, however, been prudent, steady, and careful; and if I have not commanded success, have at least endeavoured to deserve it. . . . I started the *Scottish American Journal*, a number of my friends taking shares, but the financial troubles of 1857 compelled me to leave the paper, which was continued and is now flourishing." Latto then entered the publishing house of Ivison & Co. of New York, where he remained for eleven years—"the most peaceful period of my life," he says. In 1871 he began business as a real-estate agent in Brooklyn, where he at present resides with his family.

Latto's first poetical effusions appeared in

the *Fife Herald* while he was at college, but always anonymously or with the name of some other student affixed—a liberty at which it appears no offence was ever taken. Many of his later songs appeared in the pages of *Whistle-binkie* and the *Book of Scottish Song*. In 1845 he edited a poem entitled "The Minister's Kail-yard," which, with a number of his own compositions, was published in Edinburgh in that year. Mr. Latto's principal work, "The Village-school Examination," completed some years ago, is still in manuscript; but it is his intention to have it published, with other tales and songs, in Scotland. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers an extract from this fine picture of Scottish life, exhibiting so many interesting reminiscences of home and boyhood. Mr. Latto has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of his adopted country, as he was before leaving Scotland to those of his native land, including *Tait's Magazine*. His lines on the American novelist J. Fenimore Cooper, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1870, are among the finest that he has written, and are worthy of the author of "The Grave of Sir Walter Scott," first published in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas gloamin', and the autumn sun
Had shed his last and loveliest smile,
When late I ferried o'er the stream,
To Dryburgh's mouldering pile:
For I had wander'd from afar,
And brav'd the wild Atlantic's wave,
To see the poet's resting-place—
The "mighty Wizard's" grave.

I stood within the ruin'd fane,
Beside Saint Mary's grated aisle,
No sound was in that lonely spot,
No voice was on the gale,
Save when at intervals there came
A mournful music sweet and slow—
The murmur of his own loved Tweed
That calmly roll'd below.

I linger'd till the harvest-moon
Peer'd through the ivied loopholes there,
And still delay'd to quit a scene
So gloomy, yet so fair.
And was it here, life's fever o'er,
In this sequester'd holy spot,
Lay mingling with its kindred clay
The dust of Walter Scott?

I gazed with feelings strange and sad,
Fulfill'd the cherish'd wish of years,
I leant my brow against the stone,
And melted into tears.
Ah! where is now the flashing eye
That kindled up at Flodden field—
That saw in fancy onsets fierce,
And clashing spear and shield?

The eager and untiring step
That urged the search for Border lore,
To make Old Scotland's heroes known
On every peopled shore?
The wondrous spell that summon'd up
The charging squadrons fierce and fast,
And garnish'd every cottage wall
With pictures of the past?

The graphic pen that drew at once
The traits alike so truly shown
In Bertram's faithful pedagogue
And haughty Marmion?
The hand that equally could paint,
And give to each proportion fair,
The stern, the wild Meg Merrilees,
And lovely Lady Clare?

The glowing dreams of bright romance,
That teeming fill'd his ample brow—
Where is his darling chivalry—
Where are his visions now?
The open hand, the generous heart,
That joy'd to soothe a neighbour's pains?
Nought, nought I see save grass and weeds,
And solemn silence reigns.

The flashing eye is dimm'd for aye,
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold,
No longer pours his trumpet-note
To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand,
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there.

What if it be? his fame resounds
To far creation's farthest rim;
No forest, lake, or mountain gray
But speaks and breathes of him.

Why pours yon stream by Holyrood?
'Mong weeds they look for Muschat's pile:
Why dart yon boats from fair Kinross?
They seek Lochleven's isle.

Why flock yon crowds up Benvenue,
What marvels there their gaze await?
Dost thou not know the meanest cairn
Genius can consecrate?
Yes! castle, lake, and moated wall—
The outlaw's glen and cavern grim,
Have each a tongue, if thou canst feel,
To speak and breathe of him.

The victor on the battle-field
Looks proudly round, and claims the prize;
But thou beneath us hast achieved
Far mightier victories.
The hero when in death he falls,
Nations may hail his deeds divine:
Ah! bought with blood and widows' tears,
His fame is poor to thine!

"Give me," the Syracusan cried,
And saw a globe in fancy hurled—
"Give me but where to plant my foot,
And I will move the world!"
Now Scotland! triumph in a son
Who triumphed in a grander thought;
Great Archimedes, now outdone,
Bows to thy Walter Scott—

Who the gigantic lever plied,
And plies while we his fame rehearse,
Swaying, obedient to his will,
A moral universe.
Behold thick Prejudice dispell'd!
And whose the blest, the god-like boon?
The Sun of Waverley arose
And made the darkness noon.

Deem ye his tales an idle task?
They joined the poles in kindly span—
Made seas but highways to our friends,
And man to feel for man.
They showed the proud what worth might glow
Beneath a breast that russet wore:
They gave the hind a rank and place
He had not known before.

Yes! persecuted Hebrew! tell
Where'er a Jewish maid may roam,
She knows, she feels, in every heart
Rebecca has a home.
The Paynim in a hostile land
Throws down his sword and counts us kin,
Proud that a Briton's bosom glows
For noble Saladin.

Courage in high or low he hails,
King, squire, with equal eye he saw:
Brave Richard of the Lion heart,
And the heroic Shaw.
Yon cottar feels his class is rich
In Nature's nobles—shaming queens:
Ah! not a prattler climbs his knee
But lisps of Jeanie Deans.

Praise, deathless love, to him who thus
A stubborn tide could backward roll;
Rein in the chafing pride of man,
And triumph in the soul.
The grave, the gay—the child, the sage—
The lovers 'neath the hawthorn hoar—
All for a while their dreams forget,
And o'er his pictures pore.

The force of truth and nature see!
For all peruse, and all admire,
The duchess in her ducal hall—
Her milkmaid by the fire.
We laugh, we weep, as he may choose,
To blend our willing tears with smiles,
At Lucy Ashton's hapless fate,
And Caleb's honest wiles.

We see before us strut in pride
The Bailie, "pawky, hard, and slee,"
The wily lawyers tangling yet
Poor Peter Peebles' plea.
Again we glow with Ivanhoe,
His burning words so charm the sense,
And hear the Covenanter pour
His strange wild eloquence.

The Antiquary, stern and gruff,
Rejoicing in the caustic joke,
Stamp at the name of Aikin Drum,
And quail 'neath Eddie's mock.
Tell him of Steenie's fate, or hint
Of dreams his own young days beguil'd;
The soul within that rugged husk
Is gentle as a child.

Where'er the winds of heaven have blown,
We hear his numbers borne along
In martial strain or tender plaint—
The magic of his song.
Long Beauty's lips shall chant those lays
In Music's bower for ever green,
Bold Ettrick's Border march renown'd,
And Jock o' Hazeldean.

Yet pause awhile! among the names
Thy genius steep'd in Pity's dew;
Though thou didst sigh o'er Mary's griefs,
Thine own have not been few.

Who has not wept when—dropped the veil
O'er homes and hearts to us unknown—
Thou gav'st us, but for one brief hour,
A glimpse into thine own!

Ah! bitter were thy thoughts, I ween,
With old Sir Henry 'neath the tree—
The gentle Alice by his side,
Thy darling Anne and thee.
Yet though the cloud of ruin fell,
Thy fair horizon to deform,
Thou stood'st serene and unappall'd,
Erect amid the storm.

The last sad scene we would forget,
For kind loved friends were round thy bed,
So milder fell the parting gales
Upon thy aged head.
Yet, oh! how terrible the shock
When cracked that strong and manly heart,
Sure Death with faltering tongue pronounced
The dread command, "Depart!"

I feel a joy that at the last
The sounds thou loved the best to hear,
The lapsing ripple of the Tweed,
Made music in thine ear.
And more than lapse of murmuring streams,
That he thy eldest born was by,
To hold thee on his manly breast,
To kiss and close thine eye.

The grass is trodden by the feet
Of thousands from a thousand lands—
The prince, the peasant, tottering age,
And rosy schoolboy bands—
All crowd to fairy Abbotsford,
And lingering gaze, and gaze the more—
Hang o'er the chair in which he sat,
The latest dress he wore.

Thou wondrous being, fare thee well!
Thou noblest, best of humankind,
Who joined to a Nathaniel's heart
A Shakspere's master mind!
Light be the turf upon thy breast,
For pleasant was in life thy mood,
And rare thy fate, proclaim'd at once
The glorious and the good!

May flow'rets fair long blossom here;
Sweet birds the choiring concert lead,
To swell thy dear eternal dirge
Sung by the "silver Tweed!"
Farewell! farewell! my bosom throbs
With grief and ecstacy to pain,
"Take thee for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see thy like again."

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

(EXTRACT.)

If I forget thee, temple low and rude,
If I forget thee, guardian of my youth,
Epitome of all that's kind and good,
To duty firm, but punishing in ruth,
Turning bright metal out of stuff uncouth,
Old as thou art, still in the harness yet,
Be mute the tongue thou taught to love the truth,
May black misfortune snare me in her net,
And the right hand thou train'd its cunning all forget.

From lowly fanes like these the giants rushed,
Resistless callants, born to make their mark,
And hew their way, whoever might be crush'd;
A pale-faced genius watch'd the infant spark;
He nurs'd it, sweeping up like mounting lark,
Until it tower'd unto the sky of fame;
He heard the victor shouts, *he* from the dark
Moss-covered cabin hail'd the deathless name,
Whose dawning streak *he* fann'd into immortal flame.

Aye! Abercromby, gallant Scot, was train'd
For after coolness 'mid the cannon's roar;
The fighting Napiers their great muscle strain'd
At "Scotch and English" by the school-house door.
Stout Hope and Lynedoch, Clyde and many more;
And, early call'd, old Glasgow's bravest son,[1]
Who breath'd his last upon Corunna's shore,
Confess'd the sage who shrunk from pike and gun
Was captain of them all, and show'd how fields were won.

Who first swart Afric's deserts ventur'd through,
Fainting and weary 'neath a burning sun,
The wanderings of the Niger to pursue?[2]
Who first thro' Nubian wilds the course begun,
Which, following up, intrepid Speke has run,
And Nile's disjointed story render'd whole?[3]
Nor might a Highland lad[4] with honour shun
The *Franklin* tracks, but scal'd with dauntless soul
The frost-rear'd peaks that guard the secrets of the Pole.

Some village teacher with a throbbing brow
Noted in Scott the heaven-descending fire;
Another to whose beck e'en Burns must bow,
Placed in his hands the primer of the lyre,

[1] Sir John Moore.
[2] Mungo Park.
[3] James Bruce.
[4] Sir L. M'Clintock.

Wink'd at asklent by his unbending sire.
Who saw in Chalmers' dreaming, sleepy gaze
The spunk would lighten o'er a Scottish shire,
Sound to the depths men's hearts in every phase,
And in meridian power a startled world amaze?

In arts, in science, law and arms and lore,
The dominie evok'd the spirits bright
Whose haloed radiance streams from shore to shore,
Whose footsteps echo in the halls of might,—
The Brougham, the Erskine for the wordy fight
Prepar'd and girded,—Jeffrey of the eye
Whose iridescent brilliance flash'd like light,
Watt, Brewster, Miller; on my memory
There crowds a starry host whose names can never die.

From bleak Leadhills the artless Allan sprung,
Auld Reekie's haunts gave Fergusson his power,
In Ednam's vale the tuneful Thomson sung,
The shepherd deck'd on Ettrick shaws his bower,
St. Mungo's Campbell graced in happy hour,
By fair Kinross sought Bruce the muse's rill,
Found by M'Neil where high the Ochils tower,
From Laurencekirk rose Beattie's classic trill,
From Paisley Wilson bold and tender Tannahill.

And who shall paint the rapture of *his* soul,
Who from his calm retreat the conflict sees,—
Beholds the swaying tide of battle roll,—
His brawny offspring floating on the breeze.
The "ramping Lion" red with victories,[1]—
Of bloodless victories bringing no alloy?
His warm emotion brings him to his knees;
He thanks his Maker in ecstatic joy;
"Heaven help me, taught by Thee, *I* taught the noble boy."

Transcendant gifts like these what can repay;
Shall worldly treasure, honours, love, be laid
Before him as the savage Kaffirs lay
Theirs on the altar of a hideous shade,—
What the reward and rich endowment made
For sacrifices render'd so complete,—
What in the social caste is this man's grade,—
Do monarchs hasten his approach to greet,—
Does a great nation stand in reverence at his feet?

Alas! alas! I never blush'd with shame
To own my land three thousand miles away,
Save *once*, when casually asked to name
His full emoluments,—his yearly pay;
Silent I stood, nor made the vain essay
To figure up the literary *plum*;[2]

[1] The royal arms of Scotland.

"The ruddy Lion ramping
In the field of tressur'd gold."—*Aytoun.*

[2] A fortune—£100,000.

Honest reply had met with mocking "nay;"
And doubt it not, in other regions some
Like me have writhing stood, indignant, sad and dumb.

O Scotland! what a heavy debt is thine,
A debt, alas! thou grudgest still to pay,
To those who in the van made thee to shine
Alike in prosperous and in evil day.
Honour the schoolmaster while yet you may,
Let British senates give the cue and tone;
Shed from thy brow austere the genial ray,
On him thy sober sense will justly own
Prop of thine altar pure and pillar of thy throne.

He made thee what thou art, a crownéd queen
And ruler 'mong the nations of the earth;
But canst thou say, with truth, "These hands are clean!"
Ingrate to him who gave thee second birth?
In all the peopled globe's great circling girth,
There is no land mocks her instructors so,
By leaving them in penury and dearth;
Arise, my country, to the rescue go!
Then, show thy palm as white as Jura's drifted snow.

Haply, some worldling, lounging o'er the page,
Its trivial fond regrets may scorn away;
The weak garrulity of doting age
May rouse impatience at the homely lay;
Let sneering Fashion mock it as she may,
So sad for mirth to me the theme appears,
I lay the record down of life's young day
To fade and moulder with the wreck of years,
A frail memorial wet and blister'd with my tears.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.[1]

The laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule;
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule—
Tho' now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur wav'd the curly hair,
And many a blythesome heart is cauld—
Sin' first we sported there.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
Nae after days are like the days
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
And canny, creepin' Hugh,

[1] This fine lyric was first published anonymously in the *Book of Scottish Song*. It was written by Mr. Latto in the vaults of the Parliament House, Edinburgh, while waiting for a debate.—Ed.

And Bob the pest, an' Sugar-pouch,
The best o' a' the crew;
And raggit Willie is the laird
O' twa-three landart farms;
And Katie Spence, the pridefu' thing,
Now cuddles in his arms.

O' do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
An' sent it soomin' down?
We thought how clever a' was plann'd,
When—whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge—
"I'll thank ye for *my* hat!"

O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
Our het an' tinglin' paws;
O weel I mind his solemn look,
An' weel I mind the tawse.
What awfu' snuffs that day he took,
An' panged them up his nose,
An' rapped the box as if to strike
A terror to his foes.

An' do ye mind, at countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ithers' slates,
An' jot it on our ain:
An' how we feared, at writin' hour,
His glunches and his glooms—
How many times a day he said
Our fingers a' were thooms!

An' weel I min' that afternoon,
'Twas manfu' like yersel',
Ye took the pawmies an' the shame,
To save wee Johnnie Bell.
The maister found it out belyve;
He took ye on his knee;
And as he look'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon,
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane,
When playin' at the ba'?
Nae pennies had we—Jenny grat;
It cut us to the core:
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door!

And sic a steer his granny made,
When talepyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leugh,
When leein' Saddler Wat
Cam' in an' threept that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat!

Aye, laddies, ye may wink awa'—
Truth shouldna a' be tauld;
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are no unlike the auld.
And are nae we but laddies yet,
Wha get the name o' men,
And living by the ingle-side
Thae happy days again.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule?
We're no sae wise—we're learning aye—
We never leave the schule!

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whyles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stouin smack
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie, wheesht! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in afore,
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door."
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear;
But gin they jeer an' mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
And as for me, I could ha'e crept
Into a rabbit's hole.
The mither look'd—saff's how she look't!
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The douce gudeman, though he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thoom.
But tittrin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began,
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up—
I to my heels an' ran;
A besom whiskit by my lug,
And dishclouts half-a-score,

Catch me again, though fidgin' fain,
At kissin' 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

TELL ME, DEAR.

Tell me, dear! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie!
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love, thy changing e'e;
Dearest gift that Heaven could gie,
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie!

Willie, lay thy cheek to mine—
Kiss me, oh! my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie!
Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me—
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no' a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie.

THE BLIND LASSIE.

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won.
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow sair wasted and gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin' in His holy keepin',
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin',
She sits through the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin',
To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,
For though she has naething, proud-hearted this wee thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

O the days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
For I found she had courted na me, but my purse;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy,
What's waur, that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her;
The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
And she was a terrible Tartar;
She spak' about "measures" and "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel! I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honeymoon
Scarce was ower when the widow I met her,
She girningly whisper'd, "Hech! weel ha'e ye dune,
But tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
But tent me, lad, I can do better:—

"Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools;"
Her proverb I counted a' blether,
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther, my feyther!
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Rev. John R. Macduff, D.D., is the second son of Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire, where he was born in 1818. He received the principal part of his education at the High-school of Edinburgh, and then studied for the Church in the University of that city, being for three years a student of the illustrious Dr. Chalmers. He was licensed as a minister of the Established Church in 1842, and the same year received the charge of the parish of Kettins in Forfarshire. He was afterwards removed to the parish of St. Madoes in Perthshire, and from thence was translated to one of the west-end churches in Glasgow, where he ministered for fifteen years, and became well known as one of the most talented preachers in the Church. Dr. Macduff received the degree of D.D. from both the universities of Glasgow and New York. Whilst in Glasgow, he was presented by the Crown to the ministerial charge of the Cathedral of that city, vacant by the death of Principal Macfarlan; but this charge, although one of the few prizes in the Church of Scotland, he declined to accept, through attachment to the congregation among whom he laboured.

In 1871 Dr. Macduff resigned the laborious duties of a city clergyman, and has since resided in England, devoting himself to religious authorship. For many years no writer has been more popular in this department of literature. His *Memories of Patmos, Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains, Memories of Bethany,* and many other religious works, are highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and are stated to have attained a circulation of a million and a half. In 1875 he issued a volume of poetry entitled *The Gates of Praise;* and in 1884 a sacred monody, *Knocking: the Words of Jesus at the Door of the Heart.*

IN MEMORIAM:

THE PRINCE CONSORT. *Balmoral, 14th Dec. 1861.*

Go silence your pibrochs; go sound the wild coronach;
Wail loudest dirges o'er mountain and vale:
The Chief of our chieftains lies silent and shrouded,
The Prince of the land, and the pride of the Gael!

This morning our hill-tops were gloomy with mist-clouds,
They curtained each crag, and then melted in rain:
It was Nature attired in her garments of sackcloth,
And weeping for him she shall ne'er see again.

* *

Ye dumb mountain mourners, how fondly he loved you!
In glory of sunshine or grandeur of gloom:
Your carpets of heather, your jungles of bracken,
The plumes of your rock-pines, the gold of your broom!

Begin the plaint moaning, ye forests of Athole!
For yours are the corries his eyes first beheld:
Let it sigh through the glens of the Garry and Tummel,
The straths of Breadalbane—the woods of Dunkeld.

Grampian heights echo it! Bold Ben-muich-dhui;
Ben Dearg, Ben-e-vrackie, and lone Ben-y-Gloe;
Schehallion, respond to the wail of Ben-Voir-lich,
Till it die far away in the wilds of Glencoe.

Come, Dee's gentle waters, and lend your soft music,
As plaintive ye flow through the forests of Mar;
While louder your dirges, ye torrents of Muick,
Your tribute-grief bringing from loved Loch-nagar.

Garrawalt, pour out your thunder of tear-drops;
The rainbow forbid to encircle your spray:
More fitting, by far, are the wrack and the driftwood,
Which chafe in each eddy and cauldron to-day!

Take up the coronach, cottage and clachan;
Shepherd's lone shieling on mountain or moor;
For he whom we mourn had alike ever ready
A word for the great and a smile for the poor.

Sad change! Oh, how lately these heights that surround me
Were silvered with birches or purple with bloom:
To-day the moist winds seem to sob all around me,
And load the bared tresses with tears for his tomb!

How recent the Castle halls rang with the bagpipe,
As mustered his gillies in pride to display,
By long autumn "gloamin'," or weird blaze of torchlight,
The spoils Balloch-buie had yielded each day!

The stag-hounds, unheeded, now bay in their kennels;
The torchlight no longer shall redden the hills;
The wild deer may slumber in peace in their corries,
Or drink undisturbed at their lone mountain rills.

He lived not in times when our bale-fires were lighted:
When yelled forth the war-pipes o'er moorland and glade;
The fiery cross carried from hamlet to hamlet,
And shieling and homestead in ashes were laid.

Not his were the lips that could sound the fierce slogan,
When claymore met broadsword in battle array;
When chieftain and clansmen stood shoulder to shoulder,
Impatient to join in the heat of the fray.

Far nobler his mission, far grander his triumphs;
Their glories unreckoned by booty and slain;
The battle with wrong, and the conquest of baseness,
The proudest of trophies—a life without stain.

We wail for the dead,—but we wail for the living;
Great God of the mourner! with Thee do we plead
For the heart that is broken with anguish unspoken;
Alone in her greatness,—"a widow indeed!"

For her are the dirges—for her the wild coronach—
For her we may weep till our eyes become dim:
But with our thoughts centred on the bliss he has entered,
All tears may be dried that are falling for HIM!

DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

CHITAMBO, *May 1st*, 1873·
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *April 18th*, 1874.

Now the end of all was nearing
Underneath the tattered awning;
Angels would relieve their vigils
Ere another morrow's dawning.
First they raised him from the mud-floor,
Leaves and grass his pallet only,
Then they smoothed a downless pillow
In that desert drear and lonely;
While the faithful boy Majwara
Lay close by his dying master,
Knowing well how helpless was he
To avert the dire disaster.
As the waves of life were ebbing,
Thoughts about the past were ever
Mingling in the feverish wanderings
Over mountain, lake, and river.
"Say, is this the Luapula?
This the chill Lofuko's water?"
"No, my Bwana,"[1] answered Susi,

[1] "Master"—the name by which they addressed him.

Nursing like a tender daughter;—
"We are near the Mulilamo,
We are in Chitambo's village,
You may sleep assured of safety,
Fearing neither blood nor pillage."

Then he sank in broken slumber;
Who can tell what he was dreaming?
Of his childhood days at Blantyre;
Of the golden sunlight gleaming
Through old Bothwell's storied castle,
Lighting its umbrageous meadows;
Or when in the silver moonlight
He had watched the tender shadows?
Or it may be of the mother
Who the mission torch first lighted,
Which her son had borne to regions
By the direst curse benighted?
Or, perchance, the sainted partner
Who in life had shared his dangers,
Dreaming she had closed his eyelids
In the far-off land of strangers?

Now his sight is quickly fading,—
"Susi—come and light the candle;
Fill my med'cine-cup with water,
Guide my fingers to the handle."
Promptly were his wishes answered,
Half were guessed from speech so broken;
"You can go," in feeble whispers,
Were the last words that were spoken.

It was four in summer morning,
When the herbs with dewdrops glisten,
That the wakeful negro rises,
Creeping to the couch to listen.
But all watchings now are needless,
Footsteps gliding soft and slowly;
For his fond, devoted master
Resteth with the good and holy!

Forth he speeds to faithful Susi,
Rousing him from fitful slumber;
"Come to Bwana—follow quickly,
Chumah, come with all our number!"
Hastily they ran together,
Entering the silent shieling,
There they gazed upon the dead man
To his God devoutly kneeling!
"Hush! our master still is praying,"
For they deemed they were mistaken,
Thinking he had slept from weakness,
And would by-and-by awaken.
"Yet, come, feel how cold his cheek is;
Matthew! can you hear no breathing?
Has the forehead ceased its throbbing?
And the chest its cruel heaving?"
Yes, indeed, it all was over;
Pain, unrest, and toil are ended;
He has gone to meet his kindred,
Spirit hath with spirit blended:
On Almighty strength, the hero
In the hour of death reposes;
Prayer began his noble warfare,
And with prayer the battle closes.
He has gone to get the welcome,
"Good and faithful servant enter;"
Summon in no hirèd minstrels,
AFRICA! be his lamenter.
As "All Israel" mourned for Samuel,
Let your millions, broken-hearted,
Gather round in tears and sackcloth,
And bewail the Great Departed!
. . . . . .
Within England's reverend minster,
Proud custodier of the ages,
Resting-place of kings and princes,
Poets, heroes, statesmen, sages;
Every head is bowed in silence
As the mourner's tread is sounding;
Strange, unwonted is the homage
Of the tear-dimmed crowd surrounding.
Who this honoured entrant? counted
Worthy of these precincts hoary;
Brotherhood assigned with sleepers
"Each one lying in his glory?"

'Tis the good man we have gazed on
On his desert bier reposing,
Tender children of his wanderings
Closing eyes and limbs composing.
When the burst of grief was over,
And the public days to mourn him,
Through a thousand miles of desert
These his faithful sons had borne him.
Only, first the clamant favour
AFRICA had made with weeping,
"If you will his dust to England,
Let his heart be in my keeping!"
It was done:—the lowly casket
Safe was laid beneath a mvula;[1]
Then the funeral cortege slowly
Wended towards the Luapula.
Over sandy wastes they traversed,
Scorning toil or leagues to measure;
Bating heart or hope no moment,
On they bore their priceless treasure.

In that ancient fane are gathered
Men of every clime and order,
Brothers from his native Clydesdale,
Clansmen from beyond the border:
Best and choicest sons of England

[1] A large tree standing by the place, and on which Jacob Wainwright carved the name and date of death.

In the common grief are sharing,
Peer and statesman—royal depute,
Each his *immortelle* is bearing:
Hushed the shibboleth of party,
"All the creeds" these aisles are thronging;
Champion he of no mean faction,
But to Christendom belonging.
Rise! ye warrior dead around him,
Solemn shades of the departed!
Rise! and give ungrudging welcome
To the true and noble-hearted.
Well may costliest rites be paid him,
Gush of song and organ pealing;
Wake to life your holiest echoes,
Fretted aisle and gilded ceiling!

. . . . . .

Now the obsequies are over:
Dust with kindred dust has blended;
But as Sabbath's sun is westering,
Multitudes anew have wended
To the shrine which holds his ashes:
Crowds again of every station
Throng within the spacious precincts
For the funeral oration.
Who among the favoured listeners
Can forget that music thrilling,
Like the voice of many waters,
Choir and nave and transept filling,
As the words of inspiration
Sweetly told the pilgrim's story,
Or portrayed his noble life-work
Haloed with prophetic glory;—
"When the wilderness shall blossom,
Fountains in the desert springing,
And like Lebanon and Carmel
Break forth into joy and singing."[1]
Or when rose "O God of Bethel,"[2]
Simple words, so dearly cherished,
By the great man from his childhood,
To the day he nobly perished.

Silent then the strains of music;
And amid a hush unbroken,
Lofty words of panegyric
By befitting lips were spoken.

. . . . . .

Rites are ended:—and the "Dead March,"
With a cadence slow and measured,
Wailed its dirges o'er the ashes
Which the nation's crypt had treasured.
Rest in peace, thou hero-martyr!
Grandly simple is thy story:
Scotland gave thee—England keeps thee,
And to God we give the glory.

---

[1] Isa. xxxi. 1, 2. The anthem selected.

[2] The well-known paraphrase, placed at the end of Scottish Bibles, and so peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

. . . . . .

"O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace," &c.

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

Banias, Mount Hermon, April 3, 1867.

Though many be the shores and lands
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,
From Alpine heights to classic lands;—
Oh, never have I felt before

The effort, to pronounce farewell
To all those varied scenes of thine;
No other spot can share thy spell,
Unique, beloved Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim
This tribute-tear in parting now;
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,
As over mount and vale I trod,
"Is this indeed the angel-haunt,
The seraph-land—the home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I ween,
A thousand spots I can recall,
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene,
Of wood, and lake, and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock,
No herbage on your blighted hills,
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,
Which verdant meadows gently lave,
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam,
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

Or Kishon, by whose crimsoned tide
Confronting hosts their trumpets blew;
What is your scanty stream, beside
My own loved Con or Avondhu?

What are the hills of Ephraim bared,
What Moab's sombre mountain-chain,

What Judah's limestone heights, compared
With Grampians seen from Dunsinnane?

Grander Ben Nevis' rugged slope
Than Carmel's cliffs of sombre hue;
Tabor and Hermon vain can cope
With Cruachan or Ben-Venue.

No bosky dells with lichen gray,
No tresses wave on birchen-tree,
No limpid torrent sings its way
Mid copse and heather to the sea.

And as the golden daylight fades,
No antlered monarchs of the hill
Are seen to steal through forest glades
And slake their thirst at lake or rill.

. . . . . .

But hush!—the one absorbing thought
Transfigures all the passing scene,
And makes the present time forgot
In musing what the past has been:—

Here patriarchs lived, here prophets trod,
Here angels on their errands sped;
The home of sainted men of God,
The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still:—on these same hills
The eye of God incarnate fell;
He walked these paths, He drank these rills,
He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft by that Kedron brook He heard
The rustle of its olives gray,
Or carol of the matin-bird
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In Temple court or noisy street,
When wearied with the wrangling cry,
How oft he found a calm retreat
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany:

Watching the evening shadows fall,
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,
Transmuting Moab's mountain-wall
Into a blaze of amethyst.

Or thou, Gennesaret! favoured lake,
How fragrant with His presence still:
The deeds of love—the words He spake
Graved on thy shores indelible!

Thy green hills oft were altar-stairs
Up which his weary footsteps trod,
For morning praise and midnight prayers,
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed thy sea,
He trod thy groves of stately palm,
Thy carpets of anemone,
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.

. . . . . .

Enough.—With kindred interest teems
Each scene, where'er I gaze around:
The land throughout a Bethel seems,
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu! each shrine of holy thought,
Each ruined heap—each storied "Tel."
I pluck the last "Forget-me-not,"
And now I take a fond farewell!

To-night, on Hermon's northern brow,
The stars upon our tents shall shine;
Set up the stone! record the vow!
"Forget thee, never—Palestine!"

The lifelong wish and dream to see
Thy blessed acres, God has given:
A lingering tear I drop to thee,
Thou earthly vestibule of heaven!

NATURE'S HYMN.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psalm cl. 6.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye ministering seraphim!
Praise ye Jehovah enthronèd on high:
Awake every harp, ye archangels, and tell of Him
Shrouded in glory, yet graciously nigh.

Praise Him, bright sun, in the glow of thy splendour;
Praise Him, thou moon, silver queen of the night;
Ye stars, who like virgin retainers attend her,
O praise the great Lord who hath robed you with light!

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye soft-flowing fountains,
Amid the lone valleys go murmur your song;
Uplift the loud anthem, ye thunder-voiced mountains,
Let peak answer peak and re-echo the song!

Ye forests—ye need no cathedral of marble,
No Thurifer's censer to perfume your shrine;
Your own wingèd choirs will His praises best warble,
Your woodland flowers scatter sweet incense divine!

Praise Him, ye mists which on mountain tops hoary,
Like white wings of cherub the rock-clefts enfold;
Praise Him, ye sunset-clouds, piled in your glory,
Resplendent with amber, vermilion, and gold.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye deeps with your wonders,
Discourse of His glory to earth's farthest shore;
In lullaby ripples, in hoarse-booming thunders,
In stillness and storm, lend your voice and adore!

All nature arise! the great anthem intoning;
And from your vast store-house a tribute-lay bring:
No voice can be silent, let all join in owning
Jehovah as Maker, Redeemer, and King!

"THE CITY OF THE CRYSTAL SEA."

"I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 2.
"And he showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it," &c.—Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

"Come, father, mother, Elsie dear, I like you near me now,
For I feel the icy finger laid already on my brow;
Come near and sit beside me, as my strength is failing fast;
Could I only take you with me, then death's anguish would be past;
My Saviour-God is calling me—I know it is His voice,
For you I grieve, but for myself I only can rejoice:
Oh, do not weep—for short the time our parting is to be:
We shall meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I hoped to live for longer years, and even now I seem
At times to think this death-bed is but a passing dream:
I gladly would have lengthened out my childhood's sunny years,
I never liked to hear this earth miscalled a vale of tears.
As winter came and winter went, I never seemed to tire,
As merrily our voices rang around the parlour fire;
But round that winter hearth now, a vacant seat must be;
For I'm going to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had hoped that, as in years gone by, so still would I have been
A happy joyous playmate upon the village green:
I had hoped to go in spring-time with my basket and my hood,
To search for yellow primroses with Elsie in the wood.
Yes, when spring and early summer came, to pluck the hawthorn spray,
And roam o'er banks of wild flowers throughout the livelong day:
To listen to the singing birds and humming of the bee;
Far distant seemed the City of the Crystal Sea.

"It was this day, three months ago, I spoke of Christmas time,
When the bells above the snow-wreaths would ring their merry chime,
How busy then I thought would my fingers now have been,
In decking porch and lych-gate in their drapery of green;
In decking all the church too, till the short day's sunshine fails,
The pillars and the lectern and the pulpit's oaken rails;
But other and far better things are in reserve for me,
When I enter God's own City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had wished, I own, to serve Him some time longer here below,
And on little kindly errands now and then to come and go;
I had purposed, on next New Year's Day, to walk to Poynder's mill
With the book-stand and the flower-glass for Mabel's window-sill,
The cushion and the pillows I was working for her chair,
A bunch of holly berries, and my plant of maiden hair;
You can take her still these little things as keepsakes sent by me,
When I've left you for the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Oh! often have I thought, too, when not so strong as now,
When age would overtake you with wrinkles on your brow,

How happy it would make me to help you, parents dear,
And do the little best I could your closing days to cheer;
How nice for me and Elsie, in our turn to sit at night,
To smooth your ruffled pillows, and to watch you till daylight;
I had hoped to pay you back again for all you've been to me;
But we'll meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When you come to visit the spot, mother, where I shall silent lie,
The thought may sometimes startle you, 'How came she thus to die?
Why were the angels sent so soon to bear her far away?
Why did the sun of life go down while yet 'twas early day?'
Oh, trust God's love and wisdom, which though often now concealed,
Will one day in His own bright world come all to be revealed;
Yes, all that now is dark to us, we then shall clearly see,
In the light of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When first upon a couch of pain my throbbing head was laid,
That God might raise me up again, how fervently I prayed;
But He, perhaps, foresaw too well the briar and the thorn,
Which might, like other wand'ring sheep, my straying feet have torn;
Too surely would His wisdom know, that with a longer life
I might have proved unequal for the battle and the strife,
And therefore the unanswered prayer was all in love to me,
So He took me to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And when all this is over, and time has onward rolled;
O father, mother, Elsie, never think of me as old.
Never think of me but as I am, without an earthly care,
No wrinkle on my forehead—no white-lock in my hair;
Never think of me as dying—never think of me as dead,
But think of me only as by guardian angels led:
Yes, think of me, I pray you, as young as now I be,
A child still in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And if at any future time should sorrow be in store,
Should poverty or sickness come across your cottage door;
Accept of every trial as God's messenger of love
To raise your heart's affections to my better home above;
A few short years at farthest, and beyond this scene of woe
We shall meet where partings are unknown, and sorrow cannot go:
From all temptations 'clean escaped'—from all afflictions free,
Safe for ever in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Yes, I'm going to a region which is ever fair and bright,
Where all the blessed angels walk in fields of golden light,
Where the cherubim and seraphim surround the Great I AM,
And the armies of the ransomed sing the praises of the Lamb;
Oh, wondrous thought! this feeble tongue shall soon take up the strain,
And join in 'Worthy is the Lamb—the Lamb for sinners slain;'
My dearly loved Redeemer in His beauty I shall see,
The glory of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Come nearer, come yet nearer, I like you near me now,
For I feel Death's icy finger still colder on my brow;
The angels are all standing round, I hear my Saviour's voice,
The gates of glory stand ajar, I cannot but rejoice.
My eyesight fast is dimming—the lengthening shadows fall,
I dare not longer tarry and resist the Master's call:
Farewell!—I mayn't return to you: but you can come to me"—

. . . . . .

She entered then the City of the Crystal Sea.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, was born at Houstoun House, Linlithgowshire, July 30, 1819. He received his education at the Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and Balliol College, Oxford. After his graduation at the latter university he was appointed by Dr. Tait, now Archbishop of Canterbury, an assistant master of Rugby School, where he remained until 1857, when he undertook the duties of the Humanity chair in the University of St. Andrews, and soon afterwards was appointed to that professorship. In 1868 Professor Shairp was appointed Principal of his college, a position for which his talents and attainments admirably qualify him. His claim for a place in this Work rests chiefly upon a volume issued in 1864, entitled *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral, with other Poems.* The scene of Kilmahoe is laid on the western shores of Argyleshire, and the poem describes the life and manners of a laird's family in that region, as these existed towards the close of last and the opening of the present century. The other poems are short lyrics entitled "From the Highlands," "From the Borders," "From the Lowlands." Of these the two best known pieces are "The Moor of Rannoch" and "The Bush aboon Traquair." Besides these poems he has since contributed various pieces to *Good Words* and other periodicals. Principal Shairp is also the author of *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, 1868; *Lectures on Culture and Religion*, 1870; and the biographical part of the life of Principal James Forbes. An announcement has just appeared that he intends to contribute to the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* a poem of some length, entitled "The Clearing of the Glens."

A recent writer in *St. James's Magazine* remarks:—"Principal Shairp and Professor Blackie are two excellent instances of combined scholarship and independent originality. When Principal Shairp was professor of Humanity one of the points of his teaching most valued, next to his range and accuracy, was his extempore translation, into glowing English prose, of some flowing *ore rotundo* passage from one of the poets. Lucretius, Horace, and Juvenal were all thus covered with glory, but the charming metaphors and the tender descriptions of Virgil were treated with special sympathetic touch and delicate grace. As an instance, we may mention the simile in the fifth book of the Æneid, line 213, where a pigeon is described as fluttering out of a cave, and then skimming away through the air on outstretched noiseless wings:—

'Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapso quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.'

There is an echo of this passage in Principal Shairp's poem 'Kilmahoe,' in the lyrical division entitled 'The Glen'—

'With laughter and shout the rock-doves we will flout,
Till, flapping the loud cave-roof,
They 'scape overhead and their poised wings spread
To the calm heavens aloof.'

Prose translation has not yet by any means been overdone (except, of course, that kind of it which has been so ill done as not to be worth counting at all), and it would be for the advantage of literature were Principal Shairp, without abating his devotion to Wordsworth, or neglecting his other multifarious duties, to do some work in this sphere. Few could do it as well, and none could do it better."

THE SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

'Mid the folding mountains,
Old Kilcieran's lone kirkyard
Round its ruined chapel gathers,
Age by age, the gray hill-fathers
Underneath the heathery sward.
Centuries gone the saint from Erin

Hither came on Christ's behest,
Taught and toiled, and when was ended
Life's long labour, here found rest;
And all ages since have followed
To the ground his grave hath blessed.

Up the long glen narrowing
Inland from the eastern deep,
In the kirkyard o'er the river,
Where dead generations sleep,
Living men on summer Sabbaths
Worship long have loved to keep.

There o'er graves lean lichened crosses,
Placed long since by hands unknown,
Sleeps the ancient warrior under
The blue claymore-sculptured stone,
And the holy well still trickles
From rock basin, grass-o'ergrown.

Lulled the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveiled the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

And the folk are flowing
Both from near and far, enticed
By old wont and reverent feeling
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills, with Christ.

Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors,
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

Plaids were there that only Sabbath
Saw, and wives' best tartan hoods,
Grannies' white coifs, and bareheaded
Maidens with their silken snoods;
Many-hued, home-woven tartans,
Brightening these grave solitudes.

You might see on old white horses
Aged farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.

There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er,
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor,

The bowed down, the lame, the palsied,
Those with panting breath opprest,
Widows poor, in mutch and tartan
Cloak, for one day lent them, drest,
And the young and ruddy mother,
With the bairnie at her breast.

And the western shores Atlantic,
All the rough side of Kintyre,
Send small bands since morn, far-travelled
O'er hill, river, moss, and mire,
Down the mountain shoulders moving
Toward this haven of their desire.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,
There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow,
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man,
Palsied, speaking to his son,
"See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done.
There long since I laid my father,
There his forebears lie, each one."

They too, all a kindly household
From morn-gladdened Kilmahoe,
Steek their door, and maid and mistress
Toward the Sabbath gathering go,
Lady lone, and four fair daughters,
By the lulled sea murmuring low.

Upward from the shingly sea-beach,
By the long glen's grassy road,
First the white-haired lady mother,
Then the elder sisters, trode,
Last came Moira fair, and Marion,
All their spirits overawed.

Meek and very lowly
Souls, bowed down with reverent fear,
This their first communion day!
To the awful presence holy
Dread it is to draw so near,
Pain it were to turn away.

So of old the Hebrew maiden,
'Mid the Galilean mountains
Leaving all her childhood time,
With her kinsfolk, incense-laden,
By Kedron's brook, Siloah's fountain,
Zion's hill awe-struck would climb.

As they pass within the kirkyard,
Some old eyes long used to stoop
Rose and brightened on these maidens,
Youngest of the family group,
Marion's flaxen ringlets, Moira's
Large soft eyes with downward droop.

Loved ones of the country people,
They had dandled them on their knees,
Watched them with their bairnies ranging
The shore coves and mountain leas;
Year by year beheld their beauty
Like a summer dawn increase:
Now on this their first communion
Those old eyes look blessing and peace.

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth; at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all:
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips, not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on gray-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chant,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want,
With the life and deep soul-healing
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet;
There in perfect reconcilement
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,
While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahanish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er.

Soon they go—but ere another
Day of hallowed bread and wine,
Some now here shall have ascended
To communion more divine,
Some have changed their old hill-dwellings,
Some have swept the tropic line.

THE CLEARANCE SONG.

From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the gray mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing;
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming,
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

To the green mountain shealings went up in old summers
From farm-town and clachan how mony blithe comers!
Though green the hill pastures lie, cloudless the heaven,
No milker is singing there, morning or even.

Where high Mam-clach-ard by the ballach is breasted,
Ye may see the gray cairns where old funerals rested,
They who built them have long in their green graves been sleeping,
And their sons gone to exile, or willing or weeping.

The chiefs, whom for ages our claymores defended,
Whom landless and exiled our fathers befriended,
From their homes drive their clansmen, when famine is sorest,
Cast out to make room for the deer of the forest.

Yet on far fields of fame, when the red ranks were reeling,
Who prest to the van like the men from the shealing?
Ye were fain in your need Highland broadswords to borrow,
Where, where are they now, should the foe come to-morrow?

Alas for the day of the mournful Culloden!
The clans from that hour down to dust have been trodden,
They were leal to their Prince, when red wrath was pursuing,
And have reaped in return but oppression and ruin.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining—
Ah! sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands.

THE MOOR OF RANNOCH.

O'er the dreary moor of Rannoch
Calm these hours of Sabbath shine;
But no kirk-bell here divideth
Week-day toil from rest divine.

Ages pass, but save the tempest,
Nothing here makes toil or haste;
Busy weeks nor restful Sabbath
Visit this abandoned waste.

Long ere prow of earliest savage
Grated on blank Albyn's shore,
Lay these drifts of granite boulders,
Weather-bleached and lichened o'er.

Beuchaille Etive's furrowed visage
To Schihallion looked sublime,
O'er a wide and wasted desert,
Old and unreclaimed as time.

Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
Washed by rain-floods to the bones;
League on league of heather blasted,
Storm-gashed moss, gray boulder-stones;

And along these dreary levels,
As by some stern destiny placed,
Yon sad lochs of black moss water
Grimly gleaming on the waste;

East and west, and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain:

Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
Ever screamed by dark Lochawe,
Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
Ere he touched Ben-Aulder's brow.

Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
To Schihallion calls aloud,
Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
He to Nevis crowned with cloud.

Cradled here old Highland rivers,
Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
Like the shout of clans to battle,
Down the gorges break away.

And the Atlantic sends his pipers
Up yon thunder-throated glen,
O'er the moor at midnight sounding
Pibrochs never heard by men.

Clouds, and mists, and rains before them
Crowding to the wild wind tune,
Here to wage their all-night battle,
Unbeheld by star and moon.

Loud the while down all his hollows,
Flashing with a hundred streams,
Corrie-bah from out the darkness
To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearly driven,
There o' nights the north wind raves
His long homeless lamentation,
As from Arctic seamen's graves,

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
Down hath blinded all the lift,
Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
Fathom-deep in mounded drift.

Such a time, while yells of slaughter
Burst at midnight on Glencoe,
Hither flying babes and mothers
Perished 'mid the waste of snow.

Countless storms have scrawled unheeded
Characters o'er these houseless moors;
But that night engraven forever
In all human hearts endures.

Yet the heaven denies not healing
To the darkest human things,
And to-day some kindlier feeling
Sunshine o'er the desert flings.

Though the long deer-grass is moveless,
And the corrie-burns are dry,
Music comes in gleams and shadows
Woven beneath the dreaming eye

Desert not deserted wholly!
Where such calms as these can come,—
Never tempest more majestic
Than this boundless silence dumb.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Will ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Ower the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny summer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

And what would ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang driech road, ye had better let it be,
Save some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk,
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blithe lilt o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' sughin' frae auld time,
Sae tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the Vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood sward,
But lang hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' luvers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
But the blithe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

JOSEPH NOEL PATON.

Among the *dii minores* of Scottish poetry entitled to mention in this volume is Sir Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., who was born at Dunfermline, Fifeshire, December 13, 1821. "My education," writes Sir Noel to the Editor, "which was of a very desultory kind, was

received at Dunfermline. In 1843 I was admitted a student at the Royal Academy of London, but did not subsequently study there. Indeed I may say I never *formally* studied anywhere." In 1845 he gained one of the three equal premiums awarded by the royal commissioners at the Westminster Hall competition of that year, and in a similar competition two years later he won a prize in the second class for his pictures of "Christ Bearing his Cross," and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1850 he became an academician of the Royal Scottish Academy; in 1858 he married, and the following year was senior officer of the first volunteer artillery corps in Scotland. In 1865 he was appointed limner to the Queen for Scotland, an office of ancient standing in the Scottish royal household; and two years later he received the honour of knighthood at Windsor Castle from the hand of the Queen. He is a commissioner of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures, and one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In 1876 he received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of LL.D.

Of Sir Noel's numerous works in various departments of art we are not here called upon to speak in detail. They comprise illustrations of classical and of northern mythology, of scriptural and of poetical subjects; and are almost all characterized more or less by an allegorical or didactic tendency. But it is not only as an artist that he has won reputation. A volume which he issued in 1861, entitled *Poems by a Painter*, was favourably received, and speedily won for him recognition as a worthy member of the literary guild. This was followed in 1867 by a second poetical volume, under the title of *Spindrift*. Sir Noel is an occasional contributor to the current periodical literature of the day, and has also, as he says, "*entombed* in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries profoundly uninteresting papers on antiquarian subjects."

THE TOMB IN THE CHANCEL.

TO W. H. P.

I.

Up from the willowy Wharfe the white haze crept,
The yellow leaves were falling one by one;
When through the Priory nave we softly stept
To where—his clangorous life-moil long since done—
Sir Everard Raby in his hauberk slept,
In the still chancel corner, all alone.
Ah, time had used him roughly! Helm and shield,
All banged and battered, as in mortal field;
The knightly baldric brast, the brave sword gone,
That won his spurs at dusty Ascalon.
But broken harness or dishonoured crest
Boots not to him so meekly slumbering there,
With stony feet crossed in eternal rest,
And stony fingers locked in everlasting prayer.

II.

The autumn sunlight touched his carven mail
With ghostly radiance—cyclas, belt, and lace;
Scattered wan splendours all about the place,
And with fantastic necromancy played
Amongst the dust our quiet moving made;
While o'er his suppliant hands and heavenward face
It hung a mournful glory, soft and pale,
As if, through mist of half-remembered tears,
It shone from far, the light of buried years!—
We leaned in silence on the oaken rail,
And, 'mid the hush, this thought swelled like a psalm
In my heart's sanctuary: O that we, too, might bear
Our cross through life's stern conflict, as to wear
In death, like him, the crown of everlasting calm.

SONG.

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my belovèd, o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But, in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;
All the sweetness of the south
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervour of its skies
In her gentle northern eyes,
As she cometh, my belovèd, home to me!

No more, o' nights, the shivering north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the southland up, and bringeth
A warm wind, odour-laden,
From the bowers of that fair Aden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses faint and sweet;
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture-fraught:
"I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!"

SIR LAUNCELOT.

"Had not Sir Launcelot been in his secret thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the Queen, as he was in seeming outward unto God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreall."—*La Mort d'Arthur*.

Past sleeping thorp and guarded tower,
By star-gleams and in moonlight pale,
By mount and mere, through shine and shower,
Flasht the wan lightning of his mail.

But loose the jewelled bridle hung,
And backward listless drooped the spear—
God's holy name was on his tongue,
Thine in his heart—Queen Guenivere.

Deep in a wood at dead of night
He felt the white wings winnowing by,
He saw the flood of mystic light,
He heard the chanting clear and high.

"O, heal me, blood of Christ!" he said—
A low voice murmured in his ear,
And all the saintly vision fled.
The voice was thine—Queen Guenivere.

Bravest of all the brave art thou—
Of guileless heart—of stainless name;
But, traitor to thy sacred vow,
Thou rid'st to ruin and to shame.

No joy on earth for evermore!
No rest for thee but on thy bier!—
Ah! blessed Lord, our sins who bore,
Save him—and sinful Guenivere!

ULYSSES IN OGYGIA.

Was it in very deed, or but in dream,
I, King Odysseus, girt with brazen spears,
Princes, and long-haired warriors of the Isles,
Sailed with the dawn from weeping Ithaca,
To battle round the God-built walls of Troy
For that fair, faithless Pest—so long ago?
So long ago! It seems as many lives
Had waxed and waned, since, bending to our oars,
And singing to our singing sails, we swept
From high Aëtos, down the echoing gulf
Towards the sunrise; while from many a fane
Rose the white smoke of sacrificial fires,
And the wild wail of women:—for they knew
We should return no more. Long years have past:
Long, weary years;—yet still, when daylight fades,
And Hesper from the purple heaven looks down,
And the dim wave moans on the shadowy shore,—
From out the awful darkness of the woods,
From out the silence of the twilight air,
In unforgotten accents, fond and low,
The voices of the dead seem calling me;
And through the mist of slowly gathering tears
The faces of the loved revisit me:
Thine, my Penelope, and his, our child,
Our fair Telemachus—wearing the dear home-smiles
They wore of old, ere yet the Atridæ came,
Breathing of Eris, to our peaceful shores,
And our bold hearts blazed up in quenchless fire
And irrepressible lust of glorious war.
Ai me! what recked we then the streaming tears
Of wife or virgin, and their clinging hands!
Exulting in our strength we scorned the lures
Of Aphroditè—scorned the ignoble ease
Of gray ancestral honours. Deathless names
We, too, the sons of Heroes, should achieve
Among the brass-mailed Greeks! A thousand deaths
Too slight a price for immortality!

O golden dreams! O god-like rage of youth!
Quenched in black blood, or the remorseless brine,
Alas! so soon. Yet ere They sorrowing went,
All-beauteous, to the shadowy realms of Death
And unsubstantial Hades, their young souls,
Amid the clang of shields and rush of spears,
Beneath the deep eyes of the watchful gods,
Drank the delirious wine of victory!
Thrice happy they, by whom the agony
Of withered hopes, of wasted life, of long
And vain endeavour after noble ends,
Was all unproved. What different doom is mine!
On barren seas a wanderer, growing old,
And full of bitter knowledge, best unknown.
Ah! comrades, would that in the exultant hour
Of triumph, when, our mighty travail o'er,
The towers of Ilion sank in roaring flame,
I, too, had perished;—or in that wild flash
Of vengeance for the herds of Phoibos slain,
When the black ship went down, and I alone
Of all was left. But the high Gods are just,
The Fates inscrutable; and I will bear
My portion unsubdued until the end.
Greatly to do is great, but greater still

Greatly to suffer. So with steadfast mind
I wait the issues. But the doom is hard:
Far from the councils of illustrious men,
Far from my sea-girt realm, and god-like toils
Of governance,—from noble uses far,
And wife, and child, and honourable rest,
To waste inglorious all these golden years;
Nursing one sickly hope—more like despair—
That the blest Gods will hear me, and restore
My life, thus dead to duty.—As he told,
The eyeless phantom, on that night of fear
In Orcus, when around the bloody trench,
From out the Stygian gloom, with shriek and groan,
Crowded the dim eidolons of the dead,
And with my naked sword I held them back,
Till each pale mouth, drinking the reeking gore,
Answered my quest, and vanished.
Shall it be?—
Or now, while yet my arm is strong to wield
The kingly sceptre and avenge its wrongs?
Or when, bowed down with years and many woes,
My deeds forgotten and my dear ones dead,
The children of my slaves shall jeer at me,
Mocking my powerless limbs, and strangers ask,
Is *this* the great Odysseus?—But I wait.

Man is the puppet of the Gods: they mould
His destiny, and mete him good or ill—
Lords of his fate, from whom, alas! in vain
He seeks escape. But he to whom nor good
Brings insolence, nor ill abasement, stands
Whole in himself—lord of his own firm heart.
The sword may drink his blood; the irascible sea
May whelm him; life bitterer than many deaths
May lead his steps to Hades; still his soul
Unconquered stands; and even among the shades
Shall win the reverence haply here denied.

Hark! from the myrtle-thickets on the height
Divine Calypso calls me; to her lute
Singing the low, sweet song I made for her—
A low, sweet song of passionate content—
When weary from the inexorable deep,
Weary and lone, I touched this woody isle,
And found a haven in her circling arms,
And all Elysium on her bounteous breast.
Cease, cease, Divine One! in my yearning ear
Another song is echoing: one more meet
For me to hearken. Out beneath the stars—
The old companions of my wanderings—
Far out at sea, amid the deepening dark
The winds are shouting, as a gathering host
Shouts on the eve of battle; and the gulls—
Lovers of tempest and my mates of old!
Flit, dive, and, screaming, summon me once more
To plough the unfruitful wastes of weltering brine—
The mid-sea's moaning solitudes,—to where,
Somewhere beyond the trackless waters, lie
The bights and bluffs and blue peaks of my home—
For my heart tells me that the hour draws near!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A CONCEIT.

Sweet! in the flowery garland of our love,
Where fancy, folly, frenzy interwove,
Our diverse destinies, not all unkind,
A secret strand of purest gold entwined.

While bloomed the magic flowers we scarcely knew,
The gold was there. But now their petals strew
Life's pathway; and instead, with scarce a sigh,
We see the cold but fadeless circlet lie.

With scarce a sigh!—and yet the flowers were fair,
Fed by youth's dew and love's enchanted air:
Ay, fair as youth and love; but doomed, alas!
Like these and all things beautiful, to pass.

But this bright thread of unadulterate ore—
Friendship—will last though Love exist no more;
And though it lack the fragrance of the wreath,—
Unlike the flowers, it hides no thorn beneath.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CORONACH.

EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

Far from his mountain-peaks and moorlands brown,
Far from the rushing thunder of the Spey,
Amid the din and turmoil of the town
A Highland Chieftain on his death-bed lay;
Dying in pride of manhood, ere to gray
One lock had turned, or from his eagle face
And stag-like form Time's touch of slow decay
Had reft the strength and beauty of his race:
And as the feverish night drew sadly on,
"Music!" they heard him breathe, in low beseeching tone.

From where beside his couch she weeping leant,
Uprose the fair-haired daughter of his love,
And touched with tremulous hand the instrument,
Singing, with tremulous voice that vainly strove
To still its faltering, songs that wont to move
His heart to mirth in many a dear home-hour;
But not to-night thy strains, sweet, sorrowing dove,
To fill the hungering of his heart have power!
And hark! he calls—aloud—with kindling eye,
"Ah! might I hear a pibroch once before I die!"

Was it the gathering silence of the grave
Lent ghostly prescience to his yearning ear?
Was it the pitying God who heard, and gave
Swift answer to his heart's wild cry?—For clear,
Though far, but swelling nearer and more near,
Sounded the mighty war-pipe of the Gaël
Upon the night-wind! In his eye a tear
Of sadness gleamed; but flusht his visage pale
With the old martial rapture. On his bed
They raised him. When it past—the Mountaineer
was dead!

Yet ere it past, ah! doubt not he was borne
Away in spirit to the ancestral home
Beyond the Grampians, where, in life's fresh morn,
He scaled the crag and stemmed the torrent's foam;
Where the lone corrie he was wont to roam,
A light-foot hunter of the deer! But where,
Alas! to-day, beneath the cloudless dome
Of this blue autumn heaven, the clansmen bear
His ashes, with the coronach's piercing knell,
To sleep amid the wilds he loved in life so well.

SONG.

There is a wail in the wind to-night,
A dirge in the plashing rain,
That brings old yearnings round my heart,
Old dreams into my brain,
As I gaze into the wintry dark
Through the blurred and blackened pane:
Far memories of golden hours
That will not come again,—
Alas!
That never will come again.

Wild woodland odours wander by—
Warm breath of new-mown hay—
I hear the broad, brown river's flow
Half-hid in bowering may;
While eyes of love look through my soul,
As on that last sweet day;
But a chilly shadow floats between
That will not pass away—
Ah, no!
That never will pass away.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

BORN 1822 — DIED 1869.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, the eighth of a family of fourteen children, was born in the Murraygate, Dundee, February 20, 1822. He was early deprived of his father, and after some years of widowhood his mother married Mr. Fleming of the "East Friarton" farm in Fife, and removed thither, taking with her, among her younger children, Robert, then in his twelfth year. It was at this period that he got the "wee, wee tasting o' the herdie's blithesome ways," embodied in his "Wee Herd Loon," but they were soon disturbed by the untimely death of his mother, when the farm was given up, and his step-father retired to a cottage of his own at East Newport. This pleasant spot on the banks of the Tay was ever open to Robert and his brothers and sisters; but having to finish his education at the Academy, his settled home was now with an elder brother in Dundee.

On leaving school Robert spent some time in mercantile pursuits in Dundee, and afterwards took a voyage round the world as a supercargo, going to Sydney and returning *via* Valparaiso. Shortly after his return in 1843, he entered the service of the London and North Western Railway Co. at Preston, as clerk in the locomotive department. After his settlement there he contributed upwards of a dozen poems to a small pamphlet entitled *A Feast of Literary Crumbs by Foo Foozle and Friends, ancient citizens of Dundee.* In 1855 he published a volume entitled *Rhymes and Poems by Robin*, containing "Records" one to nine, with Scotch and other poems, and in 1861 and 1866 successive volumes were published, the former containing fifteen "Records," the latter twenty-five.

While residing in Preston Leighton married Miss Elizabeth Jane Campbell of Liverpool, the "Eliza" of his poem "Reuben;" and throughout the "Records" and "Musings" he frequently alludes to the happiness of this union. In 1854 he accepted a responsible

position in Ayr, as manager of a branch of a Liverpool house, and removed there with his family. After four or five years the Ayrshire branch was amalgamated with the main business in Liverpool, and before deciding to remain in the same employment Mr. Leighton took advantage of some leisure time to visit his brother William, who had settled in America. After some months spent in pleasant travel he returned to England, and shortly resumed his connection with his former employers, travelling during a large portion of the year in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was on one of these journeys in 1867 that during a rough drive he met with an accident which brought on almost the only illness he had ever experienced, and which ultimately proved fatal. In quest of relief he passed some time in the Isle of Bute. During his residence there he produced his last two poems, the "Dandelion," and the "Bapteesement o' the Bairn," which has since become so popular. His case was pronounced incurable, and his sufferings became so severe that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to reach his home in Liverpool. His naturally robust constitution only prolonged his sufferings, and his patience under these no words can adequately express. Many friends visited him, bringing flowers, the most precious consolation to the invalid whose soul hungered for that sight of Nature of which he could only dream, or spy in glimpses from his window. A piece of the rich blossom of the whin roused him to an ecstasy by its sweet mountain odour, though he said in a regretful tone, "To think that I can never get out amongst the whins again!" During the winter of 1868-69, while able in the intervals of relief from pain to give attention to literary matters, he translated from a shorthand of his own poems which had been written on odd scraps of paper, many of which appear in the volume published in 1875. After a period of much suffering Mr. Leighton expired on May 10, 1869, aged forty-seven.

Leighton's poems have met with a hearty reception in America. The American Congress acknowledged his Sonnet on the Death of President Lincoln, by a copy of the *Tributes of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln*, a book which was always regarded by Leighton as one of his most valuable possessions. His habit of recording either in diary or poem the incidents and impressions of his life, was not only a pleasure to his friends, but occasionally brought him into pleasing communication with various celebrities. Thus Jenny Lind, upon receiving from a friend of its author a copy of the poem addressed to herself, writes, "That your 'bashful poet' has spoken words which even to my *worn-out* ears sounded fresh, perhaps you will kindly let him know, and that my highest ambition in life has been to give just such an impression as he seems to have received."

THE BAPTEESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.[1]

"Od, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's bapteesement aff sae lang.
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mischance,
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yoursel',
Or cock your head in heaven, wi' it in hell."
"Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the wicked place,
I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us grace.
I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thocht on't till my bowels begin to yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's bapteesement in his hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:
He veesits the haill pairish, rich and puir;
A worthier man, in warldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's me!
In doctrine points his head is all agley.
Wi' him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,
To comfort ane than a' your Bible faith:

[1] Hew Ainslie says of this poem: "It is excellent, and comes in good time to give record to a Scotch 'institution,' that like the Holy Fair and Halloween are now things of the past;" and another of Leighton's admirers remarks "that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humour more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns."—ED.

And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lichtlies so,
It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,
And whether saved or damn'd we canna tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
'Wherefore,' says he, 'lie in your graves sae lang?
The speerit is the man, and it ascends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Though a' the horns in heaven should rowt and
rair.'
Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's deil,
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard.
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts sae sma'
That it amounts to nae sic place ava.
O dear, to think our prayers and holy chaunts,
And all the self-denyings of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
'Twill never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and
mine."
"Ye're richt, gudeman, rather than hands like
his
Bapteese the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!"
"Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost lauchs to scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The curses of a veesionary fall—
Yes, 'veesionary,' was his very word!
Bapteese our bairn! it's morally absurd!"
"Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.
If Providence, for ends known to itsel',
Has ower us placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht."
"Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and
wrang:
Trust Providence, but dinna sit ower lang
In idle hope that Providence will bring
Licht to your feet, or ony ither thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,
While idle faith gets naething but a crust.
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless the
end;
And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth
Bearing the bairn along unto the north,
Like favoured ones of old, until we find
A man of upricht life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to bapteese a weel-born bairn like ours.—
Now then, the parritch—flesh maun e'en be fed—
And I'll wale out a chapter;—syne to bed."

"Eh, but the mornin's grand! that mottled
gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, you're gettin' tired, I doot;
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time aboot."
"I'm no that tired, and yet the road looks lang;
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to gang?"
"No very far; just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I'se warrant there we'll see
A very saunt—the Reverend Maister Whyte—
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itsel';
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except original. Yon's the manse. Wi' him
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim
That veetiates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed.—
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knock—one knock, no more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's
here.
Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir
If Maister Whyte—Braw day, my lass! we came
To see if Mr. Whyte—" "He's no at hame!
But he'll be back some time the nicht, belyve;
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five
This mornin', to the fishin'—" "Save us a'!
We're ower lang here—come, Meggie, come awa.
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign
That he should never touch your bairn and mine—
We'll just haud north to Forgan manse, and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most fit—
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and sound,
He'll no be at the fishin', I'll be bound.
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak' the least delight!"
"But, Andra, man, just hover for a blink,
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.
What do the Scriptures say? There we are told
Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,
Were fishermen—the chosen of the Lord."
"I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,
That when the apostles fished 'twas wi' the net.
They didna flee about like Hieland kerns,
Wi' hair lines, and lang wands whuppin' the burns;

No, no, they fished i' the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.
They had their cobbles, too, wi' sails and oars,
And plied their usefu' trade beyond the shores.
Besides, though first their trade was catchin' fish—
An honest craft as ony ane could wish—
They gave it up when called upon, and then,
Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.
But this young Maister Whyte first got a call
To fish for men, and—oh, how sad his fall!—
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!
Now here comes Forgan manse amang the trees,
A cozy spot, weel skoogit frae the breeze.
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door,
And knock and do the same's we did before.
The doctor's been a bachelor a' his life;
Ye'd almost tak' the servant for his wife,
She's such command ower a' that's said and dune—
Hush! this maun be the cheepin' o' her shune—
How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,
And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way
Frae Edenside to get this bairn bapteesed
By doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased."

"We've no objections; but the Doctor's gone
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been."

"The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?
A shootin' minister! Think shame, auld wife!
Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;
Irreverent poachin', poother-an'-lead divine!
Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;
Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say
The shootin' minister—he's auld and gray,
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense.
Now let's consider, as we stap alang:
Doon to the Waterside we needna gang:
I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there
But cauld morality—new-fangled ware
That draps all faith and trusts to warks alone,
That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the bone.
We'll just haud ower—for troth it's wearin' late—
By Pickletillim, and then west the gate
To auld Kilmeny—it slants hafflins hame,
Which, for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,
I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,
I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule!
It plainly cowes all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun?"

"Od, Andra, as we've come alang the road
I've just been kirnin' through the Word o' God,
Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,
But not the least iota can I find.
That maks the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,
And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte."

"It does. The Word gives not the merest hint
O' guns, an' poother's never mentioned in't.
They had their bows and arrows, and their slings,
And implements o' war—auld-fashioned things,
I reckon—for the dingin' doon o' toons,
And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin' croons;
But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,
There's nae authority, look whaur ye will—
Losh, see! the sun's gaen red, and looks askance;
The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse."

"Hark, Andra! is that music that we hear,
Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?
It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon
The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon
Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!
The minister's awa—they've in their lads,
And turned the very manse into a barn,
Fiddlin' and dancin'—drinkin' too, I'se warran'!"

"Tod, Meggie, but ye're richt; I fear ye're richt;
And here's gray gloamin' sinkin' into nicht,
While we're as near our errand's end as whan
This mornin' wi' the sunrise we began.
We'll e'en gang roond upon the kitchen door,
And catch the ill-bred herpies at their splore!
Hush! saftly: 'od, I dinna hear their feet,
And yet the fiddle lilts fu' deft and sweet.
It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;
But ane that bums dowff in its wame and low.
They hear us speakin'—here's the lassie comin'.—
The minister's frae hame, I hear, my woman?"

"The minister frae hame! he's nae sic thing;
He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a spring."

"The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!
I'd sooner far that he had been frae hame.
Though he should live as lang's Methusalem,
I'll never bring anither bairn to him;
Nor will he get the ane we've brocht; na, na;
Come, Meggie, tak' the bairn and come awa;
I wadna let him look upon its face:
Young woman, you're in danger; leave this place!
Hear how the sinner rasps the rosiny strings!
And nocht but reels and ither warldly springs!
Let's shake the dust ance mair frae aff our shune,
And leave the pagan to his wicked tune."

"But, Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,
We canna now gang ony ither gate,
And as we're here we'll better just haud back
And get the bairn bapteesed. What does it mak'
Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then?
King David was preferred above all men,
And yet 'twas known he played upon the harp;
And stringèd instruments, baith flat and sharp,
Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.
I dinna think it signifees a bit—
The more especially since, as we hear,
It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer
That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths,
But the big gaucy fiddle that sae soothes
The speerit into holiness and calm,
That e'en some kirks hae thocht it mends the psalm."

"Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie, I say—
Get thee behind us, Satan!—come away!
For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht
Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.
He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that assail
Weak woman first, and maistly aye prevail;
Then she, of course, must try her wiles on man,
As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,
And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,
In spite of a' the kirks can do or say.
And what can we expect but sin and woe,
When manses are the hotbeds where they grow?
I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve
For Leuchars and for Forgan—yea, believe
For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be
A better chance than ony o' the three,
Especially Kilmeny. I maintain—
For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,
The minister that plays the fiddle's waur
Than either o' the ither twa, by far.
And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return
And get this fiddler to bapteese our bairn!
Na, na; we'll tak' the bairn to whence it came,
And get our ain brave minister at hame.
Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,
And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,
He lays it doon without the slightest fear,
And wins the heart because he's so sincere.
And he's a man that disna need to care
Wha looks into his life; there's naething there,
Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue
That ane can tak' and say, 'Thou doest wrong.'
His theologic veesion may be skew'd;
But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd
May let the water through it like a riddle,
He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the fiddle."

SCOTCH WORDS.

They speak in riddles north beyond the Tweed.
The plain, pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.

Their jaws are *chafts;* their hands, when closed, are *neives;*
Their bread's not cut in slices, but in *sheives;*
Their armpits are their *oxters;* palms are *luifs;*
Their men are *cheilds;* their timid fools are *cuiffs;*
Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers;*
Good lasses *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers.*
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they scratch;
And when they give a sample it's a *swatch.*
Scolding is *flytin'*, and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blether* or a *haver.*
This room they call the *butt*, and that the *ben;*
And what they do not know they *dinna ken.*
On keen cold days they say the wind *blaws snell.*
And when they wipe their nose they *dicht* their *byke;*
And they have words that Johnson could not spell,
As *umph'm*, which means—anything you like:
While some, though purely English, and well known,
Have yet a Scottish meaning of their own:—
To *prig's* to plead, beat down a thing in cost;
To *coff's* to purchase, and a cough's a *host;*
To *crack* is to converse; the *lift's* the sky;
And *bairns* are said to *greet* when children cry.
When lost, folk never ask the way they want—
They *speir* the *gate;* and when they yawn they *gaunt.*
Beetle with them is *clock;* a flame's a *lowe;*
Their straw is *strae;* chaff *cauff*, and hollow *howe;*
A *pickle* means a few; *muckle* is big,
And a piece of crockeryware is called a *pig.*

Speaking of pigs—when Lady Delacour
Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,
One night she made her quarters at the "Crown,"
The head inn of a well-known county town.
The chambermaid, on lighting her to bed,
Before withdrawing, curtsied low, and said—
"This nicht is cauld, my leddy, wad ye please,
To hae a pig i' the bed to warm your taes?"
"A pig in bed to tease! What's that you say?
You are impertinent—away, away!"
"Me impudent! no, mem—I meant nae harm,
But just the greybeard pig to keep ye warm."
"Insolent hussy, to confront me so!
This very instant shall your mistress know.
The bell—there's none, of course—go, send her here."
"My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear;
In sooth, it was hersel' that bade me speir.
Nae insult, mem; we thocht ye wad be gled,
On this cauld nicht, to hae a pig i' the bed."
"Stay, girl; your words are strangely out of place,
And yet I see no insult in your face.
Is it a custom in your country, then,
For ladies to have pigs in bed wi' them?"
"Oh, quite a custom wi' the gentles, mem—
Wi' gentle ladies, ay, and gentle men;
And, troth, if single, they wad sairly miss
Their het pig on a cauldrife nicht like this."
"I've seen strange countries—but this surely beats
Their rudest makeshift for a warming-pan.
Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You would not put the pig between the sheets?"
"Surely, my leddy, and nae itherwhere:
Please, mem, ye'll find it do the maist guid there."
"Fie, fie, 'twould dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that, you know, I shall not sleep."
"Ye'll sleep far better, mem. Tak' my advice;
The nicht blaws snell—the sheets are cauld as ice;

I'll fetch ye up a fine, warm, cozy pig;
I'll mak' ye sae comfortable and trig,
Wi' coortains, blankets, every kind o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as soond's a tap.
As for the fylin' o' the sheets—dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pig can be.
A weel-closed mooth's eneuch for ither folk,
But if ye like, I'll put it in a poke."
"But, Effie—that's your name, I think you said—
Do you, yourself, now, take a pig to bed?"
"Eh! na, mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather beds, and sit up late.
Feathers and pigs are no for puir riff-raff—
Me and my neibour lassie lies on cauff."
"What's that—a calf! If I your sense can gather,
You and the other lassie sleep together,—
Two in a bed, and with the calf between:
That, I suppose, my girl, is what you mean?"
"Na, na, my leddy—'od ye're jokin' noo—
We sleep thegither, that is very true—
But nocht between us: wi' our claes all aff,
Except our sarks, we lie *upon* the cauff."
"Well, well, my girl! I am surprised to hear
That we of English habits live so near
Such barbarous customs.—Effie, you may go:
As for the pig, I thank you, but—no, no—
Ha, ha! good night—excuse me if I laugh—
I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of Lady Delacour,
She wrote a book about her northern tour,
Wherein the facts are graphically told,
That Scottish gentlefolks, when nights are cold,
Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm;
While common folk, who share their beds in halves—
Denied the richer comforts of the farm—
Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

INCENSE OF FLOWERS.

This rich abundance of the rose, its breath
On which I almost think my soul could live,
This sweet ambrosia, which even in death
Its leaves hold on to give.

Whence is it? From dank earth or scentless air?
Or from the inner sanctuaries of heaven?
We probe the branch, the root—no incense there—
O God, whence is it given?

Is it the essence of the morning dew,
Or distillation of a purer sphere—
The breath of the immortals coming through
To us immortals here?

Exquisite mystery, my heart devours
The living inspiration, and I know
Sweet revelations with the breath of flowers
Into our beings flow.

JAMES D. BURNS.

Born 1823 — Died 1864.

Rev. James Drummond Burns, M.A., the author of many admired poems, chiefly of a sacred character, was born in Edinburgh, Feb. 18, 1823. He was educated at Heriot's Hospital and the High School, and afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated with honours. On completing his theological studies at the Free Church College, he was ordained in 1845 to the ministry at Dunblane.

Never of a robust constitution, his assiduous labours soon broke down his health and obliged him in 1847 to seek a more genial climate in the island of Madeira. He came home during the following summer, but only, to the sorrow of all, to resign his much-loved charge at Dunblane; the state of his health not permitting him to continue his labours in Scotland. He was appointed to the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Funchal, Madeira, and carried on his ministrations there, almost without interruption, for the next five years. Before returning to Britain in 1853, he made a tour through Spain and Italy, the records of which were expanded into a goodly sized MS. volume, which, however, was not published. After a few months' ministration at Brighton and in Jersey, he accepted the call presented to him by the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead, near London. In this quiet sphere he laboured for eight years, with much acceptance to a devoted flock. In 1864 his rapidly failing

health compelled him once more to seek a milder climate, and he proceeded to Mentone on the Mediterranean, where, after a short sojourn in Switzerland, he returned to die, Nov. 27, 1864.

In 1854 Mr. Burns published his volume of poetry under the title of *The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems*, which was well received and has passed through two editions. He also published two small books, *The Evening Hymn* and *The Heavenly Jerusalem*, both of which have been highly appreciated. He contributed a good many articles both in prose and verse to the *Family Treasury*, and wrote occasionally in other periodicals. But to his highly strung and sensitive temperament, authorship was a somewhat exhausting task, and during his later years he was obliged to lay the pen aside almost entirely—except for his ministerial work. The last work written by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London was a memoir of Mr. Burns.

Hugh Miller says:—"We are greatly mistaken if Mr. Burns be not a genuine poet, skilled, as becomes a scholar and a student of classic lore, in giving to his verse the true artistic form, but not the less born to inherit the 'vision and the faculty' which cannot be acquired. . . . The vein of strong sense which runs through all the poetry of Mr. Burns, and imparts to it solidity and coherency, is, we think, not less admirable than the poetry itself, and is, we are sure, quite as little common. . . . There runs through Mr. Burns's volume a rich vein of scriptural imagery and allusion, and much oriental description—rather quiet, however, than gorgeous—that bears in its unexaggerated sobriety the impress of truth."

PORTO SANTO,

AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH OF MADEIRA.[1]

The sun is dim,—upon the sea
A sultry mist hangs heavily,—
  The water, air, and sky
Wear each the same dull, sober gleam;
So that one element they seem,
  Confused upon the eye.

Beyond these dusky clumps of pine
The sea slopes upward to the line
  Of light that streaks the west;
The waves are murmuring faint and far,
And heaving languidly,—they are
  The very type of rest.

Glance northward through the haze, and mark
That shadowy island floating dark
  Amidst the seas serene;
It seems some fair enchanted isle,
Like that which saw Miranda smile
  When Ariel sung unseen.

O happy, after all their fears,
Were those old Lusian mariners
  Who hailed that land the first,—
Upon whose seared and aching eyes,
With an enrapturing surprise,
  Its bloom of verdure burst!

Their anchor in a creek, shell-paven,
They dropped—and hence the "Holy Haven"
  They named the welcome land;

The breezes strained their masts no more,—
And all around the sunny shore
  Was summer, laughing bland.

They wandered on through green arcades,
Where fruits were hanging in the shades,
  And blossoms clustering fair;
Strange gorgeous insects shimmered by,
And from the brakes sweet minstrelsy
  Entranced the woodland air.

Years passed, and to the island came
A mariner of unknown name,
  And grave Castilian speech;
The spirit of a great emprise
Aroused him, and with flashing eyes
  He paced the pebbled beach.

What time the sun was sinking slow,
And twilight spread a rosy glow
  Around its single star,
His eye the western sea's expanse
Would search, creating by its glance
  Some cloudy land afar.

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[1] Written in Madeira, and suggested by the view of the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, one of the first colonized by the Portuguese adventurers of the fifteenth century. Columbus married a daughter of Bartolomeo Perestrello, the first governor of this island, and after his marriage lived in it for some time with his father-in-law.—Ed.

He saw it when translucent even
Shed mystic light o'er earth and heaven,
Dim shadowed on the deep;
His fancy tinged each passing cloud
With the fine phantom, and he bowed
Before it in his sleep.

He hears gray-bearded sailors tell
How the discoveries befel
That glorify their time;
"And forth I go, my friends," he cries,
"To a severer enterprise
Than tasked your glorious prime.

"Time was when these green isles, that stud
The expanse of this familiar flood,
Lived but in fancy fond.
Earth's limits,—think you here they are?
Here has the Almighty fixed his bar,
Forbidding glance beyond?

"Each shell is murmuring on the shore,
And wild sea-voices evermore
Are sounding in my ear;
I long to meet the eastern gale,
And with a free and stretching sail
Through virgin seas to steer.

"Two galleys trim, some comrades stanch,
And I with hopeful heart would launch
Upon this shoreless sea.
Till I have searched it through and through.
And seen some far land looming blue,
My heart will not play free."

Forth fared he through the deep to rove,—
For months with angry winds he strove,
And passions fiercer still,
Until he found the long-sought land,
And leaped upon the savage strand
With an exulting thrill.

The tide of life now eddies strong
Through that broad wilderness, where long
The eagle fearless flew;
Where forests waved, fair cities rise,
And science, art, and enterprise
Their restless aims pursue.

There dwells a people, at whose birth
The shout of freedom shook the earth,—
Whose fame through all the lands
Has travelled,—and before whose eyes,
Bright with their glorious destinies,
A proud career expands.

I see their life by passion wrought
To intense endeavour, and my thought
Stoops backward in its reach
To him who, in that early time,
Revolved his enterprise sublime
On Porto Santo's beach.

Methinks that solitary soul
Held, in its ark, this radiant roll
Of human hopes upfurled,—
That there in germ this vigorous life
Was sheathed, which now in earnest strife
Is working through the world.

Still on our way, with care-worn face,
Abstracted eye, and sauntering pace,
May pass one such as he,
Whose mind heaves with a secret force,
That shall be felt along the course
Of far futurity.

Call him not fanatic or fool,
Thou Stoic of the modern school;
Columbus-like, his aim
Points forward with a true presage,
And nations of a later age
May rise to bless his name.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Strait of Ill Hope! thy frozen lips at last
Unclose, to teach our seamen how to sift
A passage where blue icebergs clash and drift,
And the shore loosely rattles in the blast.
We hold the secret thou hast clenched so fast
For ages,—our best blood has earned the gift,—
Blood spilt, or hoarded up in patient thrift,
Through sunless months in ceaseless peril passed.
But what of daring Franklin? Who may know
The pangs that wrung that heart so proud and brave,
In secret wrestling with its deadly woe,
And no kind voice to reach him o'er the wave?
Now he sleeps fast beneath his shroud of snow,
And the cold Pole-star only knows his grave.

Alone, on some sharp cliff I see him strain,
O'er the white waste, his keen, sagacious eye,
Or scan the signs of the snow-muffled sky,
In hope of quick deliverance,—but in vain;
Then, faring to his icy tent again,
To cheer his mates with his familiar smile,
And talk of home and kinsfolk, to beguile
Slow hours, which freeze the blood and numb the brain.
Long let our hero's memory be enshrined
In all true British hearts! He calmly stood
In danger's foremost rank, nor looked behind.
He did his work, not with the fevered blood

Of battle, but with hard-tried fortitude,
In peril dauntless, and in death resigned.

Despond not, Britain! Should this sacred hold
Of freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold.
Men are still in thee of heroic mould,—
Men whom thy grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerably mailed,
Because by duty's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet wilt rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the unrusted armour of thy youth;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of freedom, justice, and eternal truth!

THE WANDERER.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tend'rest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still through absence grows
The memory of the past.

Though nature on another shore
Her softest smile may wear,
The vales, the hills he loved before
To him are far more fair.
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,
All clouded though they be,
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,
Still turns its eye above;
The child of an immortal birth
Seeks more than mortal love.
The scenes of earth, though very fair,
Want home's endearing spell;
And all his heart and hope are where
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh,
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he will come,
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

RISE, LITTLE STAR!

Rise, little star!
O'er the dusky hill,—
See the bright course open
Thou hast to fulfil.

Climb, little star!
Higher still and higher,
With a silent swiftness,
And a pulse of fire.

Stand, little star!
On the peak of heaven;
But for one brief moment
Is the triumph given.

Sink, little star!
Yet make heaven bright,
Even while thou art sinking,
With thy gentle light.

Set, little star!
Gladly fade and die,
With the blush of morning
Coming up the sky.

Each little star
Crieth, Life, O man!
Should have one clear purpose
Shining round its span.

FRIENDS I LOVE.

Friends I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.
Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art!

On the cross, love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory Thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye,
And 'mid angels' songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?

From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This, Thy love, will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.
Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
O my Saviour! from Thy love.

CHASTENING.

O Thou whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gain'd
The blessing which it bears;
And learn, though late, I entertain'd
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

Acts xii.

The apostle sleeps,—a light shines in the prison,—
An angel touched his side,
"Arise!" he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,—
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

William Murdoch, the son of a Paisley shoemaker, was born in that town, February 24, 1823. By the side of his father's bench in their humble home at the "Townhead" of Paisley, he learned to read, and he says in a note to the Editor, "I remember the rapturous

delight I experienced while reading, beside my father's bench in the evenings, my first novel, *Roderick Random*, spelling the *muckle words* to have the assistance of his pronunciation." Among the first uses to which William put his pen after learning to write was to indite rhymes; and in his fourteenth year he was gratified by hearing a hymn of his own composition sung in the Sabbath-school, and by being told by one of the teachers that "it was a bonnie and a godly composition." He pursued his father's vocation of a *souter*, attending at the same time an evening school, and occupying any leisure moments he could command in his favourite amusement of rhyming. In his twenty-first year he married, and at the same time his father became blind and could no longer work at his trade, in which helpless condition he remained for eight years, and had nothing to depend upon but the exertions of his son. "Our circumstances during these years," writes Murdoch, "were pretty tight-laced, but we 'warsled and toiled thro' the fair and the foul,' to the best of our ability, and finally succeeded in laying his honoured head in the grave free of debt, on Nov. 19, 1852."

Two years after Murdoch emigrated to New Brunswick. Before leaving Paisley he was entertained in public and received a handsome sum of money from his fellow-townsmen. In April, 1855, he was appointed to take charge of the gas-work on Partridge Island, which supplies the lighthouse. Here he remained for three years, during which he had considerable leisure time, and composed "The Bagpipes," and many other of his best known poems and songs. In 1860 he returned to St. John, and published a small volume, entitled *Poems and Songs, by William Murdoch.* A second edition, enlarged and improved, appeared in 1872. He again resumed his old vocation, at which he continued until the summer of 1865, when he obtained a place on the editorial staff of the *Morning News*, published at St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. Murdoch has recently completed a Scottish poem of some three thousand lines, entitled "A Fireside Drama," which he proposes to publish at an early day.

THE BAGPIPES.

Let ither poets rave and rant,
How fiddles can the saul enchant,
How harps and organs lift the sant
To heaven aboon;
For me, my lugs I winna grant
To siclike din.

The swelling horn, and sounding drum,
Yield pleasing notes nae doubt to some,
And chields wha at pianos thrum,
Think nought's sae braw;
But Scotland's skirling bagpipes' bum
Is worth them a'.

O, weel I lo'e the martial strains,
That swell'd our forbears' hearts and veins,
And led them on thro' reeking plains
O' death and gore,
To drive oppression, and its chains,
Frae Scotia's shore.

Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
Can tamely sit, while Donald plays
A pibroch peal;
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze
O' patriot zeal.

In yore, when Roman lads were boun'
To rieve us o' our royal crown,
Frae Highland hills our sires came doun
To deadly gripes;
Fir'd by the bauld inspiring soun'
O' Scotland's pipes.

And weel the Dane and Roman chiels
Ken'd when they heard the bagpipe's peals,
That Donald was upon their heels
In martial raw;
Sae faith they took to southern fiel's
And were na slaw.

The Saxon thocht he micht afford
To reign supreme, as Scotland's lord;
Sae pour'd his troops, horde after horde,
On Scottish plains;
And claim'd dominion by the sword,
O'er our domains.

His flags were waving on ilk height,
When stern, undaunted, Wallace wight,
His claymore wav'd for freedom's right
And Scotland's weal;
And dar'd proud Edward's vaunted might
In mony a fiel'.

He led his men to battle's brunt,
The pipers marching at the front,
Wi' stirring peal and solemn grunt
They cheer'd the way,
Nor tarried, be't for brose or strunt,
Till bang'd the fae.

And syne, when Bruce display'd his ranks
For battle on red Bannock's banks,
He plac'd the pipers at the flanks,
Wha blew sae weel,
That trembling seiz'd the southron shanks,
And play'd the deil.

They couldna bide the clours, and paicks,
That shower'd frae our Lochaber aix;
They shook, as coward only shakes
When touch'd by steel.
Then curs'd our land o' hills and cakes,
And fled the fiel'.

And when that shout o' victory rose,
Which rent the veil o' Scottish woes,
The swelling pibroch spurr'd our foes
To quicker bound,
And stamp'd the land where Bannock flows
As sacred ground.

Thy bagpipes, Scotland, lang hae been
Thy vera best and truest frien',
On bluidy field or dewy green,
At gloamings gray,
When lads and lasses wad convene
To dance and play.

When charm'd by our dear bagpipes' din,
What ither race beneath the sun
Can match our hardy Highland kin
At reel or jig?
They loup, and fling, and jink, and rin,
Nor ever lig.

But change the tune to martial air,
Their shouts will mak' the mountains rair;
Their courage danger ne'er could scare,
When Scotland's guid
Requir'd their helps, or aiblins mair,
Their very bluid.

Just sound one swelling pibroch peal,
And say Victoria needs their steel,
Nae twa ways then; ilk hardy chiel
His kilt puts on,
And bids his native hills fareweel
Without a groan.

And when they meet their country's faes,
Their courage kindles to a blaze;
See Scotland's gallant, daring "Grays"
And Forty-twa,
Lead on the charge, that wing'd the days
O' Bonna's fa'.

"These kilted savages," he swore,
"That came from Scotland's rocky shore—
Stern, as their fathers were in yore,
With dirk and plaid—
Have grieved my gallant heroes more
Than ought beside."

And see them on the Crimean plains,
Where slavery still eternal reigns;
Nae odds could cool their boiling veins,
Nor quench their zeal;
The rust of cowardice ne'er stains
The Scottish steel.

My country's pipes! while life is mine
I'll love thy strains, as air divine;
Link'd as ye are wi' auld langsyne,
My Scottish heart,
Tho' frae you sunder'd by the brine,
Will never part.

And when on death's cold bier I'm laid,
Let pipers round me serenade;
And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
For sheet and shroud;
And o'er my grave be tribute paid
One PIBROCH LOUD.

ADDRESS TO MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

Let fools wi' muckle purses haver
'Bout hats o' silk, or costly beaver,
And flirts o' beaux and menseless chaps
Brag o'er their one-pound-four light naps;
But nane o' them deserves a sonnet
Sae much as you, my auld blue bonnet.
For mony years noo past and gane
Ye've happ'd my pow frae wind and rain;
The equinoxial gales micht blaw,
The lammas tide in torrents fa';
Auld winter too micht show his form,
Deep wrapp'd in clouds, and cloth'd in storm,
Wi' frost, hail, snaw, and blashy sleet,
Shroud nature like a winding sheet,
But capp'd by thee, my bonnet blue,
His storms as yet I've wudd'led thro',
Nor car'd I for his wrath a bodle,
Ye lent sic comfort to my noddle.
Since first ye left thy native toon,
Sae fam'd for nicht-caps and for shoon,
Richt mony ups and downs I've seen,
Wi' pleasant blinks at times between;
I've tasted bliss, I've shed saut tears,
I've sprung frae youth to manhood's years,
I've wander'd far, I've wander'd wide,
Frae hame, and a' I lov'd beside;
But thanks to fate, I'm here again,
Snug seated by my ain hearthstane.

Dear comrade of my youthful glee,
What memories fond are link'd wi' thee!
What joyous transports have I felt
When at the shrine of love I knelt,
And sued, nor did I sue in vain,
For Meg's love in return again.
O happy, mair than happy days,
When 'mang fair Cart's green banks and braes,
On gloamings gray I wont to stroll,
Wi' her whose love enwrapt my soul.
I sigh'd a' day, and dream'd a' nicht,
And she, poor thing, was never richt,
Till baith grew tir'd o' living single,
And bairns noo ramp around our ingle.
An' still I bless the page o' life
That gied me Peggy for a wife.
My guid auld frien', it mak's me wae,
That fashions should be changing sae;
In youth ye was my very pride,
Ye was sae braw, sae blue, and wide;
Gang whar I micht, be't up, be't down,
Ye was my comforter an' crown.
Ilk height and howe, ilk moss and moor,
'Tween this and Scotland's southern shore,
And far awa 'mong Highland shiels,
I've trod wi' thee and blister'd heels;
But noo, alake! my guid auld frien',
Nae gate wi' thee daur I be seen,
Or modern folks will jibe and joke,
And ca' thee beggar's aumos pock.
Ochon-a-nee! and lack-a-day!
That e'er we should grow auld or gray;
Poor worn-out men, and threadbare claes,
Are no the things for noo-a-days;
When young, and strong, and fit for use,
They're aye made welcome in the house,
But ance turn auld, be't man or bonnet,
The fire or hook, they're taught to shun it.
By youthful pomp, and youthful pride,
Like auld worn boots they're cast aside,
Or aiblins sent, for guid or ill,
To almshouse or the carding mill:
Sae gae your wa's, ye're out o' date,
And e'en maun just submit to fate:
My conscience winna let me steer ye,
And fashion says I maunna wear ye,
Sae we maun part! and nae remeid,
But buy a beaver in your stead,
And swap you wi' some gangrel body,
For tea-cup, or a dish for crowdy:
But aye whene'er I glance upon it,
I'll mind o' you—MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, an' creep close to the fire,
This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread;
The snaw's driftin' sair o'er the hill, an' the win'
Like a demon rairs at the lum head.
The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,
God sen' him a beild dry an' warm;
And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—
O! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face of the sky,
That us'd sae to cheer me at e'en,
For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinney days,
When wi' Donald I stray'd 'neath their sheen.
But he's noo far awa' amidst danger an' strife,
Whaur bluid flows in torrents like rain,
I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife;
But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,
Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en;
Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,
An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.
He spak' na a word; but O! sairly I fear
His heart-strings are cut by the glaive;
Wer't no for my bairns I could rush to my dear
Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn—
'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae;
But aiblins I'm wrang, for God wha can haud
The vast sea in the howe o' his han',
Can shield him frae scaith, an' may yet sen' him back
To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God! what did I hear? 'twas my Donald's ain voice,
Borne alang on the wings o' the blast—
He said—"Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye,
Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."
O Heavens! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,
The bluid's gushing out frae his broo;
I'm coming, dear Donald—fareweel my lov'd bairns!
I'm coming to Heaven an' you.

Thus wail'd the brave Highlander's heart-stricken wife,
In her cot 'mang the heather-clad cairns,
Then frantic arose, clasp'd her hands o'er her heart,
Swoon'd and died in the arms of her bairns.
Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe
That Donald, the flower of his clan,
Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow,
Fell, fighting for freedom and man.

JAMES SMITH.

There have been literary printers from the days of Benjamin Franklin down to our own time, which has produced among others JAMES SMITH, the author of numerous tender and touching poems in the Scottish dialect. He was born in Edinburgh, March 2, 1824, and in early life was apprenticed to a printer, a business which, together with proof-reading, he pursued in his native city until 1869, when he was appointed librarian to the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library, a position which he still continues to fill.

In 1865 Mr. Smith's poems appeared in a quarto volume, a few copies of which were set up and pulled at the press by the author, when manager of a law-printing establishment, during one of the long vacations. "There is," says Cowper, "a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know," and only printers, it may be supposed, can experience the joy of setting up "copy" of their own composition. In 1866 the first published edition of his poems appeared, entitled *Poems, Songs, and Ballads*, which has since passed through three editions. Alluding to his poetical efforts the author says: "They are for the most part children of impulse—verses prompted by the immediate influence of whatever feeling happened to predominate at the time, and having little or no pretension to elaborate study,—that being rendered well-nigh impossible by the exigencies of a life of incessant toil, and by the anxieties that harass, more or less, every man struggling for those dependent on him. The author would not have it inferred that he craves the reader's indulgence on this ground, or that he advances it as a plea for mollifying the impartial verdict of criticism. He only mentions it as a fact, which it is but fair any one who may peruse these pages should know."

Mr. Smith is also the author of *Humorous Scotch Stories*, *Jenny Blair's Maunderings*, *Habbie and Madge*, *Peggy Pinkerton's Recollections*, and *Archie and Bess*, five amusing little volumes containing graphic descriptions of the customs and conversations of the Scottish peasantry. On May-day, 1875, a number of the poet's friends and admirers, including the Earl of Rosebery, presented him with a handsome silver salver and two hundred sovereigns as a tribute of their esteem.

A critic has truthfully said that "James Smith is unmistakably a poet—musical, tender, and true. With a sense of humour which, from Carlyle downwards, is almost universally seen bound up with a great sadness, he combines a pathetic sweetness and a command of wailing melody sure to find its way to the popular heart, and to make him a household favourite."

WEE COCKIELORUM.

There's the spunkie o' the toun;
  Tak my word, he's worth the seein';
Was there ever sic a loun,
  A' his duds in tatters fleein'?
On he darts, like lichtnin' flashin',
Swift his dumpy bare feet splashin',
Through the rain in torrents dashin'—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Turnin' on the water crans;
  Breakin' windows; cowpin' shutters;
Up amang the chimley cans;
  Doun amang the dubs an' gutters;
Never oot o' fechts an' quarrels;
Plague o' wives an' nervous carles;
Ranger o' the sugar barrels—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Kippin' frae the schule, the rogue,
  Carritch sailin' doun the syver;
Linkin' ower the Hunter's Bog,
  Fleein' high his ha'p'ny diver;
Whiles at Leith, in harbour nookies,
Sprauchlin' wi' his worms an' hookies,
Catchin' podlies, eels, an' flookies—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Rinnin', jumpin', stottin' ba's,
Playin' shinty, wha can match him?
Firin' whins, an' frichtnin' craws;
Rangers tryin' sair to catch him;
Riever dire o' neeps an' berries,
Pears an' apples, plooms an' cherries,
Paips an' bools, an' taps an' peeries—
Wee Cockielorum.

Blithe when Queen's birth-day comes roun',
Liltin' on his bawbee-whistle;
Kilties, fogies, braw dragoons,
Makin' sic a joyfu' bustle;
Bauld at nicht wi' jinglin' pockets,
Firin' crackers, squeebs, an' rockets;
Black wi' pouther to the sockets—
Wee Cockielorum.

Speelin' trees, an' herryin' nests
(Fine the auld birds ken his habits);
Cats the birkie aye molests;
Fond o' duggies, doos, an' rabbits;
Kind to bits o' weanies tottin';
Keen o' soomin', divin', floatin';
Aft on seaside cuddies trottin'—
Wee Cockielorum.

Proud when stormy tempests blaw;
Winter haps wi' scorn deridin';
Strampin' cheery through the snaw;
Owre the Loch wi' ardour slidin'.
Cauld an' hunger tame the roguie;
Hame through closes dark an' foggy,
Thinkin' on his parritch-coggie—
Wee Cockielorum.

Puir wee man! 'tis hard for thee,
Reckless faither, feckless mither;
Laddie wi' the sparklin' e'e—
Sturdy, stuffy little brither!
Soon may thou, true wisdom learnin',
Ca' thy girr wi' mair discernin',
Manhood's noblest honours earnin'—
Wee Cockielorum.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' oot an' in;
Oh, but she's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou o' mischief,
An' minds nae what I say:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the stumpie noo?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie,
An' lauchin' to the soo!
Noo she sees my angry e'e,
An' aff she's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
I'll scud ye till I'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
Catchin' little fishes;
Noo she's i' the barnyard,
Playin' wi' the fouls—
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
Oh, my heart it's broke!
She's torn my braw new wincey,
To mak' a dolly's frock.
There's the goblet owre the fire!
The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Wha's sae tired as me!
See! the kettle's doun at last!
Wae's me for my tea!
Oh! it's angersome, atweel,
An' sune'll mak' me gray;
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the smoukie noo?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
Cryin' "Keekybo!"
Noo she's at the fireside,
Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl
Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she's at the windy!
Haud her, or she's owre!
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht:
Where's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
For a' ye gi'e me pain,
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
My ain wee wean!

An' gin I'm spared to ither days—
Oh, may they come to pass—
I'll see my bonnie bairnie
A braw, braw lass!

BURD AILIE.

Burd Ailie sat doun by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
As her heart throbbed fast and sair.
An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,
She murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,
An' the ship sae far frae hame!

The robin flew hie owre the gowden broom,
An' he warbled fu' cheerilie.
"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Will I ever my true luve see?"
Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang:
"Puir Ailie! I'm laith to tell;
For the ship's i' the howe o' a roaring wave,
An' thy luve's i' the merlin's cell!"

"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,
When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree?
Was his heart aye true to mine?"
"Oh, fond an' true," the sweet robin sang;
"But the merlin he noo maun wed;
For the sea-weed's twined in his yellow hair,
An' the coral's his bridal bed!"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
An' the robin sang nae mair.
For an angel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,
As she murmur'd her true luve's name;
An' took her awa' frae a broken heart,
And the ship that wad ne'er come hame!

DOUN FAIR DALMENY'S ROSY DELLS.

Doun fair Dalmeny's[1] rosy dells,
Sweet Mary wander'd, sad an' wae;
The sunlicht faded owre the lea,
An' cheerless fell the simmer day.
The warblin' mavis sang nae mair,
As aft she sighed, in heavy sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"By yonder hoary castle wa',[2]
Where murmurs deep the dark blue sea,
I wearied sair the langsome nicht,
Till tears bedimm'd my sleepless e'e.
The boat gaed doun by Cramond's isle—
O weary fa' that nicht o' sorrow!
For lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"O foaming waves, that took my luve—
My ain true luve, beyond compare!
O will I see his winsome form,
And hear his dear lo'ed voice nae mair?"
Fu' deep the snaw-white surges moaned:
"O sair's the burden o' thy sorrow;
For lanely, lanely lies thy luve,
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

She wander'd weary by the shore,
An' murmur'd aft his name sae dear;
Till owre Dalmeny's dewy dells
The silver moon shone sweet an' clear.
An' saft the trembling breezes sigh'd,
As far she strayed, in hopeless sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

THE LINTWHITE.

A lintwhite sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring,
An' lang she look'd at the cauld gray lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit, wi' shiverin' breist,
Sae waesomely she sang:
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?

"I've socht him doun i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

"O waly!" the norland breezes moan'd;
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair;
For the hawk's awa' wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair!
Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang!
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang?"

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[1] The estate of the Earl of Rosebery, a few miles from Edinburgh.

[2] The ruins of Barnbougle Castle.

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd west,
Till she droukit her downy wing;
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang:
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

LILLY LORN.

Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw,
Far frae her minnie's dwellin';
An' lang she stray'd wi' restless e'e,
Till curfew bells were knellin';
An' aye the warblers blithely sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

She socht her lordly lover's ha',
An' moan'd in vain her sorrow;
Till dew lay on her silken hair,
An' cheerless dawn'd the morrow.
Then twinin' sad a rowan wreath,
She sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"
Syne wander'd through the gowden mist,
As westlin' winds were sighin'!

"Gae hame, gae hame, sweet Lilly Lorn!"
She heard the cushet wailin';
"Ye're cauld an' lanely i' the shaw,
Far frae yer minnie's dwellin'."
The tears ran doun her bonnie face,
To hear the cushet cryin';
But aye she twin'd the rowan wreath,
An' sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"

She laid her doun beneath a birk,
Wi' cauld an' deidly shiver;
An' sigh'd ance mair Glenlyon's name,
Syne clos'd her e'en for ever.
An' saft an' wae the warblers sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

CLAP, CLAP HANDIES.

Clap, clap handies!
Clap hands again;
Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
Mammy's bonnie wean!

I'll buy ye a fishie,
In a little dishie:
Clap, clap handies,
My wee wean!

Clap, clap handies!
Deddy's comin' ben
Wi' siller bells an' coral shells,
Three score an' ten;
A' to gie his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie:
Clap, clap handies,
Deddy's comin' ben!

Clap, clap handies!
Craw, cocky, craw,
Blithely to my wee bird,
Cockyleerielaw!
Craw awa' sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie;
Clap, clap handies!
Cockyleerielaw!

Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man:
I'll buy ye a coachy
To ride thro' a' the lan'!
Wi' a mappie an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie:
Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man!

Clap, clap handies,
Kissy mammy noo!
Eh! where's my sugar-ploom!
Eh! where's my doo!
Cuddle in, my trootie—
Mammy's tootie-lootie!
Clap, clap handies!
Kissy mammy noo!

Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!
May ye never grieve my heart,
Or dim yer deddy's e'e!
Lauch awa', my petty—
Mammy's pretty pretty:
Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!

THE HAREBELL BLOSSOMED RARELY.

Bonnie Jeanie sleepit in a lanesome rushy dell,
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' she dreamt she saw her dearie in the lanesome rushy dell,

Wi' a lassie by his side, but her name she couldna tell;
For her hame was in yon bonnie land where happy spirits dwell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Sair her heart was thrabbin' as she lookit at the twa—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' aye at ilka fond word her buirdly luve let fa',
A gowden ray o' glory stream'd in beauty owre them a';
While the siller-bells were chimin' thro' the lanely leafy shaw—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"Now, by Our Lady's benison, dear maiden, ye'll be mine!"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
She waved her angel wings an' sigh'd, wi' glance o' love divine,
Then clasp'd her lily hands, an' said, "I daurna weel be thine;
For I'm a bride in heaven, an' my love I winna tyne"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"'Mang myrtle groves my lover dwells in yon dear land sae fair"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
"Where the radiant beams o' glory kiss the balmy simmer air;
Where the crystal seas o' emerald are shinin' evermair;
Where the birds are warblin' bonnily, for nocht o' sorrow's there"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Saft sigh'd the wind amang the shady bowers sae green—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
Her sunny locks were waved aside—a rosy face was seen;
'Twas the face o' bonnie Jeanie, wi' her sparklin' lauchin' een;
Syne she faded frae his bosom in a cloud o' siller sheen—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Lichtly Jeanie waukent as the dewy gloamin' fell—
Hush'd was the mavis on the birken tree—
Oh the joy that filled her tender breast nae tongue could ever tell,
For the bonnie angel o' her dream was Jeanie's bonnie sel';
Sae she wander'd blithely singin' owre the lanesome rushy dell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

George Mac Donald, one of the most popular of living Scottish poets and novelists, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, December 10, 1824. He early gave tokens of his future literary distinction, for we are told that when a boy at school he would sometimes attract a circle of listeners to his improvised tales. On leaving school he entered King's College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of A.M. He was educated for the Congregational Church, of which his father was a stanch supporter, but he afterwards became a member of the Church of England.

Mr. Mac Donald first became known to the literary world by the publication of "Within and Without," a dramatic poem with a dedicatory sonnet to the author's wife, which appeared in 1855, and was received with almost universal favour. It is a thrilling story in verse, interspersed with many sweet and tender songs, such as "Love me, Beloved." It was followed in 1857 by *A Hidden Life, and other Poems*, containing a number of exquisite lyrics; and in 1867 by *The Disciple, and other Poems*. These collections, with some other poems and prose writings, have been published in ten handsome pocket volumes, entitled *Works of Fancy and Imagination*. Some of Mac Donald's poems, as the "Disciple," "The Gospel Women," and the "Organ Songs," will, should he write no more, long keep his memory green. *Alec Forbes of Howglen, David Elginbrod, Robert Falconer*, and his other numerous prose works, have been extremely popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

He is especially successful in his writings for the young. He is also favourably known as a lecturer on literary topics, and in the winter of 1872–73 he visited the United States for the purpose of lecturing in the principal cities of the North. A few years since Mr. Mac Donald received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. Occasionally he appears in the pulpit.

It has been truthfully said that in all his writings, both prose and verse, Mr. Mac Donald's powers of mind and heart are consecrated to the service of humanity. "His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and foremost evidently in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure spiritual life."

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

The thousand streets of London gray
  Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
  In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
  Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
  They call the place a park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
  God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
  Or crop the grass amain.

And from dark alley, yard, and den,
  In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
  The little human goats.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day,
  An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
  A panting woollen heap.

But help is nearer than we know
  For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
  A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
  Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
  Its rents were small—good hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
  Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
  The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
  Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
  In London dry and lorn.

And let priests say the thing they please,
  My hope, though very dim,
Thinks he will say who alway sees,
In doing it to one of these
  Thou didst it unto him.

AN OLD SERMON WITH A NEW TEXT.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
  Her husband to infold,
For 'tis the pride of woman still,
  To cover from the cold:
My daughter made it a new text
  For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
  Ready with bootless aid:
"Lily will make one for papa,"
  The tiny woman said:
Her mother gave the needful things,
  With a knot upon the thread.

"The knot, mamma!—it won't come through.
  Mamma! mamma!" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
  And she was satisfied,
Pulling the long thread through and through,
  In fabricating pride.

Her mother told me this: I caught
  A glimpse of something more:

Great meanings often hide themselves
With little words before;
And I brooded over the new text,
Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
A little sermon, low:
Is it not thus a thousand times,
As through the world we go,
When we pull, murmur, fret, and cry,
Instead of "Yes, Lord," "No"?

For all the rough things that we meet,
Which will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
The Crook in every Lot—
What mean they, but that children's threads
Have at the end a knot?

For *circumstance* is God's great web—
He gives it free of cost,
But we must make it into clothes
To shield our hearts from frost:
Shall we, because the thread holds fast,
Count all our labour lost?

If he should cut away the knot,
And yield each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
From the needle of my child.

For as the cordage to the sail;
As to my verse the rhyme;
As mountains to the low green earth—
So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
The quiet flow of time;

As sculptor's mallet to the birth
Of the slow-dawning face;
As knot upon my Lily's thread,
When she would work apace;
God's *Nay* is such, and worketh so
For his children's coming grace.

Who knowing his ideal end,
Such birthright would refuse?
What makes us what we have to be
Is the only thing to choose:
We neither know his end nor means,
And yet his will accuse!

This is my sermon. It is preached
Against all fretful strife.
Chafe not with anything that is,
Nor cut it with thy knife.
Ah! be not angry with the knot
That holdeth fast thy life.

WHAT MAKES SUMMER?

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Winter froze the brook and well;
Fast and fast the snow-flakes fell:
Children gathered round the hearth,
Made a summer of their mirth.
One—a child so lately come
That his life was yet one sum
Of delights—all games and rambles,
Nights of dreams, and days of gambols—
Thought aloud: "I wish I knew
What makes summer—that I do!"
And the answer to his question
Held the truth, half in suggestion.

'Tis the sun that rises early,
Shining, shining all day rarely;
Drawing up the larks to meet him,
Earth's bird-angels, wild to greet him;
Drawing up the clouds, to pour
Down again a shining shower;
Drawing out the grass and clover—
Blossoms breaking out all over;
Drawing out the flowers to stare
At their father in the air—
He all light, they how much duller!
Yet son-suns of every colour;
Drawing out the flying things—
Out of eggs, fast flapping wings;
Out of lumps like frozen snails,
Butterflies with splendid sails;
Drawing buds from all the trees;
From their hives the busy bees;
Living gold from earthy cracks—
Beetles with their burnished backs;
Drawing laughter out of water,
Smiling small suns as he taught her;
Sending winds to every nook,
That no creature be forsook;
Drawing children out of doors,
On two legs, or on all fours;
Drawing out of gloom and sadness,
Hope and blessing, peace and gladness;
Making man's heart sing and shine
With his brilliancy divine.

Slow at length, adown the west,
Lingering, he goes to rest;
Like a child, who, blissful yet,
Is unwilling to forget,
And, though sleepy, heels and head,
Thinks he cannot go to bed.
Even when down behind the hill,
Back his bright look shineth still,
Whose keen glory with the night
Makes the lovely gray twilight,

Drawing out the downy owl,
With his musical bird-howl;
Drawing out the leathery bats—
Mice they are, turned airy cats—
Noiseless, sly, and slippery things,
Swimming through the air on wings;
Drawing out the feathery moth,
Lazy, drowsy, very loath:
She by daylight never flits—
Sleeps and nurses her five wits;
Drawing light from glow-worms' tails,
Glimmering green in grassy dales;
Drawing children to the door,
For one goodnight-frolic more.

Then the moon comes up the hill,
Wide awake, but dreaming still;
Soft and slow, as if in fear
Lest her path should not be clear,
Like a timid lady she
Looks around her daintily,
Begs the clouds to come about her,
Tells the stars to shine without her;
But when we are lying like dead,
Sleeping in God's summer-bed,
She unveiled and bolder grown
Climbs the steps of her blue throne,
Stately in a calm delight,
Mistress of a whole fair night,
Drawing dreams, lovely and wild,
Out of father, mother, child.

But what fun is all about,
When the humans are shut out!
Night is then a dream opaque,
Full of creatures wide awake!
Noiseless then on feet or wings,
Out they come, all moon-eyed things!
Mice creep out of cracks in boles;
I don't know—but mayn't the moles
Come up stairs to open their eyes?
Stars peep from their holes in the skies;—
There they sparkle, pop, and play—
Have it all their own wild way;
Fly and frolic, scamper, glow—
Treat the moon, for all her show,
State, and opal diadem,
Like a nursemaid watching them.

'Tis the sun both day and night,
Shining here, or out of sight—
'Tis, I say, that fire of his
Makes the summer what it is.
He, across dividing fate
Seeks the moon disconsolate,
Like a lonely lady high
In a turret of the sky;
Comforts her with comfort such
That she gives us her too-much.
Even when all his light is gone,
Still his warmth is working on,
With a hidden gentle might
Stretching summer through the night.—

But the nightingale—ah, rare!
Turns it all, mighty and fair,
To a diamond hoop of song,
Which he trundles all night long.—

When I heard him last, he sang
That the woody echoes rang—
Loud the secret out did call
In a wordless madrigal:
Through the early summer wood,
All the creatures understood.

What without a word he spoke,
I will tell the older folk,
Making it articulate,
Less divine and more sedate:
Here's the song the creatures heard
From the tiny, mighty bird:

Beautiful mother is busy all day—
So busy she neither can sing nor say;
But lovely thoughts, in a ceaseless flow,
Through her eyes, and her ears, and her bosom go—
Motion, sight, and sound, and scent,
Weaving a royal, rich content.—

But when night is come, and her children sleep,
And beautiful mother her watch would keep—
With glowing stars in her dusky hair,
Down she sits to her music rare;
And her instrument that never fails,
Is the hearts and the throats of her nightingales.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL!

O lassie ayont the hill,
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body cud be a thocht o' grace,
  And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid and my han's and my face,
  O my thochts and mysel' an' a'.
  I'm sick o' the warl' an' a';
The win' gangs by wi' a hiss;
  Throu my starin' een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary hert they miss.
  O lassie ayont the hill!
    Come ower the tap o' the hill,
  Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill;
    Bidena ayont the hill.

For gin I but saw yer bonnie heid,
  And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid,
  I wad be mysel' nae mair.
  I wad be mysel' nae mair,
Filled o' the sole remeid—
  Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

Mysel' micht wauk up at the saft fitfa'
  O' my bonnie depairtin' dame;
But gin she lo'ed me ever sae sma',
  I micht bide it—the weary same;
  Noo, sick o' my body and name,
Whan it lifts its upsettin' heid,
  I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
  I wad ring my ain deid knell;
The spectre wad melt, shot through and through
  Wi' the shine o' your sunny sel'.—
  By the shine o' yer sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
  I wad dee to mysel', ring my ain deid-bell,
And live for ever in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

THE WAESOME CARL.

There cam a man to our toon-en',
  An' a waesome carl was he;
Snipie-nebbit, and crookit-mou'd,
  And gleyt o' ae blinterin ee.
Muckle he spied, and muckle he spak,
  But the owercome o' his sang,
Whatever the tune, was aye the same:—
  There's nane o' ye a' but's wrang.
    Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
    And a'thegither a' wrang;
    There's no a man aboot the toon
    But's a'thegither a' wrang.

That's no the gait to fire the breid,
  Nor yet to brew the yill;
That's no the gait to haud the pleuch,
  Nor yet to ca' the mill;
That's no the gait to milk the coo,
  Nor yet to spean the calf;
Nor yet to tramp the girnel-meal—
  Ye kenna yer wark by half!
    Ye're a' wrang, &c.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
  And lat alane to preach;
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
  Nor yet the gift o' speech.

He mind't him o' Balaäm's ass,
Wi' a differ ye may ken:
The Lord he opened the ass's mou',
The minister opened's ain.
He's a' wrang, &c.

The puir precentor cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine;
The verra elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
And for the rulin'-elder's grace,
It wasna worth a horn;
He didna half uncurse the meat,
Nor pray for mair the morn.
He's a' wrang, &c.

And aye he gied his nose a thraw,
And aye he crook't his mou';
And aye he cockit up his ee,
And said—Tak tent the noo.
We snichert hint oor loof, man,
But never said him nay;
As gin he had been a prophet, man,
We loot him say his say:
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

Quo' oor gudeman: The crater's daft!—
Heard ye ever sic a claik?
Lat's see gin he can turn a han',
Or only luik and craik.
It's true we maunna lippen till him—
He's fairly crack wi' pride;
But he maun live—we canna kill him—
Gin he can work, he s' bide.
He was a' wrang, &c.

It's true it's but a laddie's turn,
But we'll begin wi' a sma' thing:
There's a' thae weyds to gaither and burn—
And he's the man for a' thing!—
We yokit for yon heich peat-moss—
There was peats to cast and ca'—
Weel rid, we reckon, o' him and his
Lang tongue till gloamin'-fa';
But we're a' wrang, &c.

For, losh! or it was denner-time,
The toon was in a low!
The reek rase up as it had been
Frae Sodom-flames, I vow.
We lowst and rade like mad, for byre
And ruck war blazin' fell,
As gin the deil had brocht the fire
To mak anither hell!
'Twas a' wrang, &c.

And there, on-luikin', the carl stude,
Wi' 's han's aneath his tails;
To see him maisthan' drave us wud,
We ill could haud oorsels.
It's a' your wite; I tauld ye sae;
Ye're a' wrang to the last:
What gart ye burn thae deevilich weyds
Whan the win' blew frae the wast?
Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang;
There's no a man in a' the warl'
But's a'thegither a' wrang.

TIME AND TIDE.

As I was walkin' on the strand,
I spied ane auld man sit
On ane auld black rock; and aye the waves
Cam washin' up its fit;
His lips they gaed as gin they wad lilt,
But his sang he cud only say;
An' it was but an owercome, waesome and dreigh—
O' the words he had nae mae:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns;
They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"What can the auld man mean," quo' I,
"Sittin' o' the auld black rock?
The tide creeps up wi' a moan an' a cry,
And a hiss 'maist like a mock.
The words he mutters maun be the en'
O' some weary dreary sang—
A deid thing floatin' aboot in his brain,
'At the tide will no lat gang."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns;
They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Hoo pairtit it them, auld man?" I said;
"Was't the sea cam up ower strang?
But gin thegither the twa' o' them gaed,
Their pairtin' wasna lang.
Or was ane ta'en, and the ither left—
Ane to sing, ane to greit?
It's unco sair to be sae bereft—
But there's ither tides at yer feet."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Was't the sea o' space wi' its tide o' time?
Sic droonin' 's waur to bide:

But Death's a diver, seekin' ye
Aneath its chokin' tide;
And ye'll gaze again in ither's ee,
Far abune space and time."
Never ae word he answered me,
But he changed a word in his rhyme:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa for evermore."

"May be, auld man, 'twas the tide o' change
That crap atween the twa?
Hech! that's a droonin' awfu' strange,
And waur than ane an' a!"
He said nae mair. I luikit, and saw
The lips nae mair cud gang;
Ane o' the tides had ta'en him awa'—
An' ower him I croont his ain sang:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And souft them awa' throu a mirksome door!"

ANNIE SHE'S DOWIE.

Annie she's dowie, and Willie he's wae.
What can be the maitter wi' siccan a twae—
For Annie she's fair as the first o' the day,
And Willie he's honest and stalwart and gay?

Oh! the tane has a daddy is poor and is proud,
And the tither a minnie that cleiks at the goud:
They lo'ed ane anither, and said their say—
But the daddy and minnie they pairtit the twae.

A PARABLE: TELL ME.

"Traveller, what lies over the hill?
Traveller, tell to me:
Tiptoe-high on the window-sill,
Over I cannot see."

"My child, a valley green lies there,
Lovely with trees, and shy;
And a tiny brook that says—'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by-and-by.'"

"And what comes next?"—"A little town,
And a towering hill again;
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?"—"A lonely moor,
Without one beaten way;
And slow clouds drifting dull before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
Blue sea and a moaning tide."
And then?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
With rivers deep and wide."

"And then?"—"Oh—rock and mountain and vale,
Ocean and shores and men,
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again!"

"And is that all? From day to day—
As with a long chain bound—
Oh! never to get right away,
But go round and round and round?"

"No, no; I have not told the best—
Neither the best nor the end:
On summer eves, away in the west,
You may see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colours of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"Is it far away?" "I do not know.
You must fix your eyes thereon,
And travel, travel, through thunder and snow,
Till the weary way is gone.

"All day, though you never see it shine,
You must travel, nor turn aside,
Through blinding sunlight and moonbeams fine,
And mist and darkness wide."

"When I am older." "Nay, not so."
"I have hardly opened my eyes!"
"He who to the old sunset would go,
Starts best with the young sunrise."

"But the stair—is it very very steep?"
"Too steep for you to climb;
You must lie at the foot of the glorious heap,
And patient wait your time."

"How long?" "Nay, that I cannot tell."
"In wind, and rain, and frost?"
"It may be." "Ah!—ah!" "It is well
That you should count the cost.

"Yea, travellers many on you will stand."
"That will be hard to bear."
"But One with wounded foot and hand
Will carry you up the stair."

ANDREW J. SYMINGTON.

Andrew James Symington was born in Paisley, July 27, 1825. His father, Robert Brown Symington, was a merchant, and three of his father's brothers were clergymen. His mother's name was Margaret Macalaster, a woman of sterling worth and refined taste. On leaving the grammar school where he was educated Andrew joined the firm of his father, which business he and an elder brother conducted in Glasgow until recently, when he retired from the firm.

From an early period Mr. Symington has been devoted to literary and artistic studies, and during leisure hours has enjoyed the personal intercourse and correspondence of many eminent scientific men, artists, and men of letters. In 1848 he published a volume of poems entitled *Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings.* In 1855 a volume entitled *Genevieve and other Poems* was printed for private circulation. This was followed in 1857 by two volumes entitled *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life,* on which the author was engaged for the greater part of ten years. In 1859, induced by an ardent love of northern literature and antiquities, he visited Iceland, and afterwards published the results of his travels in "*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faröe and Iceland,* with an appendix containing translations from the Icelandic, and fifty-one illustrations by Linton, from drawings by the author." In 1862 a second edition of *Harebell Chimes* appeared, containing many additional poems; and in 1870 his latest volume was issued, entitled "The Reasonableness of Faith: with an Appendix containing Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope."

In 1851 Mr. Symington travelled in France, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. He also spent some time in the United States during the years 1874–75, when he contributed to some of the leading magazines and journals. In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen. His poetry has found many admirers. *Harebell Chimes,* when first published, was highly praised by Samuel Rogers; and another eminent critic has said, "Every line in the volume is in fullest sympathy with what is lovely and honest, and of good report."

ON HEARING JESSICA PLAY SWEET MUSIC.

Shapes of loveliness, like angel-dreams,
  Float before my all-entrancèd sense:
List'ning to sweet melody that streams,
  With a deep and soul-like influence,

From thy fingers; as they, o'er the keys,
  Run thro' mazes intricate and wild;
Now, evolving mystic harmonies—
  Now, a simple air for laughing child.

Every passion o'er the heart doth sweep,
  Calling forth, as from a spirit lyre,
Sympathetic tones of meaning deep,
  Love—Hope—Fear—or Patriotic fire.

Hark! Beethoven wields his potent wand—
  Floods of wild unearthly melody
Roll, in mighty waves—majestic—grand,—
  Now, in ripples, o'er a moonlit sea!

Sweet andante! passionate and low,
  Wail of saddest, plaintive loveliness:
Hearts are melted, tears of pity flow
  For a gentle love-lorn maid's distress.

Now, a dazzling wild chromatic run
  Modulates into a dulcet air,
Starry minors melting every one
  In a murmuring cadence, rich and rare!

Cheerful scenes before the fancy spread;
  Weary pilgrim—sun-changed sailor boy—
Home returneth, long given up as dead;
  Sorrow merging into tears of joy.

Lowering, gathers fast the thunder cloud—
  Murky vapours on the tempest flee—
Peal on peal reverberating loud;
  Lightnings glimmer on the darkling sea.

Now, in lonely depth of forest drear,
Branches creak—oak trees uprooted lie:
Dirge-like wailings fall upon the ear,
Storm-blasts winging thro' a troubled sky.

Weird-like—horrible—witch, kobold, sprite;
Goblin, fiend, and imp of every kind
Whirlwind-mingled—changing in moonlight,
Troop, fantasque, before my wondering mind!

Strange sonata! with thy varied tone,
Dream-like riseth many a changeful scene—
Boundless waste of sand, in desert lone,
With an island-like oásis green.

Now, I hear brave Körner's prayer rise,
'Mid the cannon's roar, from thickest fray:
Wafted, like sweet incense, to the skies,
In th' empyrian blue, it fades away!

Harmonies! how gorgeous—massive—bold!
Falling worlds, like hail, are tempest driven—
Wonders thicken—giant strains unfold—
Panting—are we now in earth or heaven?

Weary sun sinks slowly in the west;
Through the boles shoot gleams of crimson light:
Glowing all, with gold and amethyst,
Like a minster-window stainèd bright:

Seemeth all, like old cathedral pile
Shook by sound of mighty instrument
Pealing hallelujahs: through each aisle
Rolls the murmuring accompaniment.

Dying now, in wild Æolian swells,
Gently floating, on the fitful breeze,
Like a faery chime of blue harebells,
Heard in dreams, beneath the forest trees.

When, in robe of sheeny gossamer,
Cometh forth the gentle faery Queen:
Rainbow of sweet sounds o'er-arching her:
Dapper elves light tripping o'er the green.

Sparkling notes, a brilliant starry shower!
Now, a gentle fall of golden rain—
Dewy fragrance breathes from every flower—
Joyous birds are carolling again!

Child-like, here, the laughing dancing brook
Gurgles, flowing clear and musical:
There, o'er shelving rock in shady nook,
Leaps a silvery tinkling waterfall.

Music! how the witching spell doth sweep
O'er my soul with more than magic sway:
Waking thoughts, long hid in memory deep,
Urging now towards the far away!

Lost in deep "abyssmal agonies:"
Yearning ever—ah! it is not given
Here to fathom soul-like harmonies—
Music's power shall be revealed in Heaven!

THE DREAM HARP.

Methought I was alone, and feelings strange
Of utter dreariness weighed on my spirit.
The stars were sparkling clear, but they on me
Shed no sweet influence. Nature's secrets all
Were locked from me, and sealed as with seven seals;
Nor inner light was there whereby to read
Her mysteries. I sadly wandered on
In silence, questioning the universe
And my own soul: impenetrable clouds,
Heavy and dark, seemed resting upon both,
Which even the stars—the beauteous friendly stars
Now quivering in the brook which crossed my path—
Could no-wise dissipate.
Now, dreamy sounds,
As from Æolian harp, faint, sweet and low,
From the far distance, trembled into being,
Aye waxing nearer, clearer, in the air,
Swelling in dulcet, breezy, murmuring chords.
Angels, descending, bore with them a harp—
The waving of their pinions pulsing waves
Of sound in ripples through the summer air—
And, to my trancèd ear its heavenly tones
Were tones of peace. The nearing harp itself
Was of rare beauty—the device was this:—
On either side, an alabaster cross
Of snowy whiteness twined with dew-sprent flowers,
Roses of Sharon—Lilies of the vale:
Above—a rainbow spanned from cross to cross,
From whose seven colours, seven golden chords
Stretched downwards to a circle, embleming
Eternity—each chord from its own colour—
And through the circle, in the azure sky,
A white dove with an olive branch was seen
Descending. Through the golden chords there shone,
As if through furnace bars, a dull blood-red
Apocalyptic sun, shorn of its rays.
Above the rainbow, in the deep serene—
As 'twere the key-note of the whole device—
The morning-star shed lambent peaceful light.
The dream I felt to be symbolical
Of the great universal harmonies,
(For in the music these expressed themselves)
All cent'ring in pure Christianity;
And of that time, when Love's great tidal wave
Shall sweep the world, and bring its Sabbath rest.
Melodious strains of penetrating sweetness
Now waxèd louder, richer, till—o'erpowered,
Dissolving in luxurious pain, delight
Ineffable—I should have died, had they
Not then, all but insensibly, become
Softer and fainter; angels and the harp
In distance dimming gradually away;

Its tones all fading in ethereal beauty,
Till lost in dreamy *moriendos.*
Rapt,
I there stood gazing upward, after it
Had long ceased to be heard: The heavy cloud
Was lifted from my spirit; all shone clear,
For, through the chords and colours Seven, had streamed
Into my trancèd soul one ray of light
From the Seventh Heavens: and therein vibrate still
The echoes of that heavenly harmony,
Even though the dream has long since passed away!

SUMMER EVENING.

How sweet this summer eve,
To sit amidst the golden furze and broom,
Sister, with thee!
To hear at once the insects' drowsy hum,
And murmur of the sea!

Shore-like those purple hills
Seem to that boundless flood of golden light
Which fires the west:
Yon roseate clouds, so pure, so peaceful, might
Be islands of the blest.

The butterfly and the bee
Still light upon the flowers; that mellow note
Is sweet to hear,
Which floateth warbled from the mavis' throat
In tones wild, rich, and clear.

The sun-glare falling on
The sea, then streams along this fragrant bank
Where tufted stems
Of spiry sorrel-seed, translucent, rank,
Show bright as ruby gems.

Wild Goatfell's rocky peaks
Rise clear-defined against the glowing sky,
Though dim and gray:
A vapour, floating from its summits high,
De-films, and melts away!

On Kelburne's woody heights,
The sunbeams slant their parting golden rays
Of mellow light:
Around, now falls a thin empurpled haze—
The spirit veil of night—

Through which one star alone,
O'er Bute's fair isle, is trembling on the deep—
The star of love;—
All nature seemeth lulled in balmy sleep,
While spirits watch above!

And, sister, spirits may,
For aught we know, surround us everywhere,
In heavenly sheen;
Sphere-music-like, with presence pure and rare,
Aye watching though unseen.

Yon dream-like moon becomes,
Upsailing in the blue, more bright and clear;
And mark the wake
Left by that little boat, whose oar we hear,
As in a placid lake.

Sweet, even the double call
Of corn-craik, in the green-eared fields behind,
When joy intense,
From every sound, or flower, on summer wind
Floats, filling heart and sense.

In scenes thus bright and fair,
Some read the glory of the type alone,
And have no eye
For deep and spirit meanings, traced thereon,
All pointing to the sky.

The beauty of the star,
Or dew-drop, twinkling on the open flower,
In clear sunshine,
Is but the impress of a higher power,
Beneficent—Divine!

Night stealeth on apace;
And, sister, homewards wending, let us pray
That there be given
Us hearts to love God's beauteous works alway;
With pure high thoughts of heaven!

BERTRAM'S LAST PICTURE.

A youth lay prisoned in a cavern dark
Which bordered on the desert: near there passed,
With wild flowers in her hair, a radiant maiden
Surrounded with bright glory, like a saint,
Which falling through the bars in chequered light
Revealed his woe-worn face. Heart, brain, and soul
Were in that wistful look; and yet his eyes,
Though sad, were calm. In them one read that love,
Pure and intense, which gladly would have given
All things, even life itself, for her sweet sake.
He knew she saw him not, yet strangely spelled
As night-mared, he could neither move, speak, cry;
Nay, almost seemed as if he would have feared
To startle her, by words, in that lone place,
Though free to speak, and speaking would have brought
Light, peace, and joy—so reverent was his love.

Lilies and pansies sprung beneath her feet;
Stars trembled o'er her; rainbow-vistas arched
Her opening path, evanishing where'er
She, passing, left all in the gloom behind her.
Leaning his weary head upon his hand
The youth saw only her—and she was passing by,
Passing from him, like music all too sweet
E'er to be heard by mortal ears again.
Such was the picture—Bertram's last; first seen
Upon his easel that bright autumn morn,
We trembling forced his studio door and found
Him lying dead, with eyes still fixed upon
The radiant vision he had conjured up.
A golden sunbeam touched his dreamless brow:
Some white moss-roses, dropping in a glass,
Had shed their fragrant leaves upon his breast,
And all was peace. They say the canvas told
The story of his life: it may be so,
For many lives are sad:—But who can tell?

HOW MUCH OW'ST THOU?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Is said to each, by the great Lord of earth and heaven;
For all of good we have is only lent, not given.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The children of this world are prudent in their day,
And gather wealth, from which they soon must pass away.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Should'st thou, with hopes beyond the grave—a child of light—
Less eager strive than they whose only goal is night?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Be here a good and faithful steward, just and wise,
So shalt thou lay up lasting treasure in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Though poor thy earthly lot, yet seek thou, in His sight,
The blessing of the "inasmuch," or widow's mite.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Master's time is not thine own to waste or spend;
Work while 'tis called to-day:—the longest day must end.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The influence He gives thee, be it great or small,
In thy good Master's service seek to use it all.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Each talent—genius, intellect, or gift—of thine,
If consecrated, star-like, will the brighter shine.

"How much ow'st thou?"
O'er all thou hast and art, a faithful steward be,
That, when the Lord appears, "well done" may welcome thee!

"How much ow'st thou?"
Some trench on sleep and health to gain an earthly goal:
As earnest be, to lay up treasure for thy soul.

"How much ow'st thou?"
So live, that, when clay dwellings fall, the soul may rise
And soar to everlasting mansions in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Lord from heaven, who spake this parable, is He
Who "shall appear" as Judge,—who gave His life for thee.

DAVID WINGATE.

David Wingate was born at Cowglen, in the parish of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, January 4, 1828. His father, who was employed in the colliery at Cowglen, was killed there when David was in his fifth year. In his sixth year he was sent to the parish school, and was put to work in the coal-pit at nine! In 1850 he was married, and the same year he first had the honour of public notice, when a few of his pieces appeared, with a flattering notice by the author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, in the *Glasgow Citizen*. In 1862 Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh published a volume of Wingate's poems, which were favourably received. In his preface the poet says: "I confess that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary. What can I say? Shall I tell you

I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, 'Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?' No, indeed! On the contrary I say, Weigh the book alone: my peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly, or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year. Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought, If any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him. If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die."

The profits derived from the sale of this book enabled its author to attend the School of Mining at Glasgow for a year and a half, and for many years he has occupied the responsible position of a colliery manager. In 1866 he issued a second volume, entitled *Annie Weir, and other Poems.* Of this collection the *Athenæum* spoke in high commendation, and in alluding to the author said, "The earnestness with which he has cherished his sense of beauty through a life of severe and perilous toil demands from us sympathy and respect." Mr. Wingate has been a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Good Words.*

THE STREAMLET.

Lately in the songless gloaming
Of a sunny winter day,
Stroll'd I by a stream that, nameless,
Free from finny tribes and fameless,
Wander'd on its Clyde-ward way.

Vacantly its windings tracing,
From its freshness nought I sought—
Nothing wish'd in verse to treasure;
Love, or hate, or care, or pleasure,
Craved or won no passing thought.

Like a lullaby its music
Rose beside me, and my soul,
To resist its spell unarmour'd,
Scarcely hearing what it murmur'd—
Yielded to its soft control.

Like a dreamless midnight slumber,
Pass'd away the fruitless hour;
Memory kept her lamp extinguished;
Fancy for the time relinquished
All her world-creating power.

Nought I of the young moon's presence,
Nor the first star's rising knew,
Till a robin—like a spirit—
I could less observe than hear it,
Close before me flitting flew.

Suddenly the darkness deepen'd—
Presence to the moon was given;
Night's first star was twinkling o'er me;
Burning mine-heaps glared before me,
On the knowes like Mars in heaven.

Trees that slept as erst I pass'd them
Now to graceful wavings stirr'd;
For my reverie was broken,—.
Some all-potent charm was spoken
In the flitting of that bird.

And the stream itself, how alter'd!
Full of life it onward dash'd:
Music mingled with its wimple,
Moons and stars in every dimple
Broke and shimmer'd, danced and flash'd.

"In its babble there's a sermon,"
Mutter'd I, and straight began,
Nothing of my folly weening,
Something of its hidden meaning
To interpret as it ran.

Pausing oft, intently listening,
All my wits to work were thrown;
But the language of its streaming,
Though of most familiar seeming,
Was, to me, a tongue unknown.

Yet the low and dreamy murmur
Of its dimly rippling flow,
And the whisper of its laving
Round the last year's rushes, waving
In the shadow to and fro,

Would not from my thoughts be driven—
Would like human sayings seem;
Though the language of its streaming
Did not seem so much the dreaming
As the reading of a dream.

"Yes," I said, "there is a sermon
Utter'd in its gentle roll;
But I must interpret poorly,

For the strange-tongued talker surely
Speaks the promptings of my soul."

All at once my memory wander'd
Backward far along the past;
Boyhood's ventures and achievements,
Manhood's troubles and bereavements,
Came before me crowding fast.

And the while my memory travell'd
Early love and joys among,
Lo! the stream a lyric quoted,
Syllables and rhymes I noted,
And I knew the song it sung.

Never was there such a preacher!
Now my soul was filled with glee;
Smitten now with fear and wonder,
When aloud it seem'd to thunder
Things but known to Heaven and me.

Now, 'tis an accusing spirit,
Torturing while it holds in thrall;
Like an angry eye it glistens,
No delightful reminiscence
Suffering memory to recall.

Now a flattering nymph, my merits
Telling o'er with siren art,
Could a meed so sweetly number'd
Leave asleep the pride that slumber'd,
Cloak'd and hidden in my heart?

Now, while round its boulders rushing,
Witch-like, in my ears it dinn'd
Thoughts of suicide once utter'd,
Curses deep in madness mutter'd;
Tales of sins in secret sinn'd.

Feelings nourish'd in the struggle
For existence, o'er it conn'd,
"Mine's a care that has no waning,
Sin is not in my complaining,"
Like a wearied slave it groan'd.

Then, while with an almost voiceless
Motion gliding underneath,
Budless brambles o'er it bending,
From its breast there seem'd ascending
Wailings of decay and death.

Lispings of long silent voices
Thrill'd me, and four names most dear,
Whisper'd low in anguish'd falter—
Agnes, Mary, Cath'rine, Walter,
In its murmur I could hear.

Then where rounded pebbles glisten'd,
Scarcely cover'd in the stream,
All its sweetly murmur'd story
Was of love, and hope, and glory,
Brighter than the brightest dream.

Musing as I homeward hasted
Through Garscadden's flowerless vales,
This appear'd a truth the surest—
They whose hearts and lives are purest
Hear from streams the sweetest tales.

OCTOBER.

A song for dun October,
That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
The wooded dells aroun';
While lintie, merle, and mavis
Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are now beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thocht o' sinning
Lairds death are scatterin' wide;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely;
But nature yet looks rarely
On the green hill-side.

What though our posie borders
In waefu' plight are seen,
Though stocks and staring dahlias
Hae tint their summer sheen?
Thy hoary dawns, October,
They ne'er were meant to bide,—
Unlike the halesome clover
On the green hill-side.
Though robin's town-notes swelling
O' summer's flight are telling,
A sober thought compelling
That nane would seek to hide,
Shall we at hame sit chaunnering,
O' frost and famine maundering,
While wiser folks are wandering
On the green hill-side?

We'll see the souchin' peesweeps
In gatherin' flocks prepared,
To leave the glens and meadows,
Whare love's delights they shared;
Their cheerfu' cries we'll hear nae
As ower our heads they glide,
Poor birds! they part in silence
Wi' the green hill-side.
And though nae lambkins' gambols
May cheer us on our rambles,

O' hips, and haws, and brambles
Ilk brake we'll reive wi' pride,
And pu' the lingering gowan,
Whare, late, the cluster'd rowan,
In scarlet grandeur glowin',
Graced the green hill-side.

When streams the gouden sunset
Frae 'tween the hills and cluds;
While hangs the double rainbow
Aboon the sparkling woods,
In the herald lull that tells us
The storm-king by will ride,
Oh! wha would haste in terror
Frae the green hill-side?
What though the cluds close o'er us,
And glens grow dark before us,
Sume bush frae blustering Boreas
Will ample beil' provide;
While thoughts we lang shall treasure—
The bairns o' purest pleasure—
Shall leap in canty measure
On the green hill-side.

Oh ye wha life are wearin'
Amid the city's smeek—
It's no' in noisy taverns
Ye pleasure's face should seek.
'Mang "social tankards foamin'"
She cares nae lang to bide;
But weel she lo'es the freshness
O' the green hill-side.
For summer's flight she cares nae;
And winter's frown she fears nae;
To slight poor toil she dares nae,
Nor frae him seeks to hide;
By burnies murmuring sweetly,
At morn or e'en she'll meet ye,
And wi' a smile will greet ye
On the green hill-side.

THE DEEIN' FISHER.

Gang, Jenny, bring my fishing-book,
And lay't doon by my side,
That I ance mair may view the lines
And flees that were my pride;
I'll spread them out upon the mat,
And sort them ane by ane,
And think I'm on some burnie's bank,
Some cloudy day in June.

And have I on ye spent, my flees,
Sae mony hours in vain?
And will ye ne'er in haun's o' mine
Deceive a trout again?

Maun I ne'er mair in Avon drook
Your wings, my bonnie flees,
Nor fin' the caller water plash
Sae kindly ower my knees?

There, Jenny, lay them by again,
I'm jist like ony wean,
Wi' trifles for a moment pleased,
Wi' trifles filled wi' pain.
Oh, sirs! but they've a weary time
On creeping doom wha wait,
Expectin' morn and e'en to hear
His trumpet at the gate.

Dear Jenny, we in wedlock's yoke
Hae drawn thegither weel;
Though ae trout meltit[1] frae a tak',
Ye didna often squeel.
Ye ne'er wi' gloomy leuks against
My only pleasure stood,
Nor grudged an antrin idle day
When streams were in the tid.

In vain the shirra warn't me, Jen',
In vain he fin't me sair;
To hae our hard-won siller back
I us't my rod the mair.
I ken I should the salmon spared
That socht oor streams to spawn;
But them that law forbids to fish
Maun tak' jist when they can.

But, Jenny, noo it's ower; nae mair
I'll paidle in the Clyde,
Nae mair my rod ower Avon wave
Wi' a' a fisher's pride.
Thy stream, Carbarns, I'll roop nae mair,
Nor up the water steer,
And frae thy dark deep pools, Dalserf,
The pike in triumph bear.

This worl' is jist a river, Jen',
Wi' human shoals aye thrang;
Some strugglin' aye against the stream,
Some cannie borne alang.
And Death stauns ower't wi' otter-line,
Oot liftin' ten by ten,
Syne whare we're taen, or hoo we're us't,
We guess, but naething ken.

And I am jist a puir lean trout
That in the pan wad burn,
And, strugglin' past the otter-line,
Am liftit in my turn.
Oh! but to leeve and shield the bairns,
When want or winter ca's,

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[1] *Meltit*—was exchanged for whisky

I wad gie a' that ever swam
'Tween Ailsa and the Fa's.

Ay, Jenny, weel the tear o' grief
May shimmer in thy e'e;
Though wee and feckless, I hae been
A kin' guidman to thee.
He's coming fast, that creditor
Wha maun hae a' that's awn;
I see the settin' sun, but when
Or whare will come the dawn?

Oh, Jenny, when the time comes roun'
To lay me 'neath the swaird,
Say will ye try and get me laid
In auld Cam'nethan yaird?
For when the last lood trumpet note
Frae death's grip sets me free,
I like to think I'll rise and hae
The water in my e'e.

A DAY AMANG THE HAWS.

When the beech-nuts fast are drappin',
And the days are creepin' in,
When ilk carefu' mither's thinkin'
O' the winter's hose and shoon;
When the mornin' bells loud ringin'
To the Fast-day worship ca's,
Out comes the city callan'
For his day amang the haws.
O' the dangers that await him
Ne'er a troublous thought has he,
Nought cares he for the tearin'
He his claes is sure to gie;
But the light o' comin' pleasure
On his heart like sunshine fa's,
For dear as stolen waters
Is a day amang the haws.

Frae the mill where stourie "jennies"
Round him aye are whirrin' thrang;
Or the forge where pondrous "Condies"
Dunt and dirl the hale day lang;
Or the press-room's inky regions,
And the gaffer's cuff and ire;
Or the needle, or the lingle,
On he plods through mud and mire.
Frae the lane where Vice holds revel,
Where beneath fair Virtue's shield,
Like birds escaped the snarer,
Aye a gratefu' few find beild;
Frae the stench that kens nae sweetenin',
And the din that has nae pause,
To the freshness and the freedom
O' a day amang the haws.

Think ye thus?—"The graceless callan'
To the kirk should rather gang;
Does his mither never warn him
That sic Fast-day traikin's wrang?
If her heart is for him pleadin',
Kennin' weel how sair he's wrought,
For the customs o' her faithers
Has she ne'er a reverend thought?"
Oh, rather thus excuse her:
"She was born amang the hills,
And she minds the autumn grandeur
O' the thorns beside the rills;
There are memories fresh frae girlhood
Crowdin' fast to plead his cause,
And she canna keep the callan'
Frae his day amang the haws."

Like a flood the rain's been pourin',
But the sun beams through at last,
As amang a host o' ithers
Frae the toun he hastens fast;
On the whinny slopes o' Cathkin,
Or on Pollock's woody knowes,
He already roams in fancy
Where he kens the haw-tree grows.
On the bitter blast that's brewin'
He looks west wi' hopefu' e'e,
For he kens the woods frae keepers
In sic weather will be free.
If the bells around him ringin'
Whisper whiles o' broken laws,
"Oh!" he thinks, "there's surely pardon
For ae day amang the haws."

Fu' boldly has he ventured,
And in darin' weel has thriven;
He the ripest, richest branches
Frae the sweetest trees has riven.
See his jacket hangs in tatters,
Ower his hands the bluid-draps steal;
But his mither mends fu' neatly,
And his scarts again will heal.
Frae his hair the rain is dreepin',
But he never thinks o' harm,
For pleasure, wanderin' wi' him,
Wi' her mantle keeps him warm.
How his heart wi' pride is swellin',
As he near the city draws,
For he kens he comes joy-laden
Frae his days amang the haws.

Wha thinks he frae his ramble
Winna better come, but worse,
Wi' its memory hangin' ower him
Like an angry father's curse?
In nature's face what is there
That a city bairn should fear?
In the woodland's autumn whisper
Is there ought he shouldna hear?

Wha kens what heavenly music
May be stirred his breast within,
As the sapless leaf's faint rustlin'
Turns the sparklin' e'e aboon,
While his fancy paints the Painter
O' the million-tainted shaws,
And the poet-spark is kindled
In his soul, amang the haws?

Oh! keepers, spare the callan'—
And sweet dreams ye shall not lack—
For the wee things' sake that weary
Wait the wanderer's coming back;
They hae shared the city's hardships,
And o' plenty little ken—
Let them taste in rich abundance
O' the spoils o' hill and glen.
Owre the priceless feast they'll linger,
Till their lips and teeth grow brown;
Or wi' the ruddy treasure
In their bosoms cuddle down.
Oh, there's nane the joy can measure,
That a boon sae sma' may cause!
Tears are dried and sorrow's lightened
Wi' a day amang the haws.

And ye wha's lot is coosten
Aye amang the caller air,
Wha on a gift sae common
May a thought but seldom wair,
Oh! think if Heaven had placed ye
Far frae glen and mountain stream,
Where the woods are things o' fancy,
And the yorlin's sang a dream—
Oh! think how ye would weary
But to hear ae laverock sing,
And to watch the matron peesweep
Chase the hawk with daring wing—
How wild would be your longin'
For the breeze on hills that blaws!
How muckle would ye venture
For ae day amang the haws!

JOHN FROST.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PRATTLE OF A CHILD.)

Oh, mither, John Frost cam' yestreen,
And ower a' the garden he's been,
He's on the kail-stocks,
And my twa printed frocks
That Mary left out on the green,
Yestreen,
John Frost foun' them out on the green.

And he's been on the trees, the auld loon,
And heaps o' brown leaves shooken doon;
He's been fleein' a' nicht,
Frae the dark to the licht,
And missed nae a house in the toun.
The auld loon—
He's missed nae a house in the toun.

And, mither, he's killed every flee
Noo ane on the wa's ye'll no see;
On the windows there's nane,
For the last leevin' ane
Fell doun frae the rape in oor tea,
Puir thing!—
Just drappit doun dead in oor tea.

And, mither, the path's frostit a';
If ye gang the least fast ye jist fa'.
Oh, ye ne'er saw sic fun!
I got ae curran'-bun,
And wee Annie Kenzie got twa,
Daft wee thing;
She jist slade a wee bit and got twa.

And my auntie her een couldnae close,
For she said her auld bluid he just froze.
He cam' in below the claes,
And he nippit oor taes—
And he maist taen awa Bobby's nose,
Puir wee man;
Sure, he couldnae dae wantin' his nose.

And my uncle was chitterin' to death,
And John Frost wadna let him get breath;
And the fire wadna heat
Uncle's twa starvin' feet,
Till the soles o' his socks were burned baith,
Birslet brown,
And the reek comin' oot o' them baith.

But what brings John Frost here ava,
Wi' his frost and his cranreugh and snaw?
It's a bonnie-like thing!
He just waff't his lang wing,
And a' oor wee flowers flew awa',
Every ane;
And Ross's red dawlies and a'.

And, mither, he gangs through the street,
Just looking for weans wi' bare feet;
And he nips at their heels,
And the skin aff them peels,
And thinks it's fine fun when they greet,
The auld loon;
He nips them the mair when they greet.

Wi' his capers the folk shouldna thole.
D'ye ken?—He breathed in through a bole
Whare a wee lassie lay,

And she dee't the next day,
And they laid her doun in the kirk-hole,
Puir wee lamb—
And covered her in the kirk-hole.

But guess what my auntie tell't me?
She says the wee weans, when they dee,
Flee awa' ower the moon,
And need nae claes nor shoon,
To a place whare John Frost they'll ne'er see,
Far awa'—
To a place whare John Frost daurna be.

And she says our wee Katie gaed there,
And she'll never be hoastin' nae mair.
Sure, we'll gang there ana'—
We'll flee up and no fa'—
And we'll see her jist in her wee chair—
And she'll lauch
In her bonnie wee red cushioned chair.

JOHN VEITCH.

John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow, was born at Peebles, Oct. 24, 1829. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and in 1845 entered the University of Edinburgh, where he completed the Arts curriculum, and distinguished himself especially as a student in logic and moral philosophy. Shortly after the completion of his course the university presented him with the honorary degree of M.A., and afterwards that of LL.D.

At the request of the Stewart trustees, Mr. Veitch wrote the memoir of Dugald Stewart for the new edition of that author's Collected Works, published in 1858. On the death of Sir W. Hamilton in 1856, he acted as joint editor with Dean Mansel in superintending the publication of the "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart.," published in 1859–60; and in 1869 he published a "Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton," whose assistant he had been. He is also the author of a translation of the "Works of Descartes, with an Introductory Essay," and of "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory." In 1860 Dr. Veitch was appointed to the chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of St. Andrews, and in 1864 he received the same appointment in the University of Glasgow, which he now holds.

Besides the above-mentioned works, which testify to his ripe scholarship, Professor Veitch has won a place among the poetic brotherhood by the publication in 1872 of a volume entitled *Hillside Rhymes*, followed in 1875 by another entitled *The Tweed, and other Poems*. Of the former volume a critic says:—"Let any one who cares for fine reflective poetry read for himself and judge. Besides the solid substance of thought which pervades it, he will find here and there those quick insights, those spontaneous felicities of language, which distinguish the man of natural power from the man of mere cultivation. . . . Next to an autumn day among the hills themselves, commend us to poems like these, in which so much of the finer breath and spirit of those pathetic hills is distilled into melody."

CADEMUIR.

(FROM THE TWEED.)

Dear hill! of ever-changing light and shade,
And faded battle-fame in by-gone time,
'Tis thine to charm as thou canst awe the soul.
Let me but speak thee as I've seen thee oft
On a sweet day in early June; o'erhead,
White streaks of wind-slashed clouds calmed on the blue;
Around, the hill spring-green, save where the sod
Is pranked with tiny tormentil that loves
The mountain slopes, and yellow violets

Of nunlike mien, that groupe themselves afield
In gentle sisterhoods; rock-rose, dear child
Of sun-smote heights, unfolds its fluttering flowers
Of gold beside the heather dark and slow
To greet the sun; in watered hollows green
The slender cardamine, first lilac hued,
Then growing white and pure 'neath influence
Of heaven, a welcome waves to gentle winds
Now vocal with the cuckoo's echoing note.

Frail passing flowers, soft-tinted things of spring,
Sweet dawn of colour, simple grace of form!
Prelude ye are of richer bolder hues,
Of flowering thyme, the heather-bell and bloom,
And ferns of broad green leafage; yet no charm
Have these like yours, first risen from the grave
Of winter, when the spirit at your heart
Slept calm, not doubting that in sunny hours
To come, ye'd make a joy on barëd steeps,
Where ceaseless winds were raving day and night,
And all was lone despair; nor any more,
As flows th' unwavering order of the world,
And autumn draws you back within the veil,
Has that same God-born spirit e'er a dread
Lest ye shall triumph o'er earth's elements,
And live your simple graceful life again,—
Symbols of faith, of innocence, and love,
By doubt unshaken and by fear unpaled!

THE CLOUD-BERRY.

(FROM ON THE SCRAPE.)

Around me cluster quaint cloud-berry flowers,
That love the moist slopes of the highest tops,
Pale white, and delicate, and beautiful,
Yet lowly growing 'mid the black peat moss,—
No life with darker root and fairer bloom:
As if the hand of God had secret wrought
Amid the peaty chaos and decay
Of long deep buried years, and from the moss
Entombed, unshaped, unsunned, and colourless,
Set free a form of beauty rare and bright,
To typify the glory and the grace
Which from the dust of death He will awake,
In course of time, on Resurrection morn!

THE HART OF MOSSFENNAN.

"They hunted it up, they hunted it doun,
They hunted it in by Mossfennan toun,
And aye they gie'd it another turn,
Round by the links of the Logan Burn."
Old Ballad.

'Neath Powmood Craig the hart was born,
And thence in the dawn of a summer morn,
By startled mother's side as it lay,
'Twas brought by a youth for his sweetheart's play.

She was a blue-eyed maiden fair,
Of stately mien and flaxen hair,
The daughter meet of an olden race,
Remote as a flower in a moorland place,
That blooms to all the great world lost,
And yet once seen is prized the most,—
Pure wood nymph she of Caledon,
Who loved all creatures wild and lone.

The gift to her was priceless, dear,
Since the giver, laid on a plaited bier,
Was borne away from a far-off field,
With a spotless name, with a blood-stained shield.

To her of an eve the creature bent,
While to him a simple grace she lent,
As she comely wreathed his noble head,
And decked his brow with the heather red.
Fond she gazed on those lustrous eyes
That met her look with a sweet surprise
At a face so tender, sad, and fair;
She thought they read her soul's despair;
And through her frame strange thrill would go,
As she caught the chequer'd pass and flow
Of trembling motions in their great deeps,
As light and shade o'er the mountain-steeps.

Far o'er the moors on a summer's day
He'd pass and roam and freely stray;
But ever, as shade of evening fell,
He turned to the home he loved so well.
His heart yearned aye to the lonely wild,
While his love was that of a human child,—
That set a bound to his nature free,—
For the maiden's face on Mossfennan Lee.

The hunters are out this summer morn,
They sweep the moors by hag and burn,
By rock and crag, each high resort,
For dear they love their noble sport.
They started a fee at Stanhope Head,
And down the glen the raches sped,
Fire-flauchts lanced up from each horse's side,
For the galling spur was prompt to chide.

Round he ran by Hopcarton Stell,
The spotted hounds pressed on him fell;
I' the haugh he took the Tweed at the wide,
Then tossed his horns on Mossfennan side.
Still the cruel hounds are on his track,
In his ear the yell of the hurrying pack,
Fain to Mossfennan Tower he would turn,
But the chace is hot,—to the hill by the burn.

They hunted him high, they hunted him low,
They hunted him up by the mossy flow;
The lee-long day, from early morn,
The Hopes rung loud with bouts of the horn.

No bloom of heather brae them stayed,
No birk-tree quiver or sheen of glade,
No touch of nature bent their will,
In hot blood onward, onward still.

Powmood, that ever in clear or mist,
In fray or hunt the foremost pressed,
Now speeding keen as north-west wind,
Late i' the day left all behind;
Save Dreva's Laird, ne'er boding good,
Wide was he famed for a reiver rude,—
And hand that took kindly aye to blood,—
Left blacken'd walls where the homestead stood.

They hunted the hart these two alone,
Till the shadows lay in the afternoon;
Where brae was stey and bank was steep,
The noble fee fell in a gallant leap.
They blew the mort on the Wormhill Head,
Where sore he sighed and then lay dead!
Oh! why not let the creature be,
Bear his noble head o'er hill and lee,—
That ate but the wild roots, drank o' the spring,
And roamed the moor a seemly thing,—
Joyed in the sun, flashed fleet in the storm,
Free in the grace of his God-given form!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
I' the gloamin' at the old tower door,
No gentle creature is there to greet
Her eyes that seek him, sad and sweet,—
Oh! with love's last link 'tis sore to part,
And feel but the void of the aching heart!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
Rose the creature's sigh its God before?
Hearts harder growing through breach of ruth,
I ween this is eternal truth:
That gloamin', after words of strife,
Saw Powmood's blood on Dreva's knife!

AMONG THE HILLS! AWAY!

Far along the empurpled heights,
  Where dews have wreathed the green,
The mists transfigured pass, sun-smit,
  In folds of radiant sheen.
The north-west wind is up in might,
  With clouds for speeding wings;
His gentle bride, the blue clear morn,
  High o'er the hills he brings.
Lo! strength and beauty rare are wed,
  Wed in the sky to-day;
There's hurrying joy in heaven o'erhead;
  Among the hills! Away!

High on the moors the sportive wind
  Kisses the blooming heath;
He plays with the harebell's graceful form,
  Steals the thyme's fragrant breath!
He speeds in gleam, he glides in shade,
  Joy and grief are at play;
The blue clear morn looks loving on;
  Among the hills! Away!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Born 1830 — Died 1867.

Alexander Smith was a native of Kilmarnock, where he was born December 31, 1830. His father was by trade a pattern-designer; his mother, whose name was Murray, came of a good Highland family. His early education was received at a Kilmarnock school, and he so distinguished himself for zeal and efficiency in his studies that it was decided he should be trained for the ministry. A severe illness, however, rendered it advisable that this idea should be abandoned; and so Alexander became a pattern-designer, obtaining with his father employment from a lace manufacturer in Glasgow, to which city the family had removed. While patiently working at his business, he felt the promptings of genius, and for a time lived a life of divided allegiance to his profession on the one hand, and literature on the other.

> "He was one
> Who could not help it, for it was his nature
> To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
> To leaf itself in April."

Some of his sweetest lyrics were composed while he was employed designing patterns for lace collars. These pieces first saw the light in the *Glasgow Citizen*, where so many young Scottish poets have been developed.

In 1853 Smith issued a volume of poems,

the principal portion of which was a series of thirteen dramatic scenes entitled "A Life Drama." The manuscript of this volume had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan, who laid portions of it before the public, accompanied by glowing eulogiums of the author as a poet of a high order. The publication of the volume marked him out for higher things, and he was appointed, through the influence of Robert Chambers and James Hedderwick, secretary to the Edinburgh University, on the principle that the land that had neglected Burns should not again be guilty of such misconduct toward a native poet. So in 1854 Mr. Smith appeared in Edinburgh, was duly installed in his honourable position, and soon became the centre of a band of congenial and devoted friends. Thus placed in a congenial position (with a salary latterly of £200 per annum), and one most favourable for the cultivation of his talents, he was enabled to continue his literary pursuits.

In 1855, in conjunction with a brother poet, Sidney Dobell, he produced *Sonnets on the (Crimean) War;* and two years later published a volume entitled *City Poems.* Some passages in this collection contain a richness and warmth of colour which few living poets could surpass, and gained for Smith the compliment from Gerald Massey of being the "Rubens among poets." The finest poem in either volume, and the best we think which he produced, is "Squire Maurice."

Edwin of Deira, a poem on which he was engaged for four years, appeared in 1861. Unfortunately for this work it appeared subsequently to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* by which many thought it had been suggested. It is, however, in the knowledge of the writer that it was begun two years before any intimation of the laureate's idylls reached the public ear. Mr. Smith for his four years' work received less than twenty pounds; so like Scott, when he found himself overshadowed by a greater poet, he took to prose, writing articles for *Blackwood* and other serials, and contributing to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Chambers's Encyclopedia. Dreamthorp,* a volume of essays, appeared in 1863; two years later his edition of Burns, with an admirable memoir, was published; and the same year *A Summer in Skye,* where he spent his summer vacations. In 1866 *Alfred Hagart's Household* was produced, followed by a sequel entitled *Miss Dona M'Quarrie,* both simple and touching stories of Scottish domestic life. Shortly after the opening of the winter session of the university Mr. Smith exhibited signs of ill-health and exhaustion. On the 20th of November he took to bed, and died January 5, 1867. His remains were laid in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, and a monument, 16 feet in height, in the form of an Iona cross, was erected by a few personal friends over his grave. In the centre of the shaft is a bronze medallion containing a profile likeness of the poet by the sculptor Brodie.

In 1868 appeared a volume, *Last Leaves: Sketches and Criticisms by Alexander Smith; edited, with a Memoir, by P. P. Alexander, A.M.* We conclude our brief notice of the young poet who passed away so early, to renew his songs in those temples not made with hands, with a self-descriptive extract from the *Life Drama,*[1] a poem remarkable for wealth of imagery and a certain *curiosa felicitas* which in places recalls some of the Elizabethan poets:—

"Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom—
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum the boy clomb up

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[1] "On the whole," remarks the *North British Review,* "we think Mr. Smith a true poet;" while the *Edinburgh Review,* in noticing the *Life Drama,* says, "though it abounds with remarkable verbal beauties, it surpasses anything we have met with in its display of ignorance of that kind of reality which it is a poet's first duty to seize." An American critic, writing in 1876 (*Stedman's Victorian Poets*), remarks: "Alexander Smith years afterwards seized Bailey's mantle and flaunted it bravely for a while, gaining by *A Life Drama* as sudden and extensive a reputation as that of his master. This poet wrote of

'A poem round and perfect as a star,'

but the work from which the line is taken is not of that sort. With much impressiveness of imagery and extravagant diction that caught the easily, but not long tricked public ear, it was vicious in style, loose in thought, and devoid of real vigour or beauty. In after years, through honest study, Smith acquired better taste and worked after a more becoming purpose. His prose essays were charming, and his *City Poems,* marked by sins of omission only, may be rated as negatively good; 'Glasgow' and 'The Night before the Wedding' really are excellent. The poet became a genuine man of letters, but died young, when he was doing his best work."—Ed.

Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows; oft to tears
He was moved, he knew not why; when he has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feelings overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain tops of death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come,
Alchymist Memory turned his past to gold."

SQUIRE MAURICE.

I threw from off me yesterday
The dull life I am doomed to wear—
A worn-out garment dim and bare,
And left it in my chambers gray:
The salt breeze wanders in my hair
Beside the splendour of the main:
Ere on the deep three sunsets burn,
To the old chambers I return,
And put it on again.
An old coat, worn for many a year,
No wonder it is something dear!

Ah, year by year life's fire burns out,
And year by year life's stream runs dry:
The wild deer dies within the blood,
The falcon in the eye.
And Hope, who sang miraculous songs
Of what should be, like one inspired,
How she should right the ancient wrongs,
(The generous fool!) grows hoarse and tired;
And turns from visions of a world renewed,
To dream of tripled rents, fair miles of stream
and wood.
The savage horse, that leads
His tameless herd across the endless plain,
Is taught at last, with sullen heart, to strain
Beneath his load, nor quiver when he bleeds.
We cheat ourselves with our own lying eyes,
We chase a fleeting mirage o'er the sand,
Across a grave the smiling phantom flies,
O'er which we fall with a vain-clutching hand.
What matter—if we heave laborious breath,
And crack our hearts and sinews, groan and weep,
The pain of life but sweetens death,
The hardest labour brings the soundest sleep.

On bank and brae how thick they grow,
The self-same clumps, the self-same dyes,
The primroses of long ago—
But ah! the altered eyes!
I dream they are the very flowers,
Warm with the sun, wet with the showers,
Which, years ago, I used to pull
Returning from the murmuring school.
Sweet Nature is a mother evermore;
A thousand tribes are breathing on the shore;
The pansy blows beside the rock,
The globe-flower where the eddy swirls;
And on this withered human stock
Burst rosy boys and girls.
Sets Nature little store
On that which once she bore?
Does she forget the old, in rapture bear the new?
Are ye the flowers that grew
In other seasons? Do they e'er return,
The men who build the cities on the plain?—
Or must my tearless eyeballs burn
For ever o'er that early urn,
Ne'er to be cool'd by a delicious dew?
Let me take back my pain
Unto my heart again;
Before I can recover that I lack
The world must be rolled back.

Inland I wander slow,
Mute with the power the earth and heaven wield:
A black spot sails across the golden field,
And through the air a crow.
Before me wavers spring's first butterfly;
From out the sunny noon there starts the cuckoo's
cry;
The daisied meads are musical with lambs;
Some play, some feed, some, white as snow-
flakes, lie
In the deep sunshine, by their silent dams.
The road grows wide and level to the feet;
The wandering woodbine through the hedge is
drawn,
Unblown its streaky bugles dim and sweet;
Knee-deep in fern stand startled doe and fawn,
And lo! there gleams upon a spacious lawn
An earl's marine retreat.
A little footpath quivers up the height,
And what a vision for a townsman's sight!
A village, peeping from its orchard bloom,
With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke,
O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white.
I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke;
A steed is at the door; the rustics talk,
Proud of the notice of the gaitered groom;
A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls.
Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill
The lusty miller bawls;
The parson listens in his garden walk,
The red-cloaked woman pauses on the hill.
This is a place, you say, exempt from ill,
A paradise where, all the loitering day,
Enamoured pigeons coo upon the roof,

Where children ever play.—
Alas! time's webs are rotten, warp and woof;
Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear:
Here black-eyed Richard ruins red-cheeked Moll,
Indifferent as a lord to her despair.
The broken barrow hates the prosperous dray;
And for a padded pew in which to pray
The grocer sells his soul.

This cosy hostelry a visit craves;
Here will I sit awhile,
And watch the heavenly sunshine smile
Upon the village graves.
Strange is this little room in which I wait,
With its old table, rough with rustic names.
'Tis summer now; instead of blinking flames,
Sweet-smelling ferns are hanging o'er the grate.
With curious eyes I pore
Upon the mantelpiece, its precious wares,
Glazed Scripture prints in black lugubrious
frames,
Filled with old Bible lore:
The whale is casting Jonah on the shore;
Pharaoh is drowning in the curly wave;
And to Elijah sitting at his cave,
The hospitable ravens fly in pairs,
Celestial food within their horny beaks;
On a slim David, with great pinky cheeks,
A towered Goliath stares.
Here will I sit at peace:
While, piercing through the window's ivy-veil,
A slip of sunshine smites the amber ale;
And as the wreaths of fragrant smoke increase,
I'll read the letter which came down to-day.
Ah, happy Maurice! while in chambers dun,
I pore o'er deeds and parchments growing gray,
Each glowing realm that spreads beneath the sun
Is but a paradise where you may play.
I am a bonded workman, you are free;
In your blood's hey-day—mine is early cold.
Life is rude furze at best; the sea breeze wrings
And eats my branches on the bitter lea;
But you have root in dingle fat and old,
Fat with decayings of a hundred springs,
And blaze all splendid in your points of gold,
And in your heart a linnet sits and sings.

"Unstable as the wind, infirm as foam,
I envy, Charles, your calmness and your peace;
The eye that marks its quarry from afar,
The heart that stoops on it and smites it down.
I, struggling in a dim and obscure net,
Am but enmeshed the more. When you were
here
My spirit often burned to tell you all;
I urged the horse up to the leap, it shied
At something in the hedge. This must not last;
In shame and sorrow, ere I sleep to-night,
I'll shrive my inmost soul.
I have knelt, and sworn
By the sweet heavens—I have madly prayed
To be by them forsaken, when I forsake
A girl whose lot should be to sleep content
Upon a peasant's breast, and toil all day
'Mong flaxen-headed children. She sits to-night,
When all the little town is lost in dream,
Her lax hands sunk in her neglected work,
Thinking of me. Smile not, my man of law,
Who, with a peering candle, walkest through
Black places in men's hearts, which only hear
The foot of conscience at the dead of night!
Her name might slip into my holiest prayer;
Her breath has come and gone upon my cheek,
Yet I dare stand before my mother's face,
Dare look into the heavenly eyes that yearn
For ever through a mist of golden hair,
With no shame on my brow. 'Tis not that way
My trouble looks. Yet, friend, in simple truth,
Could this thing be obliterated quite,
Expunged for ever, like a useless cloak
I'd fling off my possessions, and go forth,
My roof the weeping heaven.
Though I would die
Rather than give her pain, I grimly smile
To think, were I assured this horrid dream
Which poisons day to me, would only prove
A breath upon the mirror of her mind—
A moment dim, then gone (an issue which,
Could *I* have blotted out all memory,
Would let me freely breathe)—this love would
turn
To bitterest gall of hate. O vanity,
Thou god who on the altar thou hast built
Pilest myrrh and frankincense, appliest the flame,
Then snuff'st the smoky incense, high and calm!
Thou nimble Proteus of all human shapes!
Malvolio, cross-gartered in the sun,
The dying martyr, gazing from his fire
Upon the opened heavens, filled with crowds
Of glorious angel-faces:—thou art all
We smile at, all we hymn! For thee we blush,
For thee shed noble tears! The glowing coal,
O'er which the frozen beggar spreads his hands,
Is of one essence with the diamond,
That on the haughty forehead of a queen
Trembles with dewy light. Could *I*, through pain,
Give back the peace I stole, my heart would leap;
Could *she* forget me and regain content—
How deeply I am wronged!

"Is it the ancient trouble of my house
That makes the hour so terrible? Other men
Live to more purpose than those monstrous weeds
That drink a breadth of sunshine, and give back
Nor hue nor fragrance; but my spirit droops,
A dead and idle banner from its staff,
Unstirred by any wind. Within a cell,
Without a straw to play with, or a nail
To carve my sorrow on the gloomy stone,
I sit and watch, from stagnant day to day,
The bloated spider hanging on its thread,
The dull fly on the wall. The blessed sleep

For which none are too poor; the sleep that comes
So sweetly to the weary labouring man,
The march-worn soldier on the naked ground,
The martyr in the pauses of the rack,
Drives me through forests full of dreadful eyes,
Flings me o'er precipices, makes me kneel,
A sentenced man, before the dark platoon,
Or lays me helpless in the dim embrace
Of formless horror. Long ago, two foes
Lay in the yellow evening in their gore:
Like a malignant fury, that wild hour
Threw madness in the river of our blood:
Though it has run for thrice a century,
Been sweetened all the way by mothers' tears,
'Tis poisoned until now.
See how I stand
Delaying on the brink, like one who fears
And yet would meet the chill! When you were here
You saw a smoking-cap among my books;
A fond and fluttering letter badly spelt,
Each sentence headed with a little *i*,
Came with it, read with a blush, tossed in the fire,
Nor answered yet. Can you not now detect
The snail's slime on the rose?
This miserable thing
Grew round me like the ivy round the oak;
Sweet were its early creeping rings, though now
I choke, from knotted root to highest bough.
In those too happy days I could not name
This strange new thing which came upon my youth,
But yielded to its sweetness. Fling it off?
Trample it down? Bid me pluck out the eye
In which the sweet world dwells!—One night she wept;
It seemed so strange that *I* could make her weep:
Kisses may lie, but tears are surely true.
Then unbelief came back in solitude,
And love grew cruel; and to be assured
Cried out for tears, and with a shaking hand
And a wild heart that could have almost burst
With utter tenderness, yet would not spare,
He clutched her heart, and at the starting tears
Grew soft with all remorse. For those mad hours
Remembrance frets my heart in solitude,
As the lone mouse when all the house is still
Gnaws at the wainscot.
'Tis a haunting face,
Yet oftentimes I think I love her not;
Love's white hand flutters o'er my spirit's keys
Unkissed by grateful music. Oft I think
The Lady Florence at the county ball,
Quenching the beauties as the lightning dims
The candles in a room, scarce smiles so sweet.
The one oppresses like a crown of gold,
The other gladdens like a beam in spring,
Stealing across a dim field, making blithe
Its daisies one by one.—I deemed that I
Had broke my house of bondage, when one night
The memory of her face came back so sweet,
And stood between me and the printed page;
And phantoms of a thousand happy looks
Smiled from the dark. It was the old weak tale
Which time has told from Adam till this hour:
The slave comes back, takes up his broken chain.
I rode through storm toward the little town;
The minster, gleamed on by the flying moon,
Tolled midnight as I passed. I only sought
To see the line of light beneath her door,
The knowledge of her nearness was so sweet.
Hid in the darkness of the church, I watched
Her window like a shrine: a light came in,
And a soft shadow broke along the roof;
She raised the window and leaned forth awhile.
I could have fallen down and kissed her feet;
The poor dear heart, I knew it could not rest;
I stood between her and the light—my shade
Fell 'cross her silver sphere. The window closed.
When morn with cold bleak crimson laced the east,
Against a stream of raw and rainy wind
I rode back to the Hall.
The play-book tells
How Fortune's slippery wheel in Syracuse
Flung prosperous lordship to the chilly shades,
Heaved serfdom to the sun: in precious silks
Charwomen flounced, and scullions sat and laughed
In golden chairs, to see their fellows play
At football with a crown. Within my heart
In this old house, when all the fiends are here,
The story is renewed. Peace only comes
With a wild ride across the barren downs,
One look upon her face. She ne'er complains
Of my long absences, my hasty speech,—
'Crumbs from thy table are enough for me.'
She only asks to be allowed to lean
Her head against my breast a little while,
And she is paid for all. I choke with tears,
And think myself a devil from the pit
Loved by an angel. O that she would change
This tenderness and drooping-lily look,
The flutter when I come, the unblaming voice,
Wet eyes held up to kiss—one flash of fire,
A moment's start of keen and crimson scorn,
Would make me hers for ever!
I draw my birth
From a long line of gallant gentlemen,
Who only feared a lie—but what is this?
I dare not slight the daughter of a peer;
Her kindred could avenge. Yet I dare play
And palter with the pure soul of a girl
Without a friend, who, smitten, speaks no word,
But with a helpless face sinks in the grave
And takes her wrongs to God. Thou dark Sir Ralph,
Who lay with broken brand on Marston Moor,
What think you of this son?

"This prison that I dwell in hath two doors—
Desertion, marriage; both are shut by shame,

And barred by cowardice. A stronger man
Would screw his heart up to the bitter wrench,
And break through either and regain the air.
I cannot give myself or others pain.
I wear a conscience nice and scrupulous,
Which, while it hesitates to draw a tear,
Lets a heart break. Conscience should be clear-eyed,
And look through years: conscience is tenderest oft
When clad in sternness, when it smites to-day,
To stay the ruin which it hears afar
Upon the wind. Pure womanhood is meek—
But which is nobler, the hysterical girl
Weeping o'er flies huddling in slips of sun
On autumn sills, who has not heart enough
To crush a wounded grasshopper and end
Torture at once; or she, with flashing eyes,
Among the cannon, a heroic foot
Upon a fallen breast? My nerveless will
Is like a traitorous second, and deserts
My purpose in the very gap of need.
I groan beneath this cowardice of heart,
Which rolls the evil to be borne to-day
Upon to-morrow, loading it with gloom.
The man who clothes the stony moor with green,
In virtue of the beauty he creates,
Has there a right to dwell. And he who stands
Firm in the shifting sand and drift of things,
And rears from out the wasteful elements
An ordered home, in which the awful Gods,
The lighter Graces, serene Muses, dwell,
Holds in that masterdom the chartered right
To his demesne of time. But I hold none;
I live by sufferance, am weak and vain
As a shed leaf upon a turbid stream,
Or an abandoned boat which can but drift
Whither the currents draw—to maelstrom or
To green delicious shores. I should have had
My pendant cradle rocked by laughing winds
Within some innocent and idle isle
Where the sweet bread-fruit ripens and falls down,
Where the swollen pumpkin lolls upon the ground,
The lithe and slippery savage, drenched with oil,
Sleeps in the sun, and life is lazy ease.
But lamentation and complaint are vain:
The skies are stern and serious as doom;
The avalanche is loosened by a laugh;
And he who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking hand,
Must bide the issue, be it life or death.
One path is clear before me. It may lead
O'er perilous rock, 'cross sands without a well,
Through deep and difficult chasms, but therein
The whiteness of the soul is kept, and that,
Not joy nor happiness, is victory.

"Ah, she is not the creature who I dreamed
Should one day walk beside me dearly loved:
No fair majestic woman, void of fear,
And unabashed from purity of heart;
No girl with liquid eyes and shadowy hair,
To sing at twilight like a nightingale,
Or fill the silence with her glimmering smiles,
Deeper than speech or song. She has no birth,
No dowry, graces; no accomplishments,
Save a pure cheek, a fearless innocent brow,
And a true beating heart. She is no bank
Of rare exotics which o'ercome the sense
With perfumes—only fresh uncultured soil
With a wild-violet grace and sweetness born
Of Nature's teeming foison. Is this not
Enough to sweeten life? Could one not live
On brown bread, clearest water? Is this love
(What idle poets feign in fabling songs)
An unseen god, whose voice is heard but once
In youth's green valleys, ever dead and mute
'Mong manhood's iron hills? A power that comes
On the instant, whelming, like the light that smote
Saul from his horse; never a thing that draws
Its exquisite being from the light of smiles
And low sweet tones and fond companionship?
Brothers and sisters grow up by our sides,
Unfelt and silently are knit to us,
And one flesh with our hearts; would love not grow
In the communion of long-wedded years,
Sweet as the dawning light, the greening spring?
Would not an infant be the marriage priest,
To stand between us and unite our hands,
And bid us love and be obeyed? its life,
A fountain, with a cooling fringe of green
Amid the arid sands, by which we twain
Could dwell in deep content? My sunshine drew
This odorous blossom from the bough; why then
With frosty fingers wither it, and seal up
Sun-ripened fruit within its barren rind,
Killing all sweet delights? I drew it forth:
If there is suffering, let me bear it all.

"A very little goodness goes for much.
Walk 'mong my peasants—every urchin's face
Lights at my coming; girls at cottage-doors
Rise from their work and curtsey as I pass,
And old men bless me with their silent tears!
What have I done for this? I'm kind, they say,
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick,
And once a fortnight stroke a curly head
Which hides half-frightened in a russet gown.
'Tis easy for the sun to shine. My alms
Are to my riches like a beam to him.
They love me, these poor hinds, though I have ne'er
Resigned a pleasure, let a whim be crossed,
Pinched for an hour the stomach of desire
For one of them. Good Heaven! what am I
To be thus servitored? Am I to range
Like the discourseless creatures of the wood,
Without the common dignity of pain,
Without a pale or limit? To take up love
For its strange sweetness, and whene'er it tires,

Fling it aside as careless as I brush
A gnat from off my arm, and go my way
Untwinged with keen remorse? All this must end.
Firm land at last begins to peer above
The ebbing waves of hesitance and doubt.
Throughout this deepening spring my purpose grows
To flee with her to those young morning lands—
Australia, where the earth is gold, or where
The prairies roll toward the setting sun.
Not Lady Florence with her coronet,
Flinging white arms around me, murmuring
'Husband' upon my breast—not even that
Could make me happy, if I left a grave
On which the shadow of the village spire
Should rest at eve. The pain, if pain there be,
I'll keep locked up within my secret heart,
And wear what joy I have upon my face;
And she shall live and laugh, and never know.

"Come, brother, at your earliest, down to me.
To-morrow night I sleep at Ferny-Chase:
There, shadowed by the memory of the dead,
We'll talk of this. My thought, mayhap, will take
A different hue, seen in your purer light,
Free from all stain of passion. Ere you come,
Break that false mirror of your ridicule,
Looking in which, the holiest saint beholds
A grinning jackanapes, and hates himself.
More men hath laughter driven from the right
Than terror clad with fire. You have been young,
And know the mystery, that when we love,
We love the thing, not only for itself,
But somewhat also for the love we give.
Think of the genial season of your youth
When you dwelt here, and come with serious heart."

So, in that bitter quarter sits the wind:
The village fool could tell, unless it shifts
'Twill bring the rain in fiercest flaws and drifts!
How wise we are, yet blind,
Judging the wood's grain from the outer rind;
Wrapt in the twilight of this prison dim,
He envies me, I envy him!

The stream of my existence boils and leaps
Through broken rainbows 'mong the purple fells,
And breaks its heart 'mid rocks, close jammed, confined,
And plunges in a chasm black and blind,
To rage in hollow gulfs and iron hells,
And thence escaping, tamed and broken, creeps
Away in a wild sweat of beads and bells.
Though *his* slides lazy through the milky meads,
And once a week the sleepy slow-trailed barge
Rocks the broad water-lilies on its marge,
A dead face wavers from the oozy weeds.
It is but little matter where we dwell,
In fortune's centre, on her utter verge;
Whether to death our weary steps we urge,
Or ride with ringing bridle, golden selle.
Life is one pattern wrought in different hues,
And there is nought to choose
Between its sad and gay—'tis but to groan
Upon a rainy common or a throne,
Bleed 'neath the purple or the peasant's serge.

At his call I will go,
Though it is very little love can do;
In spite of all affection tried and true,
Each man alone must struggle with his woe.
He pities her, for he has done her wrong,
And would repair the evil—noble deed,
To flash and tingle in a minstrel's song,
To move the laughter of our modern breed!
And yet the world is wise; each curve and round
Of custom's road is no result of chance;
It curves but to avoid some treacherous ground,
Some quagmire in the wilds of circumstance;
Nor safely left. The long-drawn caravan
Wavers through heat, then files o'er Mecca's stones;
Far in the blinding desert lie the bones
Of the proud-hearted solitary man.
He marries her, but ere the year has died,—
'Tis an old tale,—they wander to the grave
With hot revolting hearts, yet lashed and tied
Like galley-slave to slave.
Love should not stoop to love, like prince to lord:
While o'er their heads proud Cupid claps his wings,
Love should meet love upon the marriage sward,
And kiss, like crowned kings.
If both are hurt, then let them bear the pain
Upon their separate paths; 'twill die at last:
The deed of one rash moment may remain
To darken all the future with the past.
And yet I cannot tell,—the beam that kills
The gipsy's fire kindles the desert flower;
Where he plucks blessings I may gather ills,
And in his sweetest sweet find sourest sour.
If what of wisdom and experience
My years have brought, be either guide or aid,
They shall be his, though to my mournful sense
The lights will steal away from wood and glade;
The garden will be sad with all its glows,
And I shall hear the glistening laurels talk
Of her, as I pass under in the walk,
And my light step will thrill each conscious rose.

The lark hangs high o'er Ferny-Chase
In slant of sun, in twinkle of rain;
Though loud and clear, the song I hear
Is half of joy and half of pain.
I know by heart the dear old place,
The place where spring and summer meet—
By heart, like those old ballad rhymes
O'er which I brood a million times,
And sink from sweet to deeper sweet.
I know the changes of the idle skies,
The idle shapes in which the clouds are blown;

The dear old place is now before my eyes,
Yea, to the daisy's shadow on the stone.
When through the golden furnace of the heat
The far-off landscape seems to shake and beat,
Within the lake I see old Hodge's cows
Stand in their shadows in a tranquil drowse,
While o'er them hangs a restless steam of flies.
I see the clustered chimneys of the Hall
Stretch o'er the lawn toward the blazing lake;
And in the dewy even-fall
I hear the mellow thrushes call
From tree to tree, from brake to brake.
Ah! when I thither go
I know that my joy-emptied eyes shall see
A white ghost wandering where the lilies blow,
A sorrow sitting by the trysting tree.
I kiss this soft curl of her living hair,
'Tis full of light as when she did unbind
Her sudden ringlets, making bright the wind:
'Tis here, but she is—where?
Why do I, like a child impatient, weep?
Delight dies like a wreath of frosted breath;
Though here I toil upon the barren deep,
I see the sunshine yonder lie asleep,
Upon the calm and beauteous shores of death.
Ah, Maurice, let thy human heart decide,
The first best pilot through distracting jars.
The lowliest roof of love at least will hide
The desolation of the lonely stars.
Stretched on the painful rack of forty years,
I've learned at last the sad philosophy
Of the unhoping heart, unshrinking eye—
God knows; my icy wisdom and my sneers
Are frozen tears!

The day wears, and I go.
Farewell, Elijah! may you heartily dine!
I cannot, David, see your fingers twine
In the long hair of your foe.
Housewife, adieu, Heaven keep your ample form,
May custom never fail;
And may your heart, as sound as your own ale,
Be soured by never a storm!

Though I have travelled now for twice an hour
I have not heard a bird or seen a flower.
This wild road has a little mountain rill
To sing to it, ah! happier than I.
How desolate the region, and how still
The idle earth looks on the idle sky!
I trace the river by its wandering green;
The vale contracts to a steep pass of fear,
And through the midnight of the pines I hear
The torrent raging down the long ravine.
At last I've reached the summit high and bare;
I fling myself on heather dry and brown:
As silent as a picture lies the town,
Its peaceful smokes are curling in the air;
The bay is one delicious sheet of rose,
And round the far point of the tinted cliffs
I see the long strings of the fishing skiffs
Come home to roost like lines of evening crows.
I can be idle only one day more
As the nets drying on the sunny shore;
Thereafter, chambers, still 'mid thronged resorts,
Strewn books and littered parchments, nought to see,
Save a charwoman's face, a dingy tree,
A fountain plashing in the empty courts.

But let me hasten down this shepherd's track,
The night is at my back.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like autumn mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour,—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart fill'd with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past,—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Will love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,

Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done.—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blacken'd ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuff'd with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Fill'd with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lighten'd is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,—
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendours, set,
And die into my wedding-day.

GLASGOW.

Sing, poet, 'tis a merry world;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curled
In sport, that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil;—
Before *me* runs a road of toil
With my grave cut across.
Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs—
I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black labour draws his weary waves
Into their secret-moaning caves;
But with the morning light
That sea again will overflow
With a long weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which night and morning ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill

Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers, I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapours of the morn,
I heard the hills of sheep:
I trod with a wild ecstacy
The bright fringe of the living sea:
And on a ruined keep
I sat, and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced!
O fair the April shoots!
O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O city, I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
Down to the harbour-bars;
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square
Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, terror! dream!
While the blue night crept up the stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires;
And on the moorlands bare,
He sees afar a crown of light
Hung o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noon-day sky,
When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain-ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black disdainful stream;
All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts—
'Tween lamps in streaming rows.
O wondrous sight! O stream of dread!
O long dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare;
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up ir the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone;
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the shower
Is burnished; on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange;
Then wherefore from thee should I range?
Thou hast my kith and kin:
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave;
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

Isa Craig was born at Edinburgh, October 17, 1831. She is the only child of parents that belonged to a middle-class family in Aberdeenshire. When only a few months old her mother died; her father afterwards removed to Aberdeen, leaving his daughter to the care of her grandmother, who brought up her young charge in a very simple and secluded manner. Isa's school education did not extend beyond three years, and was concluded in her tenth year. After assisting in the various household duties she diligently devoted every spare hour to books, and these not of the newest or lightest kind—Gibbon, Addison and his contemporaries, Shakspere, Milton, Cowper, and Burns being her teachers.

When about sixteen Miss Craig ventured to write a short poem now and then, and was amply rewarded by seeing her nameless effusions in print. In 1851 she began to contribute to the *Scotsman* newspaper under the signature "Isa." Her verses attracted considerable attention, and in 1853 the proprietor of the paper called on his unknown contributor and proposed that she should undertake regular literary work for its columns. In the summer of 1857 she visited a lady friend in London, by whom she was introduced to Mr. G. W. Hastings, who was then engaged in organizing the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and was greatly in need of an efficient assistant. Miss Craig at his request undertook the task of assisting him for the three months preceding the first meeting of the Association, which was held at Birmingham. After the meeting she was appointed by the council his assistant in the secretarial work of the society—a position which she held for nearly nine years, and only relinquished in May, 1866, when she was married to her cousin Mr. John Knox. In 1858 she sent in a competitive poem "On the Centenary of Burns," which gained the prize of £50 over six hundred and twenty competitors. It was written at a single sitting, and was read at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to a vast audience collected to celebrate the centenary of the Scottish poet's birth. The poem was dictated more by love for the poet than eagerness for the prize, for on the day of the award Miss Craig was absent, and being busily occupied had forgotten it altogether.

Going on steadily with her work in the Association, editing under Mr. Hastings its weighty volumes, and conducting its extensive correspondence, Miss Craig took no advantage of the popularity which the prize obtained for her. She had published a volume of poems in 1856, and in 1864 she brought out another volume entitled *Duchess Agnes, &c.*, the fruits of her scanty leisure. It is written in the dramatic form, and contains numerous fine passages. Her latest volume, entitled *Songs of Consolation*, and dedicated to the memory of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, is of a purely religious character. Mrs. Knox has contributed prose and verse to *Fraser's Magazine*, to *Good Words*, and various other periodicals, and has recently written an excellent *Little Folks' History of England*. Her poetry, particularly in her shorter pieces, is characterized by much pathos and deep religious sentiment. A distinguished critic says her poems "are far above the average, and possess such kindly qualities as will carry them home to many who do not live by the sensational alone, but appreciate true feeling, however shy—beauty, however subdued."

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A poet peasant born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;

So through the past far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark-searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made king
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the East
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure-joy wines
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love warble, from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight;
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield
Hard pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soiled;
His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
He is a king for all.

Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good; so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver cords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung,—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

THE WAY IN THE WOOD.

A wood lies on the shore,
Fill'd with murmurs, as each tree
Learn'd the music of the sea,
Which it heareth all the day,
Ever growing more and more,
Or fading far away.

And standing on that shore,
The past comes back to me,
In that music of the sea,
And that murmur of the wood,
Ever fading far away,
Yet evermore renewed.

In the weird and ancient wood,
There are fairy lights that fall,
Never by the sunshine made;
And a flicker and a shade,
Where no substance is at all;
There are thrilling touches laid
By no hand on head and shoulder;
Things that peep from leaf and blade
And blossom, when there's no beholder;
And we walk as in a story
Through the gloom and through the glory
Of the weird and ancient wood.

Through the gloom and through the glory
Of the ancient wood beheld,
Comes in glimpses, like her story,
A maiden of the times of Eld:
Like a young fawn, unafraid,
Straying through its own green glade.
Now a little rill she crosses,
Stealing through the velvet mosses,
From the hollow, where the trees
Stand in groups of twos and threes,
Wide-armed, bountiful, and spread
As for blessing overhead;
While the thick grass underfoot
Shelters violets round each root,
And on tender lap receives
Soft the fall of dying leaves.

All along the maiden's way,
Glades are opening, glad and green,
Ever tempting her to stray
From the bare brown path between.
Some one surely called her name!
Was it but the wood-dove cooing?
And that beck'ning, was't the same
As the plumy ferns are doing?
In each foxglove bell the bee
Swings himself right merrily,
Every bell by turns he tries,
He is buried head and thighs!
Now on that side, now on this,
Does a bird his song repeat,
Quivering at its close with bliss
Far too full and far too sweet
For the little throat to utter;
Here a whirr, and there a flutter,
Here a coo, and there a call,
Here a dart, and there a spring,
Token'd happy creatures all.
Now and then awhile she stood,
Wishful that they might come near her,
Wistful half that they should fear her,
Silence in her attitude.

Now the sunny noon is high,
And upon a bank she sits,
Shade on shade around her flits—
On the bank's embroidery—
Star and heart of leaf inwrought,
Mazy as a poet's thought—
One doth rest beside the maid
In the mystic light and shade.
Into silence sweet subdued,
In the dim heart of the wood
Many paths together meet,
And companionship is sweet.

Sounds as of a river flowing
Through the forest depths are going,
And the distant murmurs seem
Like a river in a dream,
For the path is carried far
Over precipice and scaur,
And beneath it runs the river,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
Drawing down the little rills
From the rocks and from the hills,
To the bosom of the sea.
Here the daisies disappear,
Shadows on the pathway brown
Falling ever thicklier down,
Something like a thrill of fear
Touches trembling lip and limb,
And the violets in her eyes,
Blue beneath the open skies,
Seem to grow more large and dim.
Round and round, for rood on rood,
Trees are growing, trees are throwing
Shades of ill and shades of good,
Arms of shelter fondly flinging,
Arms of murder fiercely clinging,
Stifling in their close embraces,
Throes of terror and affright,
While some meekly in their places
Die of pining for the light.

Closely heart to heart will beat,
Closely lip with lip will meet,

Where the branch and bow embraces,
And the light and shade enlaces;
Hands of trust in his she places,
And her heaven is in his eyes,
Link'd together as they rise
To go forward, but he chooses
Smoother than he would, refuses
Peril for her sake;—thus may
He be guarded still in guarding,
And be guided still in guiding,
Ill from the belovèd warding,
Blessing to himself betiding.

In mid-forest oaks and beeches,
Thick and tow'ring, hold the ground;
By the river's winding reaches
Trees of every leaf are found;
Here the ash with arms all knotted,
Into anguish'd writhings grew;
Here the sickly alder rotted;
On a mound an ancient yew;
And the willows in the water
Trail'd their tresses silver gray;
Aspen, when the low wind caught her,
Sigh'd through every trembling spray;
Lady birch so light and gay,
Something sad that wind had taught her,
For each slender limb would quiver:
While upon the moaning river,
Flags of drownèd lilies lay.

In the forest depths unknown,
Once more is the maid alone;
And she hears the moaning river,
Hears the ivy near her shiver,
Hears the rain upon the leaves,
Beating with a sound that grieves;
On the path her feet are slipping,
'Tween the river and the rock,
All the adder's-tongues are dripping,
Wet is every ruddy lock
Of her hair, and when she lays
Her small lily hand, and stays
Trembling steps, the worm is crawling,
Toads beneath her feet are sprawling,
And her very soul is faint
With the dank air's deathly taint.

She hath reach'd a tree whose head
Still is green, whose heart is dead;
Her wet robe about her clings,
And she sinks upon the ground,
Heedless of the loathly things,
Where her slain knight she hath found,
Lying white among the green
Of the ferns that strive to screen,
From the staring of the light,
Those dead eyes, a ghastly sight.

By the river sat the maiden,
With the burden of her pain:
Downward flow'd the river laden
With the burden of the rain:
In that dark and swollen flood,
Who had known the little rill
At the entrance of the wood?
Who had known that maiden still?
When the dismal pall of night
Came and wrapt her grief from sight;
And there rose upon the blast,
In the dark hours wailing past,
Mingled groan and shriek and sigh—
More than mortal agony.

Ere long in that solitude
Rose the forest sanctuary,
Where the holy dead they bury,
'Tween the murmur of the river,
And the murmur of the wood,
Fill'd with pleading sound for ever;
And a slain knight's mouldering bones
Rest beneath its chancel stones.

Yellow, yellow leaves
All grown pale with sighing!—
For the sweet days dead,
For the sad days dying,
Yellow, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

Yellow, yellow leaves,
Falling, falling, falling!
Death is best, when hope
There is no recalling;
Yet O, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

A SONG OF SUMMER.

I will sing a song of summer,
Of bright summer as it dwells,
Amid leaves, and flowers, and sunshine,
In lone haunts and grassy dells.
Lo! the hill-encircled valley
Is like an emerald cup,
To its inmost depths all glowing,
With sunlight brimming up.
Here I'd dream away the day-time,
And let happy thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but glory,
Aught but beauty on the earth.

Not a speck of cloud is floating
In the deep blue overhead,

'Neath the trees the daisied verdure
Like a broidered couch is spread.
The rustling leaves are dancing
With the light wind's music stirr'd,
And in gushes through the stillness
Comes the song of woodland bird.
Here I'd dream away the day-time,
And let gentlest thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but gladness,
Aught but peace upon the earth.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew birth,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Press'd it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out into the light;
Although the shadow deepen'd
In the moment of eclipse,
When he pass'd through the dread portal
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers,
As he conquer'd in the strife,
Life is but a way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life:
Yet awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

MY MARY AN' ME.

We were baith neebor bairns, thegither we play'd,
We loved our first love, an' our hearts never stray'd;
* *
When I got my young lassie her first vow to gie,
We promised to wait for each ither a wee.

My mither was widow'd when we should hae wed,
An' the nicht when we stood roun' my faither's death-bed,
He charged me a husband and father to be,
While my young orphan sisters clung weeping to me.

I kent nae, my Mary, what high heart was thine,
Nor how brightly thy love in a dark hour wad shine,
Till in doubt and in sorrow, ye whisper'd to me,
"Win the blessing o' Heaven for thy Mary and thee."

An' years hae flown by deeply laden wi' care,
But Mary has help'd me their burden to bear,
She gave me my shield in misfortune and wrong,
'Twas she that aye bade me be steadfast and strong.

Her meek an' quiet spirit is aye smooth as now,
Her saft shinin' hair meekly shades her white brow,
A few silver threads 'mang its dark faulds I see,
They tell me how lang she has waited on me.

Her cheek has grown paler, for she too maun toil,
Her sma' hands are thinner, less mirthfu' her smile;
She aft speaks o' heaven, and if she should dee,
She tells me that there she'll be waitin' on me.

"OUR FATHER."[1]

Among the little ones,
"Our Father," let me say,
I learn the holy childhood thus,
And am a child as they.

Among the servants, Lord,
I breathe the prayer divine,
A servant among servants, so
A servant—theirs and thine.

"Our Father," among men—
The evil and the good—
Daily for all on thee I call,
And own their brotherhood.

Child, servant, brother, thus
Alone can I be one
With Him by whom in perfectness
The Father's will was done.

[1] This beautiful lyric is the first of a series on the Lord's Prayer, from the author's volume *Songs of Consolation*, 1874.—Ed.

JAMES MACFARLAN.

BORN 1832—DIED 1862.

JAMES MACFARLAN—a gifted but almost forgotten Scottish poet, who died at the early age of thirty—was born in Glasgow, April 9, 1832. To his mother he was indebted for his first lessons, and was far advanced in reading when sent to school in his eighth year. His schoolmaster describes him "as one of those boys a teacher takes a pride in—always obedient, assiduous, and attentive; causing him little trouble, and realizing to him what the poet is pleased to describe as 'The Delightful Task!'" In this school he remained for about two years, and made good progress in his education, giving evidence even thus early of the poetic power he displayed in after life. On leaving school James began to accompany his father in excursions which he at that time took among the towns and villages in the west of Scotland for the sale of his goods; and thus, travelling up and down the country, was the boy-poet for years made familiar with the magnificent scenery of nature, and fitted to produce that rich legacy of song which he has bequeathed to us.

In August, 1855, Macfarlan married Agnes Miller, whom he had known from earliest life. She was the poet's first love, and proved a suitable partner for him; but the youthful pair had to contend with the trials of straitened circumstances, for the largest wage the husband ever received was fifteen shillings a week, and that only for a very brief period. Yet, in spite of this adverse fortune, we find him in 1854 issuing a volume entitled "Poems: Pictures of the Past," &c., published in London by Robert Hardwicke; and in rapid succession followed in book form "City Songs," "Lyrics of Life," "Wanderer of the West," "The Attic Study, or Brief Notes on Nature, Men, and Books;" while in the course of his brief career he was engaged from day to day contributing to the periodical press the following among other writings:—"Tales and Sketches," "One of a Million," "Wayside Thoughts," and composing poems for *All the Year Round*. His last production in verse, written a few months before his death, was the thrilling lines entitled "The Drunkard's Doom."

This literary work extended over a period of about eight years, but before its close a pulmonary disease had attacked the poet, and his recovery became doubtful. For the last two years of his life he was the daily companion and guest of Mr. H. Buchanan MacPhail, who took him on an excursion to Ireland and to various places on the Scottish coast. But all efforts for his recovery proved in vain, and he expired in Glasgow, Nov. 6, 1862. By his own desire his remains were interred in Mr. MacPhail's burying-ground, Cheapside Street, Anderston. Four children were the issue of the poet's marriage, one of whom, his second-born and favourite child Ann, alone survived him for some two years. A complete edition of his poems, with a memoir of the poet, is now (July, 1876) in preparation by Mr. MacPhail.

Of Macfarlan's poetic talent Dr. Rogers eloquently says:—"His muse taught philosophy, and dealt with the spiritual properties of things. Like the ancient enraptured prophet, his lofty conceptions impart breadth and compass to his imagery. Unlike the bards of the spasmodic school, he keeps a rein upon his fancy; his flights are never beyond the comprehension or the patience of his reader. His language is chaste, ornate, and exact; he concentrates rather than expands his sentiments; in the graceful flow of numbers, he never betrays a point of weakness. He has celebrated the nobler affections and instincts of the human heart—and painted with master hand the scenes of civic activity and rustic gladness. He writes hopefully of human progress, deprecates the revival of ancient feuds, and rejoices in a high-souled patriotism. He is the poet of that species of chivalry which cannot stoop to dishonour, and rejoices to upraise and support the weak. He has written not a single line which in the heart of another will awaken unpleasing emotions."

THE LORDS OF LABOUR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the lords of labour.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall,
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state,
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the lords of labour.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of Toil.
And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare bold brow,
Than the clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unblown by the trump or tabor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the lords of labour.

BOOKWORLD.

When the dim presence of the awful night
Clasps in its jewell'd arms the slumbering earth,
Alone I sit beside the lowly light,
That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakspere, with his endless train
Of sceptred thoughts, a glorious progeny
Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strain,
Through vision-lands, for ever far and free,
His great mind beaming thro' those phantom crowds,
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wing,
Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;
Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,
Now lost in splendour at the feet of God;
Girt with the terror of avenging skies,
Or wrapt in dreams of infant paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades
Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,
With breezy vistas, and with cool arcades
Opening for ever in his antique verse.
It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,
His Tabard old, and pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty three
Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song,
Who bared the fearful front of tragedy,
And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong;
Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud
The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixote's mail,
In wonted rest his lance securely lies;
Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,
For ever wide his wonder-stricken eyes;
And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,
Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights
Of caliph splendid, and of genii grim,
The star-wealth of Arabia's Thousand Nights,
Shining till every other light grows dim;
Wander away in broad voluptuous lands,
By streams of silver, and through golden sands;

Still hear the storms of Camoens burst and swell,
His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide;
Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell,
With dreaming Dante and his spirit-guide;
Loiter in Petrarch's green melodious grove,
Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is all your sparkling dance,
Wine-purpled banquet, or vain fashion's blaze,
Thus roaming through the realms of rich romance,
Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days,
For ever with those brave and brilliant ones
That fill time's channel like a stream of suns!

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Across the dull and brooding night
A giant flies with demon light,
And breath of wreathing smoke;
Around him whirls the reeling plain,

And with a dash of grim disdain
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
The belt of black funereal firs,
That murmur to the sky,
Till, startled by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear,
As if a god swept by!

Through many a dark wild heart of heath,
O'er booming bridges, where beneath
A midnight river brawls;
By ruins, remnants of the past,
Their ivies trembling in the blast;
By singing waterfalls!

The slumb'rer on his silent bed
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream.
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,
Through tunnel-sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He tears along receding lands,
To where the kingly city stands,
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,
And every smile is known.
We thank thee, O thou Titan train,
That in the city once again
We clasp our loved, our own!

THE WIDOW'S WAKE.

Deep in the midnight lane,
Where glimmering tapers feebly pierce the gloom,
Through many a winking pane,
All tearful in the rain,
The widow lies within her naked room.

Coldly the widow lies,
Though woe and want can touch her never more;
And in her beamless eyes
Grief's well, that rarely dries,
Never again shall hoard its oozy store.

Coldly the widow lies,
God's mighty midnight creepeth overhead
King's couch and pauper's bed,
All human tears, all cares, all agonies,
Beneath His gaze are spread.

And these poor boards of thin and dismal deal,
That hold her mortal relics, in His eyes
Are sacred as the gilded obsequies,
When purchased mourners kneel
'Mid all the painful pomp in which some great man lies.

None may this vigil keep:
Retired in life, the widow died alone,
And in this silent sleep
None wait by her; none weep
To find that she is gone.

Only the winds that steal
Coldly across the damp and broken wall,
On that pale visage fall,
As though they paused, her icy brow to feel,
Or death's blank gaze a moment to reveal,
Uplift the scanty pall.

And this is she who struggled long and sore,
In the black night-time of a dire distress—
Most patient wretchedness,
Bearing a bitter cross to death's dark door,
Receiving there—if humankind may guess—
A crown of glory for the thorns she wore.

THE RUINED CITY.

The shadows of a thousand Springs,
Unnumbered sunsets, sternly sleep
Above the dust of perished things
That form this city's blasted heap.
Dull watch the crumbling columns keep
Against the fierce relentless sky,
Hours, that no dial noteth, creep
Like unremembered phantoms by;
And still this city of the dead
Gives echo to no human tread.

A curse is writ on every stone,
The temple's latest pillar lies
Like some white mammoth's bleaching bone,
Its altars know no deities.
Fine columns of a palace rise,
And when the sun is red and low,
And glaring in the molten skies,
A shadow huge these columns throw,
That like some dark colossal hand
In silence creeps across the sand.

The senate slumbers, wondrous hive
Of counsels sage, of subtle schemes;
But does no lingering tone survive
To prove their presence more than dreams?
No light of revelation beams
Around that voiceless forum now,

Time bears upon his restless streams
No reflex of the haughty brow
That oft has frowned a nation's fate
Here—where dark reptiles congregate.

Where, where is now the regal rag
That clothed the monarch of yon tower,
On which the rank weed flaps its flag
Across the dusk this sombre hour?
Alas! for pomp, alas! for power,
When time unveils their nakedness.
And valour's strength and beauty's flower
Find nought to echo their distress;
And flattery—fine delusive breath—
Melts in the iron grasp of death.

Day rises with an angry glance,
As if to blight the stagnant air,
And hurls his fierce and fiery lance
On that doomed city's forehead bare.
The sunset's wild and wandering hair
Streams backward like a comet's mane,
And from the deep and sullen glare
The shuddering columns crouch in vain,
And through the wreck of wrathful years
The grim hyæna stalks and sneers.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Beside the hearth there is an hour of dreaming,
A calm and pensive solitude of soul,
When life and death have each another seeming,
And thoughts are with us owning no control.
These are the spirits, memory's revealing,
In deep solemnity they rise and fall,
Shrouding the living present, and concealing
The world around us—Shadows on the Wall.

Hopes, like the leaves and blossoms, rudely shaken
By cruel winds of winter, from the tree
Of our existence; phantoms that awaken
Wild passing gleams of joy's young ecstasy;
And love, once kind and tenderly outpouring
Her wine into our souls, we may recall,
And find them dear and ever heavenward soaring,
Though only now as Shadows on the Wall.

Old clasping hands, old friendships and affections,
Once bodied forms beside us on the earth,
Come back to haunt us, ghostly recollections
With mystic converse by the silent hearth.
Yet these are kindly spirits, and retiring
Draw their long shadows slowly from the wall,
And visit us in peace and gentleness, inspiring
A hope that brings the sunshine after all.

DAVID GRAY.

Born 1838—Died 1861.

David Gray, the son of a poor weaver, and the eldest of eight children, was born Jan. 29, 1838, at Duntiblae, on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles from Glasgow. From early childhood the little fellow was noted for his wit and cleverness; and while at the Kirkintilloch parish school his literary bias became strikingly apparent. Zealous at his tasks, bright with precocious intellect, an unconscionable devourer of books, and ambitious of fame, it was early intended that he should devote himself to the ministry. When about fourteen years old he was accordingly sent to Glasgow, where, supporting himself to a considerable extent by laborious tuition, first as a pupil teacher in a public school in Bridgeton, and afterward as Queen's scholar in the Free Church Normal Seminary, he contrived to attend the Humanity, Greek, and other classes in the university during four successive sessions. Having likewise obtained some employment as a private tutor, he found it necessary to add French to his lingual acquisitions. But whatever progress he made in his more severe studies, it soon became evident that the bent of his mind was poetical, rather than theological. In place of composing sermons he took to writing verses, many of which were published in the *Glasgow Citizen;* and finally abandoning the idea of the pulpit, he decided on the career of a man of letters.

Soon after Gray went to London, living in a garret with his poet friend Robert Buchanan, now on the high road to immortality, and trying unsuccessfully to obtain a publisher for his poems. From Lord Houghton, the biographer of John Keats, he received some literary employment; and when the young poet

was suddenly struck down in the enthusiasm of his struggles and the pride of his hopes with ill-health, that nobleman furnished him with the best medical advice, and, after a brief sojourn in the south of England without benefit, had him carefully sent back to his father's humble home at Merkland. Here he lingered for some months, and at length passed away tranquilly, Dec. 3, 1861, almost his last words being "God has love, and I have faith." The day previous his heart was gladdened by the sight of a specimen page of his "Luggie." After his death the following epitaph, written in his own clear hand, was found among his papers:—

"Below lies one whose name was traced in sand;
He died not knowing what it was to live:
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
And maiden thought electrified his soul;
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God,
In other kingdom of a sweeter air;
In Eden every flower is blown. Amen."

A handsome monument was erected to the young poet's memory by friends from far and near in the "Auld Aisle" burying-ground near Kirkintilloch, and an address delivered by Sheriff Bell on the occasion of its inauguration, July 29, 1865. About the same time there appeared a small volume entitled *Poems by David Gray, with Memoirs*, from the pens of Lord Houghton and James Hedderwick; and Robert Buchanan also published a lengthy obituary notice in the *Cornhill Magazine*. This work was republished in the United States, and met with a large circulation. A new and enlarged edition of Gray's Poems was issued in Glasgow in 1874 by James Maclehose, through whose courtesy we are permitted to insert the following selections.

In the memoir of Gray, his generous friend Lord Houghton remarks: "I will not here assume the position of a poetical critic, both because I know such criticism to be dreary and unsatisfactory, and because I am conscious that the personal interest I took in David Gray is likely in some degree to influence my judgment. There is in truth no critic of poetry but the man who enjoys it, and the amount of gratification felt is the only just measure of criticism. I believe, however, that I should have found much pleasure in these poems if I had met with them accidentally, and if I had been unaware of the strange and pathetic incidents of their production. But the public mind will not separate the intrinsic merits of the verses from the story of the writer, any more than the works and fate of Keats or Chatterton. We value all connected with the being of every true poet, because it is the highest form of nature that man is permitted to study and enjoy."

The object of Gray's principal poem, "The Luggie," as has been well said, "may not possess in itself much to attract the painter's eye, but it has sufficed for a poet's love." Of his sonnets entitled "In the Shadows," Sheriff Bell remarks, they "appear to me to possess a solemn beauty not surpassed by many of the finest passages in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' totally distinct and unlike the 'In Memoriam,' but as genuine, as sincere, as heart-stirring, and often as poetical. In the poet's own words, they admit you 'to the chancel of a dying poet's mind:' you feel when you are reading these sonnets that they are written in the sure and immediate prospect of death; but they contain thoughts about life, about the past, and about the future, most powerful and most beautiful."

THE YELLOW-HAMMER.

In fairy glen of Woodilee,
One sunny summer morning,
I plucked a little birchen tree,
The spongy moss adorning;
And bearing it delighted home,
I planted it in garden loam,
Where, perfecting all duty,
It flower'd in tasselled beauty.

When delicate April in each dell
Was silently completing
Her ministry in bud and bell,
To grace the summer's meeting;
My birchen tree of glossy rind
Determined not to be behind;
So with a subtle power
The buds began to flower.

And I could watch from out my house
The twigs with leaflets thicken;
From glossy rind to twining boughs
The milky sap 'gan quicken.
And when the fragrant form was green
No fairer tree was to be seen,
All Gartshore woods adorning,
Where doves are always mourning.

But never dove with liquid wing,
Or neck of changeful gleaming,
Came near my garden tree to sing,
Or croodle out its meaning.
But this sweet day, an hour ago,
A yellow-hammer, clear and low,
In love and tender pity
Trilled out his dainty ditty.

And I was pleased, as you may think,
And blessed the little singer:
"O fly for your mate to Luggie brink,
Dear little bird! and bring her;
And build your nest among the boughs,
A sweet and cosy little house,
Where ye may well content ye,
Since true love is so plenty.

"And when she sits upon her nest,
Here are cool shades to shroud her;"
At this the singer sang his best,
O louder yet, and louder;
Until I shouted in my glee,
His song had so enchanted me:
No nightingale could pant on
In joy so wise and wanton.

But at my careless noise he flew,
And if he chance to bring her
A happy bride the summer through
'Mong birchen boughs to linger,
I'll sing to you in numbers high
A summer song that shall not die,
But keep in memory clearly
The bird I love so dearly.

THE HAREBELL.

Beneath a hedge of thorn, and near
Where Bothlin steals through light and shadow,
I saw its bell, so blue and clear—
That little beauty of the meadow.

It was a modest, tender flower—
So clearly blue, so sweetly tender;
No simpler offspring of the shower
And sunshine may July engender.

The "azure harebell," Shakspere says—
And such a half-transparent azure
Was never seen in country ways
By poet in creative leisure.

But chiefly the belovèd song—
The patriot ballad, fresh and olden—
The "Scottish Blue Bells," rose among
Some other memories, pure and golden.

And chiming o'er one verse of power,
While in the chalice fondly peering,
A tear-drop fell upon the flower—
My blessing earnest and enduring.

The prize was mine!—but no, ah! no—
To spare it was a poet's duty;
So in that spot I let it blow,
And left it in its lonely beauty.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

O love, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod;
Whose ministry hath symboled sweet
The dearer love of God;
The sacred myrtle rears again
Thine altar as of old;
And what was green with summer then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
Is flushed with fancy's light;
But memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower;
The bud of fifty years agone
Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
O dream of youth, return;
And let the light that gleamed of yore
Beside this altar burn.
The past is plain; 'twas love designed
E'en sorrow's iron chain;
And mercy's shining thread has twined
With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still, O thou who hast
That younger bridal blest,
Till the May-morn of love has past
To evening's golden west;
Come to this later Cana, Lord,
And, at thy touch divine,
The water of that earlier board
To-night shall turn to wine.

AN OCTOBER MUSING.

Ere the last stack is housed, and woods are bare,
And the vermilion fruitage of the brier
Is soaked in mist, or shrivelled up with frost;
Ere warm spring nests are coldly to be seen
Tenantless but for rain and the cold snow,
While yet there is a loveliness abroad—
The frail and indescribable loveliness
Of a fair form life with reluctance leaves,
Being then only powerful,—while the earth
Wears sackcloth in her great prophetic grief:—

Then the reflective, melancholy soul,
Aimlessly wandering with slow-falling feet
The heathery solitude, in hope to assuage
The cunning humour of his malady,
Loses his painful bitterness, and feels
His own specific sorrows one by one
Taken up in the huge dolor of all things,
O, the sweet melancholy of the time,
When gently, ere the heart appeals, the year
Shines in the fatal beauty of decay;
When the sun sinks enlarged on Carronben,
Nakedly visible, without a cloud,
And faintly from the faint eternal blue
(That dim sweet harebell colour) comes the star
Which evening wears, when Luggie flows in mist,
And in the cottage windows one by one,
With sudden twinkle, household lamps are lit—
What noiseless falling of the faded leaf!

SONNET.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon;—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies,
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the Day.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Born 1841 — Died 1869.

William Leighton, a young poet of great promise, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, was born at Dundee, February 3, 1841. In his seventh year his family removed to Liverpool, where he received his education, and where the remainder of his short life was spent. At the age of thirteen he was placed in a merchant's office, and in course of time he attained the position of confidential clerk to a firm engaged in the Brazil trade. An assiduous attention to business left him but little leisure for the cultivation of his natural taste for literature, but the greater portion of his spare hours was devoted to study and composition. Poetry was his passion, and his favourite authors were Shakspere, Tennyson, and Longfellow. He began to write verses at an early age, and the majority of his poems were composed before he had completed his twenty-third year. They had appeared in the columns of various periodicals, and the poet was often urged by his friends to collect and publish them in a volume. He was engaged in preparing this volume for the press when he was attacked by typhoid fever, and after a brief illness died April 22, 1869. The year following his poetical writings, with a brief memoir from the pen of his brother, were published, and a second edition has since appeared. Of the fourscore thoughtful pieces contained in the little volume, all breathing a genuine poetic spirit and a vein of delicate fancy, a new edition is now in preparation, to which will be added other hitherto unpublished poems, essays, and sketches.

The *Westminster Review*, in a notice of his poems, remarks, "The late William Leighton came of a poetical family. We remember being struck some years ago with the remarkable powers of description shown in Mr. Robert

Leighton's poems. The nephew possesses much the same power and facility. A love for nature in her quietest moods and a vein of a delicate fancy distinguish the present poems. What Mr. William or Mr. Robert Leighton might have accomplished had their lives been spared, it is impossible to say. We can but lament the early deaths of two relatives who were certainly endowed with poetical gifts of no common order."

THE LEAF OF WOODRUFF.

I found a leaf of woodruff in a book,
Gone was its scent, and lost its pristine glory;
Each slender bladelet wore a dingy look,
And all was blanched and hoary.

And yet this withered leaf a spell possessed,
Which worked upon me in mysterious measure,
And sent old memories thronging through my breast
Of mingled pain and pleasure—

Of childhood's days that knew no thought of care;
Of hours that passed on wings of rainbow fleetness;
Of odours floating on the wanton air,
Sad from their very sweetness;

Of woods that wore a garb of summer green;
Of knee-deep ferns, and nooks of shady stillness;
Of streams that glimmered in the full moon's sheen
And mirrored back its fulness;

Of lazy baskings on the lone hill-side
In the fierce glow of July's sultry weather;
Of twilight wanderings where the enamoured tide
Crept up to kiss the heather;

Of voices still beneath the churchyard sod;
Bright eyes that glistened from behind long lashes;
Warm beauty early given back to God;
Red lips that now are ashes!

And many other memories, gay and grave,
The woodruff brought in life-like guise before me;
Until I marvelled how a leaf could have
Such magic influence o'er me.

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
Each hope and joy and grief is hid within
The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of a moonlight hour,
A strain of haunting music sweet and olden,
A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower,
A sunset rich and golden,

Can fling that portal open; and beyond
Appears the record of each earlier feeling;—
All hopes, all joys, all fears, all musings fond,
In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight—
Its cares and woes that make us weary-hearted,
And leaves us basking in the holy light
Of golden days departed.

SUMMERS LONG AGO.

How sweet to me the memories of happy days of youth,
When my heart was full of gladness and my smile was full of truth,
When everything I gazed upon seemed beautiful and fair,
And all the livelong summer day I never knew a care;
When I could scarcely understand such things as grief and woe—
Ah! those were happy, happy days, those summers long ago.

The merry birds sang joyously, the sun shone brighter then,
The flow'rets grew more fragrantly down in the grassy glen,
The waters had a brighter flash, and bluer was the sky,
And greener were the forest trees that waved their branches high,
And sweeter was the gentle breeze that thrilled a music low
Throughout my heart, and made me love those summers long ago.

Then, stretched beneath the forest trees, upon the ground I lay,
And heard the rustling of the leaves through the long summer day;
The happy carol of the thrush, the blackbird's whistle clear,
Like softly whispered melodies fell gently on my ear,
And like Æolian harpings sweet, the prattling brooklet's flow,
Gushing and bright came o'er my heart in summers long ago.

And when the sun with fiery face was sinking fast to rest,
And evening's dim pale glimmering star was twinkling in the west,
Oh how I loved to wander then at twilight's dreamy hour,
To feel the freshness of the breeze, the fragrance of the flower,
To gaze in transport at the heavens, and wonder at the glow—
The purple glow of eventide, in summers long ago.

Ah! those indeed were happy days, my heart knew nought of guile,
And all God's earth then seemed to me one universal smile!
And oft amid this stern world's strife my memory ponders o'er,
And fondly dwells upon those days—those joyous days of yore;
The silent stars may cease to shine, and all things fade below,
But I never, never can forget the summers long ago!

THE CLOUD.

I saw a little lonely cloud
Hung on the western verge of heaven;
In twilight's earliest beams it glowed,
And mirrowed back the blush of even;
No other cloud was in the sky,
It lay in lonely witchery.

The twilight deepened: one by one
The pale stars trembled through the haze;
The golden light of eve was gone,
And gone the sunset's lingering blaze;
Yet still that little cloudlet lay
In mellow beauty, softly gay.

A silence brooded far and nigh,
A stillness burdened all the air,
And the wide welkin stretched on high
In dusky azure everywhere,—
Save that one spot, where, earthward bowed,
Stooped down the solitary cloud.

It looked so lovely as it lay
Becalmed upon the waveless blue!
Its border melting, faintly gray,
Into the sky's diviner hue;
And yet, I know not how nor why,
It brought the tear-drop to my eye!

And ever when I think upon
That cloud on the horizon's rim,
Brooding in beauty, rich and lone—
My heart is sad, my eyes grow dim!
And I could long to fly away
To where the little cloudlet lay!

'Tis ever thus! the spirit pants
For all things peaceful, fair, and sweet;
For joys that leave no aching wants;
For bliss that is not incomplete!
But all these yearnings vague and fond
Must anchor in the great Beyond!

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day!

Voice, whose prattling infant-lore
Was the music of our way,
Now is hushed for evermore—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day!

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!

Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a happier world than this
Baby lives to-day!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the son of a well-known newspaper editor and proprietor in Glasgow, was born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, Aug. 18, 1841, and was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow. At an early age he began the career of a man of letters, and in 1860 issued his first volume of poems with the title of *Undertones*. While it occasionally reflected the manner of Browning and Tennyson, the volume clearly showed that it was the offspring of a genuine poet. His second work, *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, are a series of idyllic and legendary tales and sketches, containing much of both pathos and humour, and an occasional weirdness which did not appear in his earlier work, but which has been developed with much power in his latter works, especially in some of his novels. *London Poems*, his third publication, containing the most representative and original of his creations, was followed by a beautifully illustrated volume entitled *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, translated from the Scandinavian. Among his other publications are *North Coast and other Poems*, *The Book of Orm*, *The Drama of Kings*, and *The Land of Lorne*. The latter volume contains a very full and sympathetic account of the Burns of the Highlands—Duncan Ban Macintyre, to whose memory a monument has since been erected at Glenorchy. Mr. Buchanan is also the author of "A Madcap Prince," a play produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, 1874, but written in youth; "Napoleon Fallen," a lyrical drama; the tragedy of "The Witchfinder," brought out at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London; "A Nine Days' Queen," and other dramas. In 1876 he appeared as a novelist with a powerful story, *The Shadow of the Sword;* this was followed in 1879 by *A Child of Nature*, in 1881 by *God and the Man*, and in 1882 by *The Martyrdom of Madeline*. A selection from his published poems and a new volume of poetry entitled *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour* were also published in 1882. Mr. Buchanan is a frequent and favourite contributor to the *Contemporary Review* and many of the leading magazines. In 1870 he received from Mr. Gladstone a pension of £100 per annum, in consideration of his literary merit as a poet.

The American critic Stedman, himself a poet, thus concludes an appreciative notice of Buchanan and his writings: "His merits lie in his originality, earnestness, and admirable understanding of nature, in freedom of style and strength of general effect. His best poetry grows upon the reader. He is still young, scarcely having begun the mature creative period, and if he will study the graces of restraint, and cling to some department of art in which he is easily foremost, he should not fail of a new and still more successful career." A still higher authority, Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator*, writes, reviewing Mr. Buchanan's collected works:—"To our mind, after long knowledge of his poems, they seem to us nearly perfect of their kind, realistic and idealistic alike in the highest sense. Nor has the voice of dumb wistful yearning in Man towards something higher—of yearning such as the brute creation seemed to show in the Greek period towards the human—found as yet any interpreter equal to Buchanan."

WILLIE BAIRD.

A WINTER IDYL.[1]

'Tis two-and-thirty summers since I came
To school the village lads of Inverburn.

My father was a shepherd old and poor,
Who, dwelling 'mong the clouds on norland hills,
His tartan plaidie on, and by his side
His sheep-dog running, redden'd with the winds
That whistle southward from the Polar seas:
I follow'd in his footsteps when a boy,

[1] Few poems have more fairly deserved their welcome than "Willie Baird." Buchanan justly may be pro-

And knew by heart the mountains round our
home;
But when I went to Edinglass, to learn
At college there, I look'd about the place,
And heard the murmur of the busy streets
Around me, in a dream;—and only saw
The clouds that snow around the mountain-tops,
The mists that chase the phantom of the moon
In lonely mountain tarns,—and heard the while,
Not footsteps sounding hollow to and fro,
But wild winds, wailing thro' the woods of pine.
Time pass'd; and day by day those sights and
sounds
Grew fainter,—till they troubled me no more.

O Willie, Willie, are you sleeping sound?
And can you feel the stone that I have placed
Yonder above you? Are you dead, my doo?
Or did you see the shining Hand that parts
The clouds above, and becks the bonnie birds,
Until they wing away, and human eyes,
That watch them while they vanish up the blue,
Droop and grow tearful? Ay, I ken, I ken,
I'm talking folly, but I loved the child!
He was the bravest scholar in the school!
He came to teach the very dominie—
Me, with my lyart locks and sleepy heart!

Oh, well I mind the day his mother brought
Her tiny trembling tot with yellow hair,
Her tiny poor-clad tot six summers old,
And left him seated lonely on a form
Before my desk. He neither wept nor gloom'd;
But waited silently, with shoeless feet
Swinging above the floor; in wonder eyed
The maps upon the walls, the big black-board,
The slates and books and copies, and my own
Gray hose and clumpy boots; last, fixing gaze
Upon a monster spider's web that fill'd
One corner of the whitewash'd ceiling, watch'd
The speckled traitor jump and jink about,
Till he forgot my unfamiliar eyes,
Weary and strange and old. "Come here, my
bairn!"
And timid as a lamb he seedled up.
"What do they call ye?" "Willie," coo'd the
wean,
Up-peeping slyly, scraping with his feet.
I put my hand upon his yellow hair,
And cheer'd him kindly. Then I bade him lift
The small black bell that stands behind the door,
And ring the shouting laddies from their play.
"Run, Willie!" And he ran, and eyed the bell,
Stoop'd o'er it, seem'd afraid that it would bite,
Then grasp'd it firm, and as it jingled gave
A timid cry—next laugh'd to hear the sound—
And ran full merry to the door and rang,
And rang, and rang, while lights of music lit
His pallid cheek, till, shouting, panting hard,
In ran the big rough laddies from their play.

Then, rapping sharply on the desk, I drove
The scholars to their seats, and beckon'd up
The stranger; smiling, bade him seat himself,
And hearken to the rest. Two weary hours,
Buzz-buzz, boom-boom, went on the noise of
school,
While Willie sat and listen'd open-mouth'd;
Till school was over, and the big and small
Flew home in flocks. But Willie stay'd behind.
I beckon'd to the mannock with a smile,
Took him upon my knee, and crack'd and talk'd.

First, he was timid; next, grew bashful; next,
He warm'd, and told me stories of his home,
His father, mother, sisters, brothers, all;
And how, when strong and big, he meant to buy
A gig to drive his father to the kirk;
And how he long'd to be a dominie!
Such simple prattle as I plainly see
Your wisdom smiles at. . . . Weel! the laddie
still
Was seated on my knee, when at the door
We heard a sound of scraping: Willie prick'd
His ears and listen'd, then he clapt his hands—
"Hey! Donald, Donald, Donald!" [See! the
rogue
Looks up and blinks his eyes—he knows his name!]
"Hey, Donald, Donald!" Willie cried. At that
I saw beneath me, at the door, a dog—
The very collie dozing at your feet,
His nose between his paws, his eyes half closed.
At sight of Willie, with a joyful bark
He leapt and gamboll'd, eying *me* the while
In queer suspicion; and the mannock peep'd
Into my face, while patting Donald's back—
"It's Donald! he has come to take me home!"

An old man's tale, a tale for men gray-hair'd,
Who wear, thro' second childhood, to the grave!
I'll hasten on. Thenceforward Willie came
Daily to school, and daily to the door
Came Donald trotting; and they homeward went
Together—Willie walking slow but sure,
And Donald trotting sagely by his side.
[Ay, Donald, he is dead! be still, old man!]

What link existed, human or divine,
Between the tiny tot six summers old,
And yonder life of mine upon the hills
Among the mists and storms? 'Tis strange, 'tis
strange!
But when I look'd on Willie's face, it seem'd
That I had known it in some beauteous life
That I had left behind me in the North!
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat—
The buzzing school around me—and would seem
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,

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nounced the most faithful poet of Nature among the new men. He is her familiar, and in this respect it would seem as if the mantle of Wordsworth had fallen to him from some fine sunset or misty height.—Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, Boston, 1876.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.

BLACKIE & SON (LIMITED) GLASGOW AND DUBLIN

Nearing the silence of the sleeping snow.
Slowly and surely I began to feel
That I was all alone in all the world,
And that my mother and my father slept
Far, far away, in some forgotten kirk—
Remember'd but in dreams. Alone at nights,
I read my Bible more and Euclid less.
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been
Half scoffer, half believer; on the whole,
I thought the life beyond a useless dream,
Best left alone, and shut my eyes to themes
That puzzled mathematics. But at last,
When Willie Baird and I grew friends, and thoughts
Came to me from beyond my father's grave,
I found 'twas *pleasant* late at e'en to read
The Scripture—haply, only just to pick
Some easy chapter for my pet to learn—
Yet night by night my soul was guided on
Like a blind man some angel hand convoys.

I cannot frame in speech the thoughts that fill'd
This gray old brow, the feelings dim and warm
That soothed the throbbings of this weary heart!
But when I placed my hand on Willie's head,
Warm sunshine tingled from the yellow hair
Thro' trembling fingers to my blood within!
And when I look'd in Willie's stainless eyes
I saw the empty ether, floating gray
O'er shadowy mountains murmuring low with winds!
And often when, in his old-fashion'd way,
He question'd me, I seem'd to hear a voice
From far away, that mingled with the cries
Haunting the regions where the round red sun
Is all alone with God among the snow!

Who made the stars? and if within his hand
He caught and held one, would his fingers burn?
If I, the gray-hair'd dominie, was dug
From out a cabbage garden such as *he*
Was found in? if, when bigger, he would wear
Gray homespun hose and clumsy boots like mine,
And have a house to dwell in all alone?
Thus would he question, seated on my knee,
While Donald [*wheesht, old man!*] stretch'd lyart limbs
Under my chair, contented. Open-mouth'd
He hearken'd to the tales I loved to tell
About Sir William Wallace and the Bruce,
And the sweet lady on the Scottish throne,
Whose crown was colder than a band of ice,
Yet seem'd a sunny crown whene'er she smiled;
With many tales of genii, giants, dwarfs,
And little folk that play at jing-a-ring
On beds of harebells 'neath the silver moon;
Stories and rhymes and songs of Wonder-land:
How Tammas Ercildoune in Elfland dwelt,
How Galloway's mermaid comb'd her golden hair,
How Tammas Thumb stuck in the spider's web,
And fought and fought, a needle for his sword,
Dyeing his weapon in the crimson blood
Of the foul traitor with the poison'd fangs!

And when we read the Holy Book, the child
Would think and think o'er parts he loved the best:—
The draught of fish, the Child that sat so wise
In the great Temple, Herod's cruel law
To slay the babes, or—oftenest of all—
The crucifixion of the Good Kind Man
Who loved the babes, and was a babe himself.
He speir'd of death; and were the sleepers *cold*
Down in the dark wet earth? and was it *God*
That put the grass and flowers in the kirk-yard?
What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above?
And was it full of *flowers?* and were there *schools*
And *dominies* there? and was it *far away?*
Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,
Clasping his wee white hands round Donald's neck,
"Do *doggies* gang to heaven?" he would ask;
"Would Donald gang?" and keek'd in Donald's face,
While Donald blink'd with meditative gaze,
As if he knew full brawly what we said,
And ponder'd o'er it, wiser far than we.
But how I answer'd, how explain'd, these themes,
I know not. Oft I could not speak at all.
Yet every question made me think of things
Forgotten, puzzled so, and when I strove
To reason puzzled me so much the more,
That, flinging logic to the winds, I went
Straight onward to the mark in Willie's way,
Took most for granted, laid down premises
Of faith, imagined, gave my wit the reins,
And often in the night, to my surprise,
Felt palpably an angel's glowing face
Glimmering down upon me, while mine eyes
Dimm'd their old orbs with tears that came unbid
To bear the glory of the light they saw!

So summer pass'd. Yon chestnut at the door
Scatter'd its burnish'd leaves and made a sound
Of wind among its branches. Every day
Came Willie, seldom going home again
Till near the sunset: wet or dry he came:
Oft in the rainy weather carrying
A big umbrella, under which he walk'd—
A little fairy in a parachute,
Blown hither, thither, at the wind's wild will.
Pleased was my heart to see his pallid cheeks
Were gathering rosy-posies, that his eyes
Were softer and less sad. Then, with a gust,
Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,
His white hair blowing in the wind.

The house
Where Willie's mother lives is scarce a mile
From yonder hallan, if you take a cut
Before you reach the village, crossing o'er
Green meadows till you reach the road again;

But he who thither goes along the road
Loses a reaper's mile. The summer long
Wee Willie came and went across the fields.
He loved the smell of flowers and grass, the sight
Of cows and sheep, the changing stalks of wheat,
And he was weak and small. When winter came,
Still caring not a straw for wind or rain,
Came Willie and the collie; till by night
Down fell the snow, and fell three nights and days,
Then ceased. The ground was white and ankle-deep;
The window of the school was threaded o'er
With flowers of hueless ice—Frost's unseen hands
Prick'd you from head to foot with tingling heat.
The shouting urchins, yonder on the green,
Play'd snowballs. In the school a cheery fire
Was kindled every day, and every day
When Willie came he had the warmest seat,
And every day old Donald, punctual, came
To join us, after labour, in the lowe.

Three days and nights the snow had mistily fall'n.
It lay long miles along the country-side,
White, awful, silent. In the keen cold air
There was a hush, a sleepless silentness,
And 'mid it all, upraising eyes, you felt
Frost's breath upon your face. And in your blood,
Though you were cold to touch, was flaming fire,
Such as within the bowels of the earth
Burnt at the bones of ice, and wreath'd them round
With grass ungrown.

One day in school I saw,
Through threaded window-panes, soft snowy flakes
Swim with unquiet motion, mistily, slowly,
At intervals; but when the boys were gone,
And in ran Donald with a dripping nose,
The air was clear and gray as glass. An hour
Sat Willie, Donald, and myself around
The murmuring fire; and then with tender hand
I wrapt a comforter round Willie's throat,
Button'd his coat around him close and warm,
And off he ran with Donald, happy-eyed
And merry, leaving fairy prints of feet
Behind him on the snow. I watch'd them fade
Round the white road, and, turning with a sigh,
Came in to sort the room and smoke a pipe
Before the fire. Here, dreamingly and alone,
I sat and smoked, and in the fire saw clear
The norland mountains, white and cold with snow,
That crumbled silently, and moved, and changed,—
When suddenly the air grew sick and dark,
And from the distance came a hollow sound,
A murmur like the moan of far-off seas.

I started to my feet, look'd out, and knew
The winter wind was whistling from the east
To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself
I prophesied a storm before the night.
Then with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,
I thought of Willie; but I cheer'd my heart,
"He's home, and with his mother, long ere this!"
While thus I stood the hollow murmur grew
Deeper, the wold grew darker, and the snow
Rush'd downward, whirling in a shadowy mist.
I walk'd to yonder door and open'd it.
Whirr! the wind swung it from me with a clang,
And in upon me with an iron-like crash
Swoop'd in the drift. With pinch'd sharp face I gazed
Out on the storm! Dark, dark was all! A mist,
A blinding, whirling mist, of chilly snow,
The falling and the driven; for the wind
Swept round and round in spindrift on the earth,
And birm'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,
Till all was swooning darkness. Far above
A voice was shrieking, like a human cry.

I closed the door, and turn'd me to the fire,
With something on my heart—a load—a sense
Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum
Came melting flakes, that hiss'd upon the coal;
Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke;
And for a time I sat like one bewitch'd,
Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,
The flickering fire threw phantoms of the fog
Along the floor and on the walls around;
The melancholy ticking of the clock
Was like the beating of my heart. But, hush!
Above the moaning of the wind I heard
A sudden scraping at the door . . . my heart
Stood still and listen'd . . . and with that there rose
An anguish'd howl, shrill as a dying screech,
And scrape-scrape-scrape, the sound beyond the door!
I could not think—I could not cry nor breathe—
A fierce foreboding gript me like a hand,
As opening the door I gazed straight out,
Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees
Something that moved, and heard a moaning sound—
Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt
Donald, the dog, alone, and white with snow.

Down, Donald! down, old man! Sir, look at him!
I swear he knows the meaning of my words,
And tho' he cannot speak, his heart is full!
See now! see now! he puts his cold black nose
Into my palm and whines! he knows, he knows!
Would speak, and cannot, but he minds that night!

The terror of my heart seem'd choking me:
Wildly I stared in wonder at the dog,
Who gazed into my face and whined and moan'd,
Leap'd at the door, then touch'd me with his paws,
And lastly, gript my coat between his teeth,

And pull'd and pull'd—with stifled howls and whines—
Till fairly madden'd, stupified with fear,
I let him drag me through the banging door
Out to the whirling storm. Bareheaded, wild,
The wind and snow-drift beating on my face,
Blowing me hither, thither, with the dog,
I dash'd along the road . . . . What follow'd, seem'd
An eerie, eerie dream!—a world of snow,
A sky of wind, a whirling howling mist
Which swam around with countless flashing eyes;
And Donald dragging, dragging, beaten, bruised,
Leading me on to something that I fear'd—
An awful something, and I knew not what!
On, on, and farther on, and still the snow
Whirling, the tempest moaning! Then I mind
Of stooping, groping in the shadowy light,
And Donald by me, burrowing with his nose
And whining. Next a darkness, blank and deep!
But *then* I mind of tearing through the storm,
Stumbling and tripping, blind and deaf and dumb,
But holding to my heart an icy load
I clutch'd with freezing fingers. Far away—
It seem'd long miles on miles away—I saw
A yellow light—unto that light I tore—
And last, remember opening a door
And falling, dazzled by a blinding gleam
Of human faces and a flaming fire,
And with a crash of voices in my ears
Fading away into a world of snow!

. . . When I awaken'd to myself, I lay
In mine own bed at home. I started up
As from an evil dream, and look'd around,
When to my side came one, a neighbour's wife,
Mother to two young lads I taught in school.
With hollow, hollow voice I question'd her,
And soon knew all: how a long night had pass'd
Since, with a lifeless laddie in my arms,
I stumbled, horror-stricken, swooning, wild,
Into a ploughman's cottage: at my side,
My coat between his teeth, a dog; and how
Senseless and cold I fell. Thence, when the storm
Had pass'd away, they bore me to my home.
I listen'd dumbly, catching at the sense;
But when the woman mention'd Willie's name,
And I was fear'd to phrase the thought that rose,
She *saw* the question in my tearless eyes
And told me—he was dead.

'Twould weary you
To tell the thoughts, the fancies, and the dreams
That weigh'd upon me, ere I rose in bed,
But little harm'd, and sent the wife away,
Rose, slowly drest, took up my staff and went
To Willie's mother's cottage. As I walk'd,
Though all the air was calm and cold and still,
The blowing wind and dazzled snow were yet
Around about. I was bewilder'd like!
Ere I had time to think, I found myself
Beside a truckle-bed, and at my side
A weeping woman. And I clench'd my hands,
And look'd on Willie, who had gone to sleep.

In death-gown white lay Willie fast asleep,
His blue eyes closed, his tiny fingers clench'd,
His lips apart a wee as if he breathed,
His yellow hair kaim'd back, and on his face
A smile—yet not a smile—a dim pale light
Such as the snow keeps in its own soft wings.
Ay, he had gone to sleep, and he was sound!
And by the bed lay Donald watching still,
And when I look'd he whined, but did not move.

I turn'd in silence, with my nails stuck deep
In my clench'd palms; but in my heart of hearts
I pray'd to God. In Willie's mother's face
There was a cold and silent bitterness—
I saw it plain, but saw it in a dream,
And cared not. So I went my way, as grim
As one who holds his breath to slay himself.
What follow'd that is vague as was the rest:
A winter day, a landscape hush'd in snow,
A weary wind, a horrid whiteness borne
On a man's shoulder, shapes in black, o'er all
The solemn clanging of an iron bell,
And lastly me and Donald standing both
Beside a tiny mound of fresh-heap'd earth,
And while around the snow began to fall
Mistily, softly, thro' the icy air,
Looking at one another, dumb and old.

And Willie's dead!—that's all I comprehend—
Ay, bonnie Willie Baird has gone before!
I begg'd old Donald hard—they gave him me—
And we have lived together in this house
Long years, with no companions. There's no need
Of speech between us. Here we dumbly bide,
But know each other's sorrow,—and we both
Feel weary. When the nights are long and cold,
And snow is falling as it falleth now,
And wintry winds are moaning, here I dream
Of Willie and the unfamiliar life
I left behind me on those norland hills!
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" Willie ask'd;
And ah! what Solomon of modern days
Can answer *that?* Yet here at nights I sit,
Reading the Book, with Donald at my side;
And stooping, with the Book upon my knee,
I sometimes gaze in Donald's patient eyes—
So sad, so human, though he cannot speak—
And think he knows that Willie is at peace,
Far far away beyond the norland hills,
Beyond the silence of the untrodden snow.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my white death-serk
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,

I waken'd up in the dead of night,
I waken'd up in my shroud o' white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised, in pain I cry,
All night long on the straw I lie,
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,
And mother, mother to sleep were sweet!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep!
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walk'd along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in.
I reach'd the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white:
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!
Mother, mother, you frighten me!
For your cheeks are thin and your hair is gray!"
But I smiled, and kiss'd her fears away;
I smooth'd her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rock'd her long.
"O mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd her, but I could not weep,
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in the midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,
I waken'd up in the dead of night,
Though May my daughter lay warm and white,
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew 'twas the voice of Hugh my son:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here.
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,
But I speak my mind and call them bad;
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away!"
I heard the cry though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep!

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep,
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walk'd along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in.
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?
I know your face, and I feel no fear;
Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For oh, I am weary and sore and weak."
I smooth'd his hair with a mother's joy,
And he laugh'd aloud, my own brave boy;
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song, and bade him rest.
"Mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd him, and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep, I awoke in fear,
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak;
I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run,
My little, little one, uncaress'd,
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast;
And I rose from sleep and enter'd in,
And found my little one pinch'd and thin,
And croon'd a song and hush'd its moan,
And put its lips to my white breast-bone;
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face,
And I kiss'd, and kiss'd, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,
Smooth'd its limbs and laid it out,
And drew the curtains round about;
Then into the dark, dark room I hied,
Where awake lay *he* at the woman's side;
And though the chamber was black as night,
He saw my face, for it was so white;
I gazed in his eyes, and he shriek'd in pain,
And I knew he would never sleep again,
And back to my grave went silently,
And soon my baby was brought to me;
My son and daughter beside me rest,
My little baby is on my breast;
Our bed is warm and our grave is deep,
But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep!

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.[1]

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;

[1] Equal in finish to anything written since "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and approaches that poem in weird impressiveness and power.—*Stedman.*

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Tho' the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Look'd on it in despair.

The breath of the world came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

* *

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a cross upon a hill.

A cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross bar sat
A white dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross
A grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and slow,
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessèd Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low,
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR.

COVENANT PERIOD.

Bar the door! put out the light, for it gleams across the night,
And guides the bloody motion of their feet;
Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in their quest,
And with water quench the blazing of the peat.
Now, wife, sit still and hark!—hold my hand amid the dark;
O Jeanie, we are scattered—e'en as sleet!

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the shore,
And looks upon the breaking of the bay,
In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice red
With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay;
And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen Ayr,
And we gathered in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How! Sit at home in fear, when God's voice was in mine ear,
When the priests of Baal were slaughtering his sheep?
Nay! there I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my hand,
For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap;
And the Lord was in his skies, with a thousand dreadful eyes,
And his breathing made a trouble on the deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,
Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare;
And not a man but knew the work he had to do,
If the fiend should fall upon us unaware.
And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with affright,—
The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh, solemn, sad, and slow, rose the stern voice of Monroe,
And he curst the curse of Babylon the whore;
We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,
Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore;
And the eyes of all were dim, as they fixed themselves on him,
And the sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,
The sweetness of God's voice upon his tongue,
With one voice we praised the Lord of the fire and of the sword,
And louder than the winter wind it rung:
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest by,
And a vapour roll'd around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,
Though we could not see the criers of the cry,
But we sang and gript our brands, and touched each other's hands,
While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky;
And, sudden, strange, and low, hissed the voice of Kilmahoe,
"Grip your weapons! Wait in silence! They are nigh!"

And heark'ning, with clench'd teeth, we could hear, across the heath,
The tramping of the horses as they flew,
And no man breathed a breath, but all were still as death,
And close together shivering we drew;
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of hell,
And the fiend was in among us ere we knew!

Then our battle shriek arose, and the cursing of our foes—
No face of friend or foeman could we mark;
But I struck and kept my stand (trusting God to guide my hand),
And struck, and struck, and heard the hell-hounds bark;
And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my force,
And ript him with my reap-hook through the dark.

As we struggled, knowing not whose hand was at our throat,
Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,
And murmur in the pauses of our cries;
But, lo! before we wist, rose the curtain of the mist,
And the pale moon shed her sorrow from the skies.

O God! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,
That wither'd up the heart's blood into woe,
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,
And the butcher'd lying bloodily below;
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around
The whiteness and the wonder of the snow!

Ay, and thicker, thicker, poured the pale silence
of the Lord,
From the hollow of his hand we saw it shed,
And it gather'd round us there, till we groan'd
and gasped for air,
And beneath was ankle deep and stained red;
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in
fight
Was *buried* in the drift ere he was dead.

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their
strength,
For faster, faster, faster up they streamed,
And their pistols flashing bright showed their
faces ashen white,
And their blue steel caught the driving moon,
and gleamed.
But a dying voice cried, "Fly!" and behold, e'en
at the cry,
A panic fell upon us and we screamed!

Oh, shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing
blood and blows,
Our scream unto the Lord that let us die;
And the fiend amid us roared his defiance at the
Lord,
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his
cry;
And the Lord kept still in heaven, and the only
answer given
Was the white snow falling, falling from the sky.

Then we fled! the darkness grew! 'mid the driving
cold we flew,
Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held
dear;
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs
behind,
And the scream of those who perish'd in their
fear,
But I knew by heart each path through the dark-
ness of the strath,
And I hid myself all day,—and I am here.

Ah! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold,
And beside them the accursed and the proud;
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of
Glen Ayr,
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod.
And while the widow groans, lo! God's hand
around their bones
His thin ice windeth whitely, as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,
And palest where the ocean surges boom:
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy
prayer or rite,
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom;
And deeper, deeper still, spreads the snow on
vale and hill,
And deeper and yet deeper is their tomb!

THE STARLING.

The little lame tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the tailor's darling?
To none of mankind
Was he well inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.

For the bird had a tongue,
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door;
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
Evermore,—
And he look'd at the tailor—
And swore.

From a country lad
The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
For tramps had taught him;
On alehouse benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettle and bellows;
And three or four
[The roundest by far
That ever he swore!]
Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
"We'll be friends!" thought he;
"You're a clever bird,
And our tastes agree.
We both are old
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place;
And we're lonely too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear?

"The devil take you,
How you mutter!
Yet there's much to make you
Fluster and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad;

And here *I* frown
In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
And feeling weary:
We're too confined, Jack,
And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
And so do I!
And then, again,
By chance as it were,
We learn'd from men
How to grumble and swear;
You let your throat
By the oaths be guided,
And swore by rote—
All just as I did!
And without beseeching,
Relief is brought to
For we turn the teaching
On those who taught us!"

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,
And his coat was rusty
And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peer'd,
With eyes of soot,
And scowl'd and sneer'd,—
And was lame of a foot!
And he long'd to go
From whence he came;—
And the tailor, you know,
Was just the same.

All kinds of weather
They felt confined,
And swore together
At all mankind;
For their mirth was done,
And they felt like brothers,
And the railing of one
Meant no more than the other's.

'Twas just the way
They had learn'd, you see,—
Each wanted to say
Only *this*—"Woe's me!
I'm a poor old fellow,
And I'm prison'd so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care
If I live or die,
But I long for air
And I wish to fly"
Yet unable to utter it,
And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
And swear.

Many a year
They dwelt in the city,
In their prisons drear,
And none felt pity,—
Nay, few were sparing
Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
With such plain boldness.
But at last, by the Lord,
Their noise was stopt,—
For down on his board
The tailor dropt,
And they found him, dead,
And done with snarling,
Yet over his head
Still grumbled the starling.
But when an old Jew
Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
And with eye askew
Eyed the feathery railer,
And with a frown
At the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down,
In a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching,
Felt life past bearing,
And shivering, quaking,
All hope forsaking,
Died, swearing.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Alexander Anderson, one of our youngest and most promising Scottish poets, was born at Kirkconnel, a small village in Dumfriesshire, April 30, 1845. When a child his parents removed to the village of Crocketford in Galloway, at the school of which place their son received the rudiments of his education. He was not in any way remarkable for scholarship, but

enjoyed some fame amongst his school-fellows for being a good sketcher and colourist. By and by the youthful artist turned from colours to word-painting, and began to indulge in doggerel rhymes, turning every sentence that he deemed worth recording into verse. In this way he composed a number of satires, epistles, and other poems, which, however, on reaching manhood he committed to the flames.

In 1863 he returned to his native village, and for some years abandoned his poetical pursuits, devoting his leisure time to reading and mental improvement. But the death of an elder brother again opened the poetic spring in his heart; he produced the piece "To One in Eternity," and from this time his career as a poet began. In 1870 his poem on John Keats appeared in the *People's Friend*, and after this he became a regular and highly appreciated contributor to the columns of that journal. In 1873 he was encouraged to publish his *Song of Labour and other Poems*, which met an instant and most generous reception from both the press and the public. Two years later appeared his second volume, *The Two Angels and other Poems*, which contains a number of sweet Scottish songs, some pieces rich in imagination, and a remarkable series of sonnets entitled "In Rome," exhibiting proofs of great genius.

Mr. Anderson is employed in the humble calling of a surfaceman on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and still contentedly continues to reside with his parents in his native village—a pure and simple-minded man. To his love of poetry is added a taste for the study of languages, and by his own application he has mastered the difficulties of French, German, and Italian, and can now, he says, "in my own way appreciate in their own tongue the mighty voices of Goethe, Schiller, and Dante." With his favourite books to amuse him in the evenings, and the social intercourse of friends, who drop in now and then to have a quiet chat, he asks, "What more can I wish for? I have the great rush and whirl of the world going past me in trains through the day when at my work, and at night the cool healthy calm of my native village."

The *Athenæum* says of Mr. Anderson's poems, "They show a remarkable power in the author of assimilating what he reads, and of expressing his own thoughts with vigour and poetical taste;" and another critic remarks, "There is a ring of true poetry in the book, and it may be a subject of pride to sixteen thousand platelayers engaged on the railways of the United Kingdom to have such a poet in their ranks."

BLOOD ON THE WHEEL.

"Bless her dear little heart!" said my mate, and
he pointed out to me,
Fifty yards to the right, in the darkness, a
light burning steady and clear.
"That's her signal in answer to me, when I
whistle, to let me see
She is at her place by the window the time I
am passing here."

I turn'd to look at the light, and I saw the tear
on his cheek—
He was tender of heart, and I knew that his
love was lasting and strong—
But he dash'd it off with his hand, and I did not
think fit to speak,
But look'd right ahead through the dark, as we
clank'd and thunder'd along.

They had been at the school, the two, and had
run, like a single life,
Through the mazes of childhood, up to the
sweeter and firmer prime,
And often he told me, smiling, he had promised
to make her his wife,
In the rambles they had for nuts in the woods
in the golden autumn time.

"I must make," he would add, "that promise
good in the course of a month or two;
And then when I have her safe and sound in a
nook of the busy town,
No use of us whistling then, Joe, lad, as now we
incline to do,
For a wave of her hand or an answering light
as we thunder up and down."

Well, the marriage was settled at last, and I was
to stand by his side,
Take a part in the happy rite, and pull from
his hand the glove;

And still as we joked between ourselves, he would say, in his manly pride,
That the very ring of the engine-wheels had something in them of love.

At length we had just one run to make before the bridal took place,
And it happen'd to be in the night, yet merry in heart we went on;
But long ere he came to the house, he was turning each moment his face
To catch the light by the window, placed as a beacon for him alone.

"Now then, Joe," he said, with his hand on my arm, "keep a steady look-out ahead
While I whistle for the last time;" and he whistled sharply and clear;
But no light rose up at the sound; and he look'd with something like dread
On the whitewash'd walls of the cot, through the gloom looking dull, and misty, and drear.

But lo! as he turn'd to whistle again, there rose on the night a scream,
And I rush'd to the side in time to catch the flutter of something white;
Then a hitch through the engine ran like a thrill, and in haste he shut off the steam,
While we stood looking over at each with our hearts beating wild with affright.

The station was half a mile ahead, but an age seem'd to pass away
Ere we came to a stand, and my mate, as a drunken man will reel,
Rush'd on to the front with his lamp, but to bend and come back and say,
In a whisper faint with its terror—"Joe, come and look at this blood on the wheel."

Great heaven! a thought went through my heart like the sudden stab of a knife,
While the same dread thought seem'd to settle on him and palsy his heart and mind,
For he went up the line with the haste of one who is rushing to save a life,
And with the dread shadow of what was to be I follow'd closely behind.

What came next is indistinct, like the mist on the mountain side—
Gleam of lights and awe-struck faces, but one thing can never grow dim:
My mate, kneeling down in his grief like a child by the side of his mangled bride,
Kill'd, with the letter still in her hand she had wished to send to him.

Some little token was in it, perhaps to tell of her love and her truth,
Some little love-errand to do ere the happy bridal drew nigh;
So in haste she had taken the line, but to meet, in the flush of her fair sweet youth,
The terrible death that could only be seen with a horror in heart and eye.

Speak not of human sorrow—it cannot be spoken in words;
Let us veil it as God veil'd His at the sight of His Son on the cross.
For who can reach to the height or the depth of those infinite yearning chords
Whose tones reach the very centre of heaven when swept by the fingers of loss?

She sleeps by the little ivied church in which she had bow'd to pray—
Another grave close by the side of hers, for he died of a broken heart,
Wither'd and shrunk from that awful night like the autumn leaves in decay,
And the two were together that death at first had shaken so roughly apart.

But still, when I drive through the dark, and that night comes back to my mind,
I can hear the shriek take the air, and beneath me fancy I feel
The engine shake and hitch on the rail, while a hollow voice from behind
Cries out, till I leap on the foot-plate, "Joe, come and look at this blood on the wheel!"

AGNES DIED.

(EXTRACT.)

But let me try to paint that one sweet day
We spent within the woods, before her strength
Grew a soft traitor, and confined her steps
To the hush'd precincts of her sacred room.

The sun was bright that day, and all the sky
Glimmer'd like magic with its sunniest light,
As if it knew that I, in later times,
Would look back on that fading light, and sigh,
And sadden at that splendour sunk in death.
We took our way along a path which kept
Our footsteps by a lake, wherein was seen
A little island dripping to the edge
With golden lilies, double in their bloom;
When some, more amorous than the rest, leant o'er
And nodded to their shadows seen below.
The coot came forth at times to show the speck
Of white upon his wings, then swept away
Behind the twisted roots. The silent heron,
Amid the tiny pillars of the reed,

Kept eager watch, nor stirr'd upon his post,
But stood a feather'd patience waiting prey;
While in the woods the birds, as if ashamed
Of all their silence through the night, made up
The want by one great gush of varied song,
Flooding all things, until the very leaves
Flutter'd to find a voice to vent their joy.
We heard the piping of the amorous thrush—
The bird that sings with all his soul in heaven—
The mellow blackbird, and the pert redbreast,
Whose song was bolder than his own bright eye;
While fainter notes of lesser choristers
Came in like semitones to swell the whole;
While over all, to crown this one great song,
The lark—the gray Apollo of his race,
The feather'd Pan, the spirit clad in song—
High up, and in the very sight of heaven,
Pour'd downward with the brightness of the smiles
Of angels all his spirit, leaving doubts
Whether his song belong'd to God or us.
And there we sat within the woods, and saw
The lake between the trees, and now and then
The gentle shadow of a cloud above
Passing along its bosom, as a thought
Across the calmness of a poet's brow.
And all around the lilies grew, and on
The bank beside us, rearing its sweet head,
The azure fairy of the woodland grass,
That has a spot of heaven for its eye,
The violet nestled, while, close by its side,
The primrose, yellow star of earth's green sky,
Peep'd up in bold surprise, and, further on,
An orchis, like the fiery orb of Mars,
Rose up with purple mouth agape to catch
All murmurs and all scents that came its way.

So in this paradise we sat, until
We broke the silence with soft speech, to fit
The purer thought which, at the golden touch
Of the pure things beside us, grew within,
Blowing to instant blossom. Then our talk
Took simple bounds, and, with a fond delight,
We touch'd on all the heart will think, when youth
Ranges throughout its chambers; like to one
Who dares the sanctity of some fair room,
And finds in every corner fresh delight.
But I was bound by one great spell which she
Knew nothing of. I could not speak my love,
Nor could she see it, though in that sweet guise
In which we hide it only to be seen.

And so the converse sped—now quick at times,
Now slow, and then an interval in which
We went through all the paths of spoken thought,
Making the pleasure double by retouching
In silence the past interchange of words.
We felt the welcome of the summer day,
We heard its music rising everywhere;
Yet strange that all our thoughts should slip away
And strike a chord that beat not unison
With all this joy; for from our dreams and smiles
We shrunk, and, with a shadow in our eyes,
We struck upon the cypress'd edge of death.
Then solemn grew our converse, and she spoke
In low sweet whispers, which to me were spells
Of deeper quiet, as she strove to make
A land wherein a great world moves like ours
Distinct and clear to all the grosser eye;
And simple as herself she painted heaven.
She knew not, as she spoke, how all my heart
Follow'd her words, and hung upon their tones
Helpless, and with no wish to change the task,
But catch the eloquence of what she spoke,
For truth lives nowhere but in simple words.

I hear her voice again this very hour
Clear and distinct, as if the death it wore
Made it the clearer, even as two friends,
Apart from each, but with a lake between,
Will keep up converse, losing not a word,
Because the faithful waters lie between.

THE LOST EDEN FOUND AGAIN.

The angels look'd up into God's own eyes,
As he shut the gateways of Paradise;

For they heard coming up from the earth below
A wail as of mortals in deepest woe;

And bending their far keen vision down,
Saw two on the earth from whom hope had flown.

Then the foremost one of the angels said,
Drooping his wings and bowing his head—

"Here, Father, are two in Thy shape and ours
Who have lost the light of their bridal bowers,

And wander, blind in their tears, and tost
With the thoughts of their Eden for ever lost."

Then God said, turning His face on him—
"Look once again, for thine eyes are dim."

Then the angel look'd, and, lo! he could see
A smiling babe on the woman's knee.

While the man bent down, and within his eyes
Was the light of his former Paradise.

Then the angel whisper'd—"My fears were vain,
For man has found his lost Eden again."

A' HIS LANE.

Pit his back against a chair,
Let us see if he can gang,
But be ready wi' your han'
If he sways or ocht gaes wrang;

Mammy wadna like to see
  Ony ill come to her wean;
There noo, leave him to himsel',
  Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

What a thrawin' o' his mou',
  What a rowin' o' his een,
Then a steady look at me,
  An' the space that lies between;
Noo, ae fittie's oot a bit,
  Look at him, he's unco fain,
Straicht himsel' up like a man,
  Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

There, he's left the chair at last,
  Lauchin' in his merry glee—
Haudin' oot a wee plump han',
  As if to say, "Tak' haud o' me."
Juist anither step, an' then—
  Gudesake, what a thraw he's ta'e
There, he's fairly ow'r at last—
  Coupit when he's left his lane.

Did he hurt his curly heid?
  Let his mammy clap the place,
Pay the stool, an' kiss his croon
  Till the tears are aff his face.
There noo; lean him to the chair—
  Let us try the bairn again—
Half-a-dozen fa's are nocht.
  If he learns to gang his lane.

Steady this time wi' his feet—
  Dinna keep his legs sae wide.
See, I hae my han' to kep
  If he sways to ony side.
Mercy! what a solemn face
  Lookin' up to meet my ain;
There, he's in my lap at last;
  Here's a bairn can gang his lane.

Mither life has unco wark,
  Settin' up her weans to gang;
Some pit oot ae fit, then stop,
  Ithers step oot an' fa' wrang;
Very few can keep their feet
  As they stot o'er clod or stane;
Angels greet abune to see
  Hoo we fa' when left oor lane.

KEATS AND DAVID GRAY.

(FROM IN ROME.)

And wilt thou go away from Rome, nor see
  The resting-place of Keats, from whom thy soul
  Took early draughts of worship and control—
Poet thyself, and from beyond the sea?
I turn'd, and stood beside his grassy grave,
  Almost within the shadow of the wall
  Honorian; and as kindred spirits call
Each unto each, my own rose up to crave
A moment's sweet renewal by the dust
  Of that high interchange in vanish'd time,
  When my young soul was reeling with his prime;
But now my manhood lay across that trust.
  Ah! had I stood here in my early years,
  This simple headstone had been wet with tears.

I go, for wider is the space that lies
  Between the sleeper in this grave and me;
  I look back on my golden youth, but he
Cannot look backward with less passion'd eyes.
There is no change in him; the fading glory
  Of mighty Rome's long triumph is around,
  But cannot come anear or pierce the bound
Of this our laurell'd sleeper, whose pale story
Takes fresher lustre with the years that fly.
  But Roman dust upon an English heart
  Is naught, yet this is Keats's, and a part
Of England's spirit. With a weary sigh
  I turned from sacred ground, and all the way
  Two spirits were with me—Keats and David Gray.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Another name has been added to the beadroll of royal and noble poets by the publication of *Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera,*[1] written by the Marquis of Lorne. The marquis is not the first of his ancient family who has given evidence of the possession of poetic gifts. It will be within the remembrance of many of our readers that the first Marquis of Argyll, the night previous to his execution, composed some singularly tender and touching verses, well worthy of preservation, like those of his

[1] Macmillan & Co., London, 1875.

illustrious adversary the Marquis of Montrose, written under similar circumstances.[1]

JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, called by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, was born at Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, August 6, 1845. He received his education at Eton and at the University of St. Andrews, and in 1867 published a volume entitled *A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America.* He was elected M.P. for Argyleshire in the Liberal interest in February, 1868, and in December of the same year he became private secretary to the Duke of Argyll at the India Office. He was re-elected to parliament in 1869, and again in 1874, and the year following was appointed a privy-councillor. An important event in the career of the marquis was his marriage with the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, at Windsor, March 21, 1871. In July, 1878, he was appointed Governor-general of Canada, and was accompanied to the scene of his new duties by the Princess Louise. He was succeeded in 1883 by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and has since published *Memories of Canada and Scotland,* consisting of a selection of his speeches, and a number of poetical pieces. He has also published *Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera* (1875), and *The Psalms literally rendered in Verse* (1877).

The story of "Guido and Lita" is taken from an incident in one of the Saracen raids on the coast of the Riviera during the tenth century, and is told in some thousand lines of singularly sweet and melodious verse, showing that the marquis possesses not only literary taste but a more than ordinary poetic vein. The love-story concludes with the happy marriage, after many hair-breadth escapes, of Guido and Lita:—

"The time has come that where red battle burned
Fair Peace again with blessings has returned,
And mailed processions, banished from the field,
To white-robed trains the festive town must yield.
See, to the sound of music and of song
A stately pageant slowly moves along.
Before the church's doors the crowds divide;
Hail the sweet pomp that guards the maiden bride!
Hail the young lord, who comes this day to claim
A prize, the guerdon of a glorious name!
They kneel before the altar hand in hand,
While thronged around Provence's warriors stand.
Hush, for the sacred rites, the solemn vow,
That crowns with faith young love's impetuous brow.
The prayer is said—then, as the anthem swells,
A peal rings out of happy marriage bells,
Grief pales and dies 'neath love's ascending sun,
For knight and maid have blent their lives in one."

GUIDO AND LITA.

(EXTRACT.[2])

Hail, Riviera! hail, the mountain range
That guards from northern winds, and seasons' change,
Yon southern spurs, descending fast to be
The sunlit capes along the tideless sea;
Whose waters, azure as the sky above,
Reflect the glories of the scene they love!

Here every slope, and intervening dale,
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing gale,
From the thick woods, where dark caroubas twine
Their massive verdure with the hardier pine,
And 'mid the rocks, or hid in hollowed cave,
The fern and iris in profusion wave;
From countless terraces, where olives rise,
Unchilled by autumn's blast and wintry skies,
And round the stems, within the dusky shade,
The red anemones their home have made;
From gardens, where its breath for ever blows
Through myrtle thickets, and their wreaths of rose.

Like the proud lords who oft, with clash of mail,
Would daunt the commerce that the trader's sail
Had sought to bring, enriching and to bless,
The lands they plagued with conflict and distress,
Till none but robber chiefs and galley slaves
Ruled the fair shores or rode the tranquil waves,—

[1] See vol. i. page 85.—ED.

[2] "Lord Lorne may be congratulated on a metrical romance not unworthy of the country and associations which suggested it" (*Times*). "The story of 'Guido and Lita' stands in need of no distinguished name to recommend it, and it will assuredly be popular among poetical readers" (*Daily News*). The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds the verse singularly melodious, and says "the most striking thing about the whole composition is the almost perfect melody to which the commonest and most threadbare phrase is attuned." Still, there is "much matter of a far nobler quality," and the conclusion is that, on the whole, "the poem is a creditable one."—ED.

So stand their forts upon the hills; with towers
Still frowning, sullen at the genial showers,
That, brought on white-winged clouds, have com
to dower
The arid soil with recreative power.

No warrior's tread is echoed by their halls,
No warder's challenge on the silence falls.
Around, the thrifty peasants ply their toil
And pluck in orange groves the scented spoil
From trees, that have for purple mountains made
A vestment bright of green, and gold inlaid.
The women, baskets poised above their brows,
In long array beneath the citron boughs
Drive on the loaded mules with sound of bells,
That, in the distance, of their presence tells,
To springs that, hid from the pursuing day,
Love only night; who, loving them, doth stay
In the deep waters, moss and reed o'ergrown,—
Or cold in caverns of the chilly stone,—
Sought of the steep-built towns, whose white walls
gleam
High 'midst the woods, or close by ocean's stream.

Like flowering aloes, the fair belfries soar
O'er houses clustered on the sandy shore;
From ancient battlements the eye surveys
A hundred lofty peaks and curving bays,
From where, at morn and eve, the sun may paint
The cliffs of Corsica with colours faint;
To where the fleets of haughty Genoa plied
The trade that humbled the Venetian's pride,
And the blue wastes, where roamed the men who
came
To leaguer tower and town with sword and flame.
For by that shore, the scene of soft repose
When happy Peace her benison bestows,
Have storms, more dire than nature's, lashed the
coasts,
When met the tides of fierce contending hosts;
From the far days when first Liguria's hordes
Stemmed for a while the rush of Roman swords,
Only to mark how, on their native hill,
Turbia's trophy stamped the tyrant's will;
To those bright hours that saw the Moslem reel
Back from the conflict with the Christian steel.

These last were times when, emulous for creed,
And for his soul to battle and to bleed,
The warrior had no need of pilgrim's vow,
At eastern shrines, to lay the Paynim low;
For through the west, the Saracen had spread
The night that followed where his standards led.

Not with the pomp or art Granada saw
Reign in her lands, beneath the Prophet's law,
Did the rude pirates here assert their sway:—
No gilded talons seized the quivering prey;
Savage the hand, and pitiless the blow,
That wrought the swift and oft-recurring woe.
No boon, no mercy, could the captive ask;
If spared to live, his doom the deadly task
To strain—a slave—each muscle at the oar
That brought the rover to the kinsman's door,
Or bore him, safe from the pursuit, away,
The plunder stored, to Algiers' hated bay.

With the dread terror that their raids instilled
Sank every hope, by which the heart is filled,
Among the poor to labour and to hoard;
And e'en the merchant, for his gains adored,
Dared not to venture, or to gather more,
Where danger's form seemed darkening all before.
Only in narrow streets, where guarded wall,
And high-raised watch-tower gave the signal call
When foes were near, to gather in defence,
Did the scared people wake from impotence:—
And yet, neglecting what could give them power,
In jealous feuds they spent the prosperous hour;
While only adding to their grief's great load,
Each baron kept within his strong abode.
Careless of wars that yielded little prize,
They let the havoc spread beneath their eyes;
Content, if driven from their own estate,
The baffled spoiler sought another's gate.
Thus, through disunion, and their selfish greed,
The Moor, unharmed performed his venturous
deed.
These Alps, the fastnesses of high Savoy,
Became his home; these fertile plains his joy.

E'en now the sounds of his barbaric speech
In many a word, his lingering influence teach;
For men will copy, 'neath a yoke abhorred,
All, save the art to wield the conqueror's sword!

Whence then the strategy, or force, or guile,
That bade foul Fortune turn at length, and smile
Upon a region like a very heaven,
But vexed by man with hatred's cankering leaven?
See, where the mountain stretches forth a limb,
Down to the full sea's palpitating brim,
Dividing by that brawny arm the plain,
Just where a river swiftly seeks the main;
Upon the topmost ridge of its clenched hand
Appears a castle, strongest in the land.
From the hard rock the grisly ramparts rise,
Their front illumined by the morning skies:
And, sweeping from their broadening base away
The line of wall, the burgher's hope and stay,
Encircles with low towers the stony mass
Where, densely packed, the dwellings heap the
pass;
And girdling still the fast-descending steep,
Crests the last ridge that overhangs the deep.

Beneath the cliff the fishing vessels float
With long-winged sails o'erarching every boat,
But where the river's mouth has made a port,
Guarded to seaward by yon square-built fort,
And near the rocks without the harbour bar,
Rise taller masts, with many a stronger spar.
On the broad decks that bear them may be heard
From time to time the sharp commanding word;

But oftener far the sounds that meet the ear
Are the rough songs that tell the soldier's cheer,
The laughter loud and long, the shouted jest,
The tireless clamour of his time of rest,
When danger draws not nigh, with finger cold
Enforcing silence on her followers bold.

Yet these are men who, if there come affront,
Seem ready now to bear her sternest brunt:
For some are polishing their arms, that shine
In fitful flashes o'er the sparkling brine;
And some have landed, and in order move
Past the dark belts of yonder ilex grove;
Or, stationed singly, drill and fence with care,
And hew with sword and axe the glancing air.

Now, on the road that leads from out the town,
Appear two knights, who slowly wend them down,
Till reached the ground, where still the men-at-arms
Repeat their mimicry of war's alarms.
But when among them wave the chief's gay plumes,
Each, in the ordered line, his place assumes;
And waits with steadied gaze and lowered brand,
Till every weapon in each rank is scanned.

The elder knight, whose fierce and haughty mien
In his firm stride, and on his brow was seen,
Was grizzled, swarthy, and his forehead worn
By scars of fight and time, not lightly borne;
For the dimmed eye that gazed, deep sunk, beneath,
Showed that the spirit's blade had worn its sheath;
And that full soon the years must have an end
In which, on friend or foe, that glance should bend.
The younger man, who followed at his side,
Bore the same impress of a lofty pride.
But all his bearing lacked the rigid mould
That in the elder of tough metal told;
Thus as the sire, with patient care, surveys
How every movement practised skill displays;
The son would saunter heedlessly along,
His lips just murmuring as they shaped a song.
His large gray eye was restless as the thought
That fixed no purpose in the mind it sought.
One jewelled hand was on his dagger laid,
With pointed beard the other often played,
Or swept from neck and shoulder curls that, flung
In studied negligence, upon them hung.
Yet though he seemed irresolute and weak,
A flush of pride would rise upon his cheek,
When his sire chid him, "as a stripling vain,—
Almost unworthy of this gallant train,"
And told him, if he cared not for such state,
To "go, play ball within the castle gate!"
Then backward falling for a little space,
A pain was pictured on his handsome face:
The dark brows met, the shapely lips were pressed,
The nostril curved, as if for breath distressed.

But, as a glistening wave that quickly flies
From the cloud-shadow where its brightness dies,
To travel, laughing, onward as before,
With not a sign of any change it bore;
Did the light temper of the comely knight
Forget in joyousness the father's slight;
And smiling, answered, "Nay, my lord, you ne'er
Let me see use, in all this pageant fair;
For, save upon the field of their parade,
These gallant soldiers never bare a blade."
"Enough," the father answered, "that they keep
Our home from outward harm or treason deep,
And that you only hear, and have not seen,
Aught of what they in other days have been,
Before I made the town and yonder rock
Proof to the miseries you would lightly mock."

Thus speaking, with a few of their armed band
The two passed slowly to the yellow sand,
Listening the while to wants of those who came
To offer homage, or prefer a claim.
When free, as onward on their path they went,
The elder told how all his days were spent
"Throughout his youth, and e'en to manhood's prime,
In broils, the passion of his troubled time;
How at the last, through many a year of toil,
Through the dread discord sown upon the soil,
He reaped the profit of his stubborn will,
And gathered power; until he won his fill
Of all for which a man of spirit strives;—
Riches and strength to save or take men's lives.
'Twas true, all this might yet be still increased;
But age had come, and his ambition ceased.
He would not care himself to waste more blood
By hunting those who ne'er against him stood.
They said the Saracen should be destroyed;
Then let them do it. If they died, he joyed.
Yet for himself he would not aid, for they
Had never dared to meet him in affray.
They knew the length of his good arm too well.
No, for his part, he felt no shame to tell,
His work had only been with those who dwell
Around and near him, thus his son had gained
Such place and power as none before attained.
He could not tell him how to use it, when
New times must change so much both things and men.
One maxim only he must bear in mind,
Aye to the followers of his house be kind,
For if the tree would stretch its branches round,
The roots must clasp and win the nearest ground."

The other, as such speech continuous flowed,
But little interest in his bearing showed.
His gentle nurture had not made him feel
Either the fear or love of brandished steel;
And he but lazily would dream of deeds
Such as, with other youths, rapt fancy feeds,
Until the thought to glorious action leads.
Thus little had he cared for aught beside

The early objects of a boyish pride:
His sports, his horse, his dog; and now full-grown,
Less worthy loves seemed in his nature sown,
And less a man than when he was a boy,
A trivial foppery became his joy:
His velvet stuffs, the fashion of his sleeve,
His hat and plume, were what could please or grieve.
While thus he listened not, but gazed or sung,
His eye had wandered to where now there hung
Along the far horizon, a low cloud
That mounted steadily on high, while loud
The wind piped, like a rustic at his toil,
Furrowed the sea in ridges like the soil,
And scattered rain-drops, as he strode along;
Then rose the storm, in awful fury strong.
Gleams of a wondrous light a moment stood
On pallid sea and on wind-stricken wood,
And dazzling, where they shone the vision's sense,
They fled; and, chased by shadows as intense,
Passed with the swiftness of the blast, and leaped
From gulf to cliff,—then to the crags, that heaped
In grandeur 'gainst the flying skies, appeared
Like to white ashes that the fire has seared.
And then the mists rolled over them, as black
Grew heaven's vault with darkest thunder wrack;
From under which, increasing in fierce sound,
A harsh and hissing noise spread fast around,
And a low moaning, like a voice of dread,
Welled, as if coming from the deep sea's bed.
The rain ran down, and, as the lightning flashed,
In bounding torrents o'er the ground was dashed.
From the dry hills the new-born fountains sprung,
The narrow tracks with swelling waters rung,
And, 'mid the turmoil, could be faintly heard
The heavy fall of distant land-slip, stirred
To headlong ravage, burying as it flowed,
Man and his works beneath a hideous load!
Down the broad bed of shingle and of stone
That the shrunk river seemed ashamed to own
When, in the heat of the life-parching day,
A feeble streamlet, scarce it found a way;
Now dashed a brimming tide, whose eddies surged
Till o'er the banks the muddy foam was urged,
And louder still the notes of terror grew,
Ere past the hills the roaring tempest flew,
And on lashed sea, and groaning shore was spent
The rage of nature, and her frown unbent!

Meanwhile the old man would have held his way,
Unhurried, back to where the castle lay,
Now hidden long by headlands of the bay;
But that they told him, "he must seek some rest;
A fisher's hut was near, its shelter best."—
And to the joy of the gay plumaged knight
Who followed, sorrowing at their draggled plight,
They turned aside; and, 'neath the slackening rain,
Soon found a cottage in a wooded plain;
And passing through the open door, were met
By the poor owner, who, with garments wet,
Stood dripping like a merman, standing nigh
The pine-wood fire, that sent its flame on high:
While the good wife, her distaff laid aside,
Still fed its glow with many a branch well dried,
Chattering as o'er her task she bent intent,
And from the blaze a storm of sparks was sent.

A bright-hued sash the fisher's jerkin bound,
His scanty locks a crimson bonnet crowned.
He turned upon the guests a face that spoke
A ready welcome, ere he silence broke.
Then, with bared head and smile of joy, he said,
"Ah! knight of Orles, what chance has hither led
Thee and the Signor Guido?—Enter here:
Praise be to God, and to the Virgin dear;
May she from tempests every ill avert,
Send gladness as to me, instead of hurt!—
Pray, glorious sirs, to honour my abode,
And with deep gratitude my heart to load
By wishing well to me and this my roof:
Now of such kindliness to give me proof,
I pray you take your seats, and break your fast.
'Tis your first visit here, I fear the last,
For humble folk get not such favours oft:"
And here his dame broke in—"Hist, Carlo! soft;
Their presence now gives joy, and they may take
Some fish, and fruit, and wine. Our girl will bake
A little flour upon the embers soon;
Come hither, Lita—Lita. Here's a boon,
A pleasure rare for thee. Thy bread shall be
Refreshment to these lords of high degree.
O, Signors, 'tis indeed a poor repast,
But on its winning has our toil been cast.
Come, Lita—wherefore lingers she?" Then came
Into the ruddy light of her hearth's flame,
So that it blazoned her young beauty forth,
And seemed to love with all its charms to play,
The fisher's daughter, pride of cape and bay!

Whose loveliness, not such as in the north
Blushes like sunshine through the morning mist,
Was that of southern eve, quick darkening, kissed
By crimsoned lightnings of her burning day.
A maid whose arching brow and glancing eyes
Told of a passing, timorous surprise;
Whose tresses half concealed a neck that raised
A head that classic art might well have praised.
Framed with the hair, in glossy masses thrown
From forehead whiter than Carrara's stone,
Her face's lineaments, clear cut and straight,
Might show that sternness lived her nature's mate,
Did not the smile that over them would steal
Another mood, as favourite, reveal;
Else had not dimples on the sunburnt cheek
Helped the eye's merriment so oft to speak.
O'er beauteous mouth and rounded chin there strayed
The sign of power that ardent will betrayed;
But broken by a gentleness of soul
That through her steadfast gaze in softness stole.

Her form was strong and lithe. She came and made
A slight obeisance, as though half afraid;
Then stood,—a coarse robe flowing to her feet,
Each limb round shadowed in the fitful heat.
And, like the glow that lighted her, there sped
Through Guido's frame a pulse that quickly fled,
But left his breathless gaze to feed upon
The figure that, to him, like angel's shone.
Till the repast prepared, his father quaffed
A horn of wine; and turning, as he laughed,
Said to the wife, "A beauteous maid in truth
You give to serve us. That young man, forsooth,
Has, as you see, no eyes for food, because
They worship elsewhere with a mute applause.
Nay! is she gone? I spoke with little grace,
Else had not scared her from her 'customed place."

Then said the wife, "Oh, sir, we do not heed
If her fair looks to admiration lead
With such great folks as you, who cannot care
For fisher maidens, with your ladies rare;
But oftentimes, when neighbours come about,
They find my welcome marred by anxious doubt."
And Guido smiled, but could not laugh away
The spell of silence that upon him lay.

When, turning from old Carlo's poor abode,
The knights again together homeward strode,
So strange the feeling that within found birth,
It seemed to him he scarcely walked the earth.
One thought could only claim his wondering mind,
Alone once more that humble hearth to find,
Alone once more that radiant face to scan,
And prove the charm, as when it first began.

Ah! who can tell, when thus the will is swayed,
And to emotions dangerous train is laid,
The torch that love or passion each can fire,
What hidden issue waits the heart's desire?
What little grains the balance may control,
E'en though it shape the fortune of the soul,
That, by its fervid longings all possessed,
Yearns for the secrets of another's breast;
Would live or die, but in the sight of one
Who to its being seems the central sun,
Without whose presence every scene is drear—
The world a desert, haunted but with fear!
Who from the scroll of fate may knowledge wring
Of the first birth of life's mysterious spring,
What is the nature that so soon has grown
A potent tide, on which our bark is thrown?
Ah! who can tell if noblest impulse lies
Within the magic of the meeting eyes,
Or, if the ruin of a life be where
The light falls softest on some golden hair?

The knights of Orles regained the lofty keep,
When, sinking slowly on the purpled deep,
The sun still lingered on the bannered tower,
Though evening on the shore now showed her power,
And bathed it deeply in the twilight hour.

APPENDIX.[1]

THE LAST WISH.

William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., a minister of the Scottish Congregational Church; born at Edinburgh, August 24, 1808. In 1854 he was appointed professor of theology to his denomination in Scotland, and in 1870 was chosen one of the Old Testament Revision Company. Dr. Alexander is the author of *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*, *Christ and Christianity*, *Life of Dr. Wardlaw*, &c.

No more, no more of the cares of time!
Speak to me now of that happy clime,
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan,
And sorrow and care are all unknown:
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,
And my moments are numbered here below,
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh! yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold, and their endless song;
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,
Far from sorrow and free from care—
The loved of my soul, who passed away
In the roseate bloom of their early day;
Oh! are they not bending around me now,
Light in each eye and joy on each brow,
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove
That circles the home of our early love;
And so let my spirit calmly rise,
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the skies,
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

John Anderson, D.D., minister of the parish of Kinnoull; born at Newburgh in Fifeshire. He is the author of two poetical volumes entitled *The Pleasures of Home* and *The Legend of Glencoe*, and a contributor to the periodicals of the day.

'Mid the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ear.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry;
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek;
All sins and sorrows meet securely there;
These waves have kiss'd remorse's haggard cheek,
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

The lip of passion there hath quenched its flame,
While pale contrition sadly hung its head;
That fount hath mirror'd back the blush of shame,
And wash'd the savage hand, with murder red!

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,
To soothe the sorrowful, to help the weak;
To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows
That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every clime and every care,
Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—
"If any sigh in sin, to me repair;
Or thirst in sorrow, come to me and drink!"

The word of God is that unfailing fount,
Life is the desert where its waters flow;
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

[1] The dates of birth being in some cases uncertain, the names of the authors in the Appendix have been arranged, not chronologically, but in alphabetical order. —Ed.

UNGRATEFUL NANNIE.

Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington; born in 1696, died at Naples in 1732. This was a popular song during the early part of last century, and may be quoted as a favourable specimen of the fashionable pastoral which then prevailed. Allan Cunningham says:—"It is a curious song, and may be preserved as the failure of an experiment to inflict conventional wit and the smartness and conceit of a town life on country pursuits and rural manners."

Did ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nannie do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had a word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her; but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two.
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nannie still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan:
Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be;
But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear her sacks; but she
Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave;
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss; but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo?
And Nannie still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do
If Nannie does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

MY MAMMY.

Walter Graham Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., born in Glasgow, 1816. Educated privately, and at the university of his native city. Whilst studying in Germany he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena. He has written several songs and translations of poetry and prose; but his principal work is the *Imperial Gazetteer*, a Dictionary of General Geography, on which he was engaged about ten years.

Ilk ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear,
And praises her ripe lips and bright een sae clear;
But neither the ripe lip nor bonnie blue e'e
Can compare wi' the blink o' my mammy to me.

A bairn in her bosom I lay a' the night,
When there, neither bogles nor ghaists could me fright;
When yamm'rin', she hushed me to sleep on her knee:
O! wha e'er can compare wi' my mammy to me?

Fu' aft in her face I ha'e look'd up fu' fain,
While fondly she clasp'd me and croon'd some auld strain,
And aften the saut tear wad start to my e'e:
They were waesome, the sangs o' my mammy, to me.

O! yes, I ha'e grat for the twa bonnie weans
The wee robins cover'd wi' leaves wi' sic pains:
And still, like a sunbeam that glints o'er the sea,
The auld sangs o' my mammy return back to me.

When sickness o'ercam' me, she watch'd late and air,
If open'd my dull e'e I aye saw her there;
When roses my pale cheeks o'erspread, blythe was she—
O! whae'er was sae kind as my mammy to me?

Lang, lang I'll remember the days that are gane,
Since first I could lisp mam' and toddle my lane;
Though sair I be toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
Yet my heart will aye cling wi' affection to thee.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

In the Roxburghe Ballads this song is signed "the words of Burne the Violer," supposed to be Nicol Burne, a wandering minstrel of the seventeenth century. Although little more than a string of names of places dear to the author, it is so full of melody and tender mournful simplicity that it has been for two centuries dear to the hearts of the old minstrel's countrymen in the south of Scotland, and has long kept its place in collections of Scottish song.

When Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds, him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending.
With cur and kent, upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Daedalus' contriving:
Men passing by do aften cry,
In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
Will hear the mavis singing;
Into St. Leonard's banks she bides,
Sweet birks her head owerhinging.
The lint-white loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth ower the lea,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
But vows she'll flee far from the tree
Where Philomel resorteth:

By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow;
I'll stretch my wing, and, mounting, sing
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
The East and Wester Mainses,
The wood of Lauder 's fair eneuch,
The corns are good in the Blainslies:
There aits are fine, and sald by kind,
That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill Bog, and Whitslaid Shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel Wood frequenteth:
Yet, when she irks, to Kaidslie Birks,
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear
Than hounds and beagles crying?
The started hare rins hard wi' fear,
Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length;
Nae bielding can she borrow,
In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags;
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her;
Till, ah, her pith begins to flag;
Nae cunning can rescue her:
Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,
Where Humes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flees through Redpath trees
And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,
May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs
And bonnie howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burne cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of his age,
Which fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

* *

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

William Cameron, born in parish of Dunipace, Stirlingshire, Dec. 3, 1801. He was for some time schoolmaster at Armadale near Bathgate, and afterwards removed to Glasgow. He is the author of some popular songs, which have been set to excellent music. In 1874 Mr. Cameron was presented with a purse of one hundred guineas by his numerous friends and admirers.

O bright the beaming queen o' night
Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
And softly sheds her silver light
O'er mountain, path, and dale.
Short is the way, when light's the heart
That's bound in love's soft spell;
Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
To Jessie o' the Dell,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
Beside my Jessie's cot,
We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
Like lambkins on the fell;
As if they join'd in joy wi' me
And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
I'll love her till I dee;
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
Oh, wha our joys may tell;
Then I'll awa' to Armadale.
To Jessie o' the Dell.

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, a poetess in humble life; born Feb. 11, 1804, in the parish of Tannadice, Forfarshire; now resident at Lochee, Dundee. She is entirely self-taught, and has found song a true solace in a life marked by no common afflictions. The following simple description of the wanderings of a Scottish burn —in its way quite equal, says a critic, to Tennyson's "Brook"—is from her volume entitled *Songs of my Pilgrimage*, published in 1876, and very favourably noticed by the press.

Roll away, you shining rill,
Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
Through the moors and mossy bogs,
Turn the mills and fill the cogs.
Roll among your sunny braes,
'Mid hazel buds and blooming slaes;
Where the housewife's linens bleach
By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
Where the rains in torrents pour;
Then the crowflower's gentle bell
Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
Bending o'er your gleesome flow;
Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
In your amber floods are seen.

O! little rill with many a crook,
Twisting onward to the brook;
Singing in your motion ever,
Making haste to join the river.

You with trailing fragments play,
Flowing on your watery way;
To wimple, dimple, day and night,
O'er your bed of pebbles bright.

Precious are you, laughing thing,
Onward still you sing and ring;
Gushing, rushing, clear and cold,
You are better far than gold.

You wash the braes in winter time;
Up the banks your wavelets climb;
Rocking, in their beds so deep,
All the finny tribes to sleep.

Charming rill, the water elves
Rest upon your tiny shelves;
With shining scale and flashing fin,
Merrily pop they out and in.

Where clinging cresses tightly clasp
Reeds and roots within their grasp,
Are palaces of elf-kings, where
They may feast on regal fare:

Then doffing boots and spurs of gold,
When the day is getting old
To the hidden nooks they creep,
Safe and happily to sleep.

At the dawn starts many a fin,
Leaping light in loch and linn,
Underneath the swinging rooks
Where their bread is in the brooks.

Dancing down the rushy glen,
Flowing on through field and fen,
Piping to the clouds and stars,
Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans;
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.

Tumbling, rumbling, on it wheels,
Into lovers' corners reels;
With a hearty tireless will
Onward bounds the busy rill.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

Leap and run and gaily dance;
Bright the sunbeams on you glance;
Dashing down through dale and dingle,
Till you with the salt sea mingle.

ANNIE LAURIE.

These two tender verses were written about the close of the seventeenth century by William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire. The fair lady, however, was deaf to his passionate appeal, preferring Alexander Fergusson of Craigdearroch, to whom she was eventually married. Though Douglas was refused by Annie he did not pine away in single blessedness, but made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glenboig in Galloway, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. He was one of the best swordsmen of his time, and his son Archibald rose to the rank of lieutenant-general in the British army. We give below an anonymous and more popular version of this lyric, which is known and sung in all quarters of the globe.[1]

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew!
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay doun my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breisted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay doun my head and die.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

William Dunbar, D.D., born at Dumfries in 1780; died Dec. 6, 1861. He was parish minister of Applegarth in Dumfriesshire for upwards of fifty years. His popular song "The Maid of Islay," has by mistake been ascribed to Joseph Train.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me winged with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
Beamed with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image filled my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

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[1] Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift—
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

John Dunlop, born at Carmyle, Lanarkshire, November, 1755; died October, 1820. He began life as a merchant in Glasgow, and rose to be lord-provost of that city. Dr. Rogers states that Mr. Dunlop left behind him four manuscript volumes of poetry, containing many compositions worthy of being presented to the public.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yersel.

O! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

Hon. Andrew Erskine, author of "Town Eclogues" and other pieces. He was acquainted with Burns, who said "Mr. Erskine's verses are all pretty, but his 'Lone Vale' is divine." He died in 1793.

How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling
Yon nightingale's notes in sweet melody melt;
Oblivion of woe o'er the mind gently stealing,
A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping,
Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb,
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
And the sweets of the vale are o'ershadow'd with gloom.

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

John Ewen, born at Montrose in 1741; died in Aberdeen, October, 1821. Burns says of this song, "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae Luck about the House.'"

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before:

Then, weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

THE TWA LAIRDS OF LESMAHAGOW.

A TALE.

Robert Galloway, a native of Stirling. He was the author of a volume bearing the following title: "Poems, Epistles, and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. To which are added a brief Account of the Revolution in 1688, and a Narrative of the Rebellion in 1745-46, continued to the death of Prince Charles in 1788. By Robert Galloway. Glasgow: Printed by W. Bell for the Author: 1788."

Ye batchelors wha lo'e a chapin,
And marry'd men that stand by pap-in;
Ye wha wad rather hear a droll
Than mak in neighbour's name a hole,
Gi'e ear until I tell a tale,
That may syne down a cap o' ale;
My nibour John, wha sells a gill,
And is nae huckster o' his mill,
He tauld it me, and ca'd it true,
And as I gat, I gie't to you.

In Lesmahagow lived twa lairds,
Baith had a house, and baith kail-yards;
Under ae roof was baith their dwallin',
And only sep'rate by a hallan;
Ae mailin' baith they had between them,
And nane was suffer'd to chagrin them;
Ane held the pleugh, the other caw'd it,
Meanwhile 'twas baith their horse that draw'd it;
Joseph was marry'd, Robin single,
And ev'ry man burnt his ain ingle;
Their stocks were equal, but the wife,
And she did comfort Joseph's life.
Seven years did pass without a word
That cou'd the least offence afford;
The wife was happy, men did toil,
In short, the wark ran smooth as oil:
Joseph did think himsel' respecket,
And never in the least neglecket,
While Jenns still thought hersel' at ease
Because she could her Joseph please;
And Robin was right weel content
Because nae wife made him repent.
Ae Martinmas, when stacks were happet,
And the meal kist was bienly stappet,
Nae scant o' gear, nor fash't wi' weans,
The twa lairds took a jaunt for ance
To Hamilton, to sell their barley,
And wi' the ale to try a parley.
They did their bus'ness, saw the fair,
And it was neither late nor air,
Whan they did try the road for hame,
Up through the muir, they war na lame
Whan they had fairly left the town,
The ale began to warm their crown:
For ale, my friends, can mak us kind,
And bring forgotten things to mind;
Can gi'e advice whar nane is wanted,
And finish deeds wad ne'er been granted.

JOSEPH.

Quo' Joseph, now, for he was auldest,
And pith o' maut had made him bauldest,
We lang ha'e toil'd and won togither,
And mickle done by ane anither:
Whan first ye play'd the stock and horn,
To keep the kye frae 'mang the corn,
Before ye learn'd to dance a reel,
I thought you aye a canny chiel,
And fit to lead a happy life;
I therefore wad advise a wife.

ROBIN.

A wife! hegh man, ye're farther seen
Into that tale, for I am green;
What pleasure matrimony brings
To counterbalance a' its stings,
To pay for a' their plaids and gowns,
To dress them out wi' queans in towns,
To hide their fauts and keep their tid,
And, whan they're ill, to ca' them gude.

JOSEPH.

Now, Robin, this I'll no admit,
Sae sair against my shins to hit:
Women were for our use created;
When life is wersh they help to saut it,
To gi'e advice whan things are kittle,
And aftentimes to try our mettle.

ROBIN.

A' that is true, as ye ha'e tauld it,
And I ha'e neither bann'd nor scauldet;
And then, wha can be sure of keeping
These happy helps frae aften weeping
For things they want, nor can they get it,
Nor do they mind how ill they'd set it.
They'll wish for men, and whan they get them,
They'll wish them dead gif they but pet them;
And whan they're widows, then they'll marry,
A month they'll scarcely wish to tarry:
Accept the first good match they meet,
Though e'er so soon or indiscreet.

JOSEPH.

Stap, Robin, shure ye're wrang in part,
For Jenns at hame, my ain sweetheart,
Wad ne'er forget me, nor yet marry,
But ten lang years I'm sure she'd tarry;

So dinna think sae aften wrang,
Or else on you I'll ride the stang.

ROBIN.

Now, Joseph, shure ye're no your lane,
Or else for you I'd mak a mane;
But Jenns is just like ither fo'k,
And, if ye'll help to try a joke,
I'll prove this night what I ha'e said,
Or else a hunder marks be paid.

JOSEPH.

What is the joke, gif ane may spier it,
And there's my hand in part I'll bear it;
But my gudewife, I'm shure, wad keep
Lang towmonths twa, at least, to weep.

ROBIN.

We're near han' hame; now feign ye've fainted,
And that ye're dead I'll ha'e it painted;
And for your wife, I winna steer her,
Wi' hand nor fit, nor ought come near her;
But for yoursel', ye dar na stir,
Nae mair than if a log of fir:
And for the outcome o' the story,
Just trust it to your ni'bour tory.

Joseph lay stiff on Robin's back,
Then wi' his fit he ga'e a crack.
Wha's there? cries Jenns—Quo' Robin, Me:
But be nae fear'd at what ye see:
She open'd doors, and in he went,
And then the wife made this lament—
Ah! wae is me! is Joseph dead!
The man that brought me daily bread;
Whar shall I lay my lonely head?
Whist! haud your peace, quo' cunnin' Robin,
Or do you mean to bring a mob in;
The man is gone, he is at peace;
Some time, we're shure, 'twill be our case.
Quo' Janet, Shure, I'll ne'er forget him!
For ev'rything he did it set him:
No man, I'm shure, can fill his place,
For I'm resolv'd 'twill be the case.
Quo' Robin, Mak nae aiths, I pray,
Nor do you think, when that you say;
Dinna ye ken I ha'f the mailin',
And our twa ha'ves wad mak a hale ane:
What do we ken of ane anither,
But that us twa may join togither?
Were Joseph decently interred,
I do insist to be preferr'd.
Quo' Janet, smoothing up her looks,
I never read through mony books;
But as I live, and am a sinner,
I wadna been the first beginner;
Soon as I saw that he was dead,
That very thought came in my head;
So there's my hand, I've nae objection,
Whan I think on your ca'm reflection.

The charm is o'er, the wager's won,
Rise, Joseph, break the supper scon,
And learn a lesson frae this joke,
Nae woman's patience to provoke.
Joseph rose up, the wife was glad,
But yet thought shame of what was said.
Quo' Joseph, Never mind, my dear,
Of what you said, or I did hear:
Back frae this date to Abigail,
I see that women are on trial;
They keep the grip while they are able.—
And here I choose to end the fable.

OWER THE MUIR.

Jean Glover, born at Kilmarnock in 1758; died at Litterkenny, Ireland, in 1801. The world is indebted for the preservation of Jean's song to Robert Burns, who took it down from her singing. There is another set of the song, written by Stewart Lewis, who claimed priority for his verses.

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
Ower the muir amang the heather,
Ower the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I could nae think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; born in 1743, died in 1827. Burns was "charmed" with this song. Other versions of it by William Reid and Lady Nairne are given at p. 402 and 432, vol. i. Dr. R. Chambers, in speaking of the duke's version, remarks that it does not

refer to any "miss connected with the ancient city, but a metaphorical allusion to the faded love-favours of an aged nobleman, who, in spite of years, was presuming to pay his addresses to a young lady."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,
Mynheer an allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome's they dance wondrous light,
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

TURNIMSPIKE.

Dougald Graham, the Glasgow bellman; born near Stirling in 1724; died July 20, 1779. In addition to this song, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to "entitle its author to immortality," Graham wrote numerous ballads, songs, and stories, also a metrical history of the rebellion of 1745.

Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle, diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was na laws about him's nerse,
About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wèar te philabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shouder;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt;
Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prockit.

Everything in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te cawdger;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For naught but gaun upon the ground,
And they gi'e her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man;
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to ta Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Janet Graham, a now forgotten poetess; born near Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, in 1724. Her later years were spent principally in Edinburgh, where she died, April, 1805. Miss Graham composed many other verses, but the following alone escaped from her hand into popularity. An anecdote is told of her in reference to a remark of John, second Lord Hopetoun, who was so much charmed by her graceful movements in the dance that he inquired in what school she was taught. "In my mother's washing tub," she replied; but in after times used to say, "Guid forgie me for saying sae! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which makes you sing along the road.

Stay Solway's tide, rule Criffel's wind,
Turn night to day, and cure the blind;
Make apples grow on alder-trees,
But never hope a wife to please.

Whate'er you love she'll mock and scorn,
Weep when you sing, sing when you mourn;
Her nimble tongue and fearless hand
Are ensigns of her high command.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Samson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

Robert Graham of Gartmore; born 1750, died 1797. The song was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1801. Sir Walter Scott at one time supposed it to have been the composition of the great Marquis of Montrose.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Mrs. Grant of Carron, a single-song poetess; born in 1745, died about 1814. This exceedingly popular song has been sometimes erroneously attributed to Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan. Both Burns and Allan Cunningham admired and praised it. The former said on one occasion, after listening to the song, "Dinna let him despair that way, let Johnnie sing this," and he at once repeated the following additional stanza:—

"But Roy's years are three times mine,
I'm sure his days can no be monie;
And when that he is dead and gane,
She may repent and tak' her Johnnie."

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a cantie quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

'TWAS SUMMER TIDE.

John Grieve, born at Dunfermline in 1781, died in Edinburgh in 1836. He was the author of several popular songs, and will long be remembered as the generous friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, who dedicated his "Mador of the Moor" to him, and also introduced him as one of the competing minstrels in the "Queen's Wake."

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang
His am'rous roundelay;
And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang
On flower and leafy spray.
The coverlet of gloaming gray
On everything was seen,
When lads and lasses took their way
To Polwarth on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
And harmless revelry
Of young hearts all in unison,
Wi' love's soft witcherie;
Their hall the open-daisied lea,
While frae the welkin sheen
The moon shone brightly on the glee
At Polwarth on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
And cheeks of rosy hue,
And finer forms, without compare,
Than pencil ever drew;
But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,
A' hearts confess'd the queen,
And pride of grace and beauty too,
At Polwarth on the green.

The miser hoards his golden store,
And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
For honour's trifles strain.
Away, such pleasures! false and vain;
Far dearer mine have been,
Among the lowly rural train,
At Polwarth on the green.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Attributed to George Halket, an Aberdeenshire schoolmaster, who died in 1756. He was a great Jacobite, and wrote various songs in support of his party, one of the best known of which is "Whirry Whigs, awa', man."

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has ousan, has gear, and has kye;
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MUCKLE-MOU'ED MEG.

G. Buchanan Hall.

Lived a knicht in tower,
Tweedside nigh,
Gripsome, greedy, dour;
Reivers drave his kie.
Knicht's lads were nigh,
Catched a squire sae free,
Harled him aff to tower,—
"Hangit sall he be?"
Auld knicht says, "Aye!
Hangit let him be."

Gudewife she spake ower,
"Ill mought ye be,
Hang a lad like that,
Us wi' dochters three!

Gar him marry Meg,
Meikle-mouthed she be;
Better wared on her,
Than tuckit up to tree."
Auld knicht says, "Aye,
Gif he and she agree."

Young squire was dour,
Winsome lad was he,
Nae meikle-mou's for him—
Trailed him aff to tree.
Meg she glinted ower,
The tear was in her e'e,
Squire melteth—"Meg, Ich swear
Ye sall not murn for me."
Auld knicht says, "Aye?
Gar tak him doon frae tree."

Then passed they into bower,
Bride and maidens three;
Kindred marching a',
And meikle revelry;
Trumpets loud did blaw,
Clarions on hie,
Rang the rair on Tweed
Of their minstrelsy.
Auld knicht sang aye,
"Merry let us be."

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and various other volumes; born 1758, died 1816. "My ain Fireside" has shared the plague of popularity, numerous versions of it having appeared since the time of its author.

I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glint fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

FAITH AND HOPE.

Lady Flora Hastings, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, born in Edinburgh, February 11, 1806; died July 5, 1839. A volume of her poems, edited by her sister the late Marchioness of Bute, was published in 1841.

O thou, who for our fallen race
Didst lay thy crown of glory by;
And quit thy heavenly dwelling-place,
To clothe thee in mortality.

By whom our vesture of decay,
Its frailty and its pains, were worn;
Who, sinless, of our sinful clay
The burden and the griefs hast borne.

Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom;
Upon the cross to save us bled;
And who, triumphant from the tomb,
Captivity hast captive led;

O teach thy ransom'd ones to know
Thy love who diedst to set them free;
And bid their torpid spirits glow
With love which centres all in thee.

And come, triumphant victim, come,
In the brightness of thy holy love:
And make this earth, our purchased home,
The image of thy courts above.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes
The dawning rays of glory see;
But brightly shall the morning rise,
Which bids creation bend to thee.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shed
Thy beams of searching light abroad,

That earth may know (her darkness fled)
Her King in thee, incarnate God!

And oh, while yet thy mercy speaks,
So may the words of love prevail,
That when the morn of judgment breaks,
Many may thine appearing hail!

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd, born in parish of Stobo, Peeblesshire, Dec. 2, 1799; died in 1834. He was educated for the ministry, but abandoned that intention, and became press-reader with the Messrs. Ballantyne of Edinburgh. He afterwards acted as literary assistant to John Gibson Lockhart, and as amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hogg contributed largely to the press both in poetry and prose. His songs and ballads have never been published in a collected form; they are to be found scattered among the periodicals of the day, and some remain in manuscript.

When autumn comes, an' heather bells
Bloom bonnie ower yon moorland fells,
An' corn that waves on lowland dales
Is yellow ripe appearing;

Bonnie lassie, will ye gang
Shear wi' me the hale day lang;
An' love will mak' us eithly bang
The weary toil o' shearing?

An' if the lasses should envy,
Or say we love, then you an' I
Will pass ilk ither slyly by,
As if we werna caring.

But aye I wi' my heuk will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang,
When we gang to the shearing.

An' aye we'll haud our rig afore,
An' ply to hae the shearing o'er,
Syne you will soon forget you bore
Your neighbours' jibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we hae proof o' ither had,
An' nae mair need to mind what's said
When we're thegither shearing.

PERISH THE LOVE.

Lord Francis Jeffrey, the eminent jurist and still more distinguished critic; born at Edinburgh, October 23, 1773; died January 26, 1850. The first of the two following pieces (both hitherto unpublished) was addressed in 1795 to Miss Mary Grant, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and was written apparently for the purpose of reconciling her feelings to the advice and anticipations contained in some verses sent to her the year previous. The second piece was written in the same year, and was addressed to his cousin Miss Margaret Loudoun. These pieces may not be considered of great poetical merit, but they are interesting as mementoes of the author's early years.

Perish the love that deadens young desire,
And ever curs'd be that ungentle hand
That aims to damp the fond enthusiast's fire,
Or disenchant the scenes of fairy land.

And if my hands with such disastrous aim
Have hurt, sweet maid, thy gentle, timid breast,
That careless hand no better doom shall claim,
Which has so ill my pensive soul exprest.

For, O! believe that my admiring mind
Melted in love while it foretold decay,
And bending o'er the fairy scenes, repined
To think how soon their sweets would pass away.

And sure my sighs their fading should have stay'd,
Not hasted on the doom at which I grieved,
Since ever as I blessed their charms I prayed
To have my fond foreboding fears deceived.

The tears of pity, whose romantic shower
Falls on the short-lived lily's opening breast,
May kill perchance the soft and tender flower;
But meant not, sure, its vernal bloom to waste.

Therefore, blest child! let thy soft hand again
Awake thy deep and wildly sounding shell,
And tune once more that rude romantic strain,
Whose soothing pow'r my bosom knows so well!

Nor fear, sweet innocence, that e'er the muse
Can lead thy steps from virtue's paths astray;
In flowery vales of indolence amuse,
Or check thy course in duty's rugged way.

The fire that kindles in the poet's strain,
And that which glows in virtue's ardent breast,
From the same hallow'd source at first were drawn,
And still each other's energy assist.

As loveliest shines the landscape whose survey,
With scenes of humble joy, enchants the sight,
And beauty triumphs with the widest sway,
When health and innocence their charms unite;

So from the breast where sovereign reigns the love
Of virtue most the poet's fancies play;
As sainted spirits ever hymn above,
And angels tune their golden harps for ay.

Ask of thyself, when from thy melting heart
Flow'd in sweet melody thy simple lay,
Was any virtue so severe as start
Indignant from the lovely tones away?

No—raptur'd with the heavenly sounds that glowed
With tenfold ardour in thy spotless breast,
And blessed the magic song that kindling flowed,
With all their fire and purity possest.

Amid the calm of closing eve retired,
I see thee sit, and in thy sainted frame
I read the motions of thy soul inspired
By pensive genius and young virtue's flame.

Thy soft heart burns with love to humankind,
Thy sweet eyes gleam with pity's dewy light,
There forth proceeds the simple song refined,
Sublimed by virtue to celestial height.

Yet O! beware—and here my song again
Resumes its boding, do not urge the flame
Beyond where pleasure prompts the happy strain,
In hopes to win the high rewards of fame.

Sweet is its dawning ray when half displayed,
First on our startled, timid eyes it falls,
And gilds with checkered light the lovely shade,
Where blooming childhood yet delighted dwells.

But, ah! if, won by this deceitful blaze,
Thou leav'st the shade yon shining ridge to gain,
Whence from afar the streaming glory plays,
What long, long toils and weary ways remain!

Th' imperious glare will hurt thy modest eye,
And beam oppressive on thy giddy head,
While tainted blasts from envious rivalry
Shall oft thy steep ascending path invade.

Thus baffled, harassed, injured, and afraid,
How shalt thou pour those rude romantic lays
That flow'd before as careless pleasure bade,
And pleased the more because they sought not praise?

Ah, me! that lay the voice of joy no more
Ambition's rules to method shall restrain,
And these wild airs that won our hearts before,
Shall never soothe our mindful ears again!

Like native music heard on foreign hills,
Deep on my heart thy melting numbers fall;
My pensive breast with sad remembrance fill,
And many a simple childish joy recall.

Such as thou art, when in her first essay
Impatient fancy lifts the tow'ring strain,
Such was I once—and as I read thy lay,
I fondly seem to be so once again.

At every note a clearer lustre steals
O'er the dim landscape of my early days,
Till full restor'd my faithful bosom feels
Its youthful pleasures in thy simple lays.

Again I seem to tread the enchanted grove,
Where first the muse enflamed my youthful breast,
And bend again before that dawn of love,
Whose pure mild rays my trembling soul possest.

But, ah! my stream of life that sweetly rose
In these delightful scenes, and long while stray'd
Thro' temperate vales, now dark and troubled flows,
Or stagnates idly in the joyless shade.

From troublous scenes of care, and toil, and noise,
And painful bustling in ambition's ways,
Scarce even this hour I steal, with hurried voice,
Sweet maid, to thank thee for thy lavish praise.

My grateful thanks, blest harmonist, receive,
For much thy song has soothed my pensive breast,
And howsoe'er my hand have err'd, believe
That still my heart that gentle song has blest.

WHILE YET MY BREAST.

While yet my breast with fond remembrance burns
Of all the joys that late with thee I knew,
My vacant fancy pensively returns
At thy command their image to review.

As western clouds that on some summit drear
Lean their loose breasts, and drink the purple beams
Which the sun pours through the still summer air,
Just as he sinks amid the ocean's streams.

Their towering piles are bright with golden dyes,
Their fleecy folds embalm'd with many a stain,
And tho' the sun have left the darkscme skies,
Their glittering skirts his gathered light retain.

So tho' my sun behind the western hills
Has long since sunk from my sad eyes away,
Yet still my breast its treasur'd lustre fills,
Nor in my heart the secret fires decay.

The sweet reflected light of memory
Yet gilds those lovely forms with tenderest beams,
Which still enchant my fond regretful eye,
And cheat my fancy with delightful dreams.

But thee, sweet maid, the loving scenes surround,
Whose pale remembrance warms my lonely heart;
And near thee still those lovely forms are found,
From which my lingering feet were forced to part.

O long-loved scenes! O objects long adored!
Could I so soon have bade you all adieu,
Had not remembrance faithfully restored
Your shadow'd beauties to my soften'd view.

Yes, fond remembrance oft on you shall dwell,
Tho' I, perhaps, am quite forgotten there,
And oft my heart with warm emotion swell,
Tho' no soft heart that warm emotion share.

With fond regret my melting soul reviews
The simple scenes which cheered its happy morn,
When, waked with love and innocence, my muse
Amid the roses of the spring was born.

There too, accomplished maid, my wandering eyes
Saw beauty dawning in thine infant cheek,
Saw day by day some riper charm arise,
And softer meaning in each dimple speak.

With what delight I saw thy beauties rise
Like vernal buds, that thro' the glittering dew
Slow bursting show their soft and tender dyes,
And opening kindle in the enchanting view.

With what delight even now returns my mind
To those blest days that flew so fast away,
As if it hoped in memory to find
The living image of those scenes so gay.

As one who wanders sadly by the roar
Of some broad stream whose public waters glow
With swarming keels from many a distant shore,
Feels from his heart his blood enlightened flow;

When far behind that sordid scene he leaves,
And winding upwards sees the peaceful groves,
Low bending o'er the clear sequester'd stream,
And grots and shadows that his fancy loves:

So as I backward cast my weary eye,
Along the stream of time with bursting tears,
These lovely vales of childhood I espy,
Thro' which unstained it flowed in other years.

And there, where memory most delights to dwell,
The sweetest scene of all her pilgrimage;
Thine infant graces open to foretell
The higher beauties of thy riper age!

O lovely child, whose pure accomplished frame
Is as the shrine of innocence, whose breast
Suspicion never chilled, whose cheek dark shame
Has never flushed—nor care thine eyes deprest.

Hope not for greater happiness—the days
Of future years may see thee yet possest
Of greater beauty or of wisdom's praise,
But not more lovely—No! nor half so blest!

And yet forgive the muse whose pensive gloom
Has stained the brightness of a soul so gay,
And chilled awhile thy youth's unfolding bloom,
With the dull maxims of the serious lay.

Believe that fancy's sportive shadows fly
Where true affection lifts her solemn strain;
And rarely frolic in her pensive eye
The playful shapes that grace the muse's strain.

Nor will I mix the monitory strain,
To thee whose soul is pure as those mild airs
That fanned the flowers in Eden, which in vain
My praise would reach, but trembles as it dares.

And now, farewell, sweet maid! my artless hand
For thee a rude unseemly wreath has twined,
And in obedience to thy dear command
The glaring tints of flattery declined.

And I believe that not with idle show,
To please thine eyes, or win delusive praise
For courtly sounds, thus negligently flow
From my full heart these harsh unpolished lays.

The only merit of my simple lines
Is that their author felt the scenes he drew;
And all reward he steadfastly declines,
But that you hold his painting to be true.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Ellen Johnston, the "Factory Girl," born in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, where her father worked as a mason. She became well known throughout Scotland by her poetical effusions, which appeared in several of the weekly newspapers. Along with Janet Hamilton the Coatbridge poetess, she received a gift of £50 from the royal bounty fund. A volume of her "Poems and Songs" was published in 1869, containing some pieces of considerable merit. Miss Johnston was unfortunate in life, and latterly became an inmate of the Barony poorhouse, Glasgow, where she died in 1873, at an early age. Rev. George Gilfillan says:—"Her rhymes are highly creditable to her heart and head too: they are written always with fluency, and often with sweetness."

Thou art gone, my loved and loving,
Thou hast vanished from this earth
Like an angel spirit moving
Through the glory of its wórth.
Though each coming morrow bringeth
Dark shadows o'er my doom,

Thy hallow'd memory flingeth
A sunshine o'er my gloom.

Thou sleep'st thy dreamless slumber
In the gloomy vale of death,
My sighs thou canst not number,
For still's thy balmy breath
That oft came stealing o'er me,
And made my heart rejoice;
When care-clouds lowered before me,—
Thou dispelled them with thy voice.

The sun awakes in gladness,
And hails the dark blue sea;
But he cannot cheer my sadness,
Nor bring each joy to me.
His golden crest is blazing
On sweet Clutha's silvery wave,
Whilst sadly I am gazing
On my Mary's silent grave.

In fancy I behold thee
Still blooming in thy pride,
As when first I did enfold thee,
My lovely chosen bride,
When I led thee from the altar
In the happy long-ago,
With love that ne'er did falter,
Still the same in joy or woe.

All in vain now I deplore thee,
And heave the burning sigh,
For I never can restore thee
From thy home beyond the sky.
I know thou'rt there, my Mary,
Thy spirit beckons me,
And bids me not to tarry,
But haste and come to thee.

When my last sad task is ended
In this world of busy strife;
When my dust with thine is blended,
My dear, beloved wife;
The world shall tell my story
When death this form enfolds
In literary glory,
Where my name was long enrolled.

Fare-thee-well, my gentle Mary,
I'll see thy form no more
Glide past me like a fairy
Of dreamland's sunny shore.
When life's silver links are riven,
Oh may we meet on high,
In the bright realms of Heaven,
Beyond the starry sky,
Where love can never die.

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

Stuart Lewis, born in Ecclesfechan, Dumfriesshire, about 1756; died Sept. 22, 1818. He was the author of a small volume entitled "The African Slave, with other Poems and Songs." He led a strangely chequered life, and for many years before his death was a wanderer over the country, partly supporting himself by the sale of his poems, but mainly dependent on the casual assistance of the benevolent.

On Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,
I tuned "my wood-notes wild;"
I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,
Like nature's simple child.
Some talked of wealth—I heard of fame,
But thought 'twas all a dream,
For dear I loved a village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

The dew-bespangled blushing rose,
The garden's joy and pride,
Was ne'er so fragrant nor so fair
As her I wish'd my bride.
The sparkling radiance of her eye
Was bright as Phœbus' beam;
Each grace adorn'd my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew—
The sound alarm'd mine ear;
My country's wrongs call'd for redress—
Could I my aid forbear?
No; soon, in warlike garb array'd,
With arms that bright did gleam,
I sigh'd, and left my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,
With all her smiling train;
For Britain's conquests still proclaim
Her sovereign of the main.
Whene'er that wish'd event appears,
I'll hail the auspicious gleam,
And haste to clasp my village maid
Near Annan's winding stream.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

Mrs. Agnes Lyon, born at Dundee in 1762; died Sept. 14, 1840. She wrote this song at the request of the celebrated Neil Gow, to accompany an air composed by him. Mrs. Lyon bequeathed to a relative four manuscript volumes of her poetry, which have not been published.

You've surely heard of famous Neil,
The man who play'd the fiddle weel;
He was a heartsome merry chiel,
And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O!

For e'er since he wore the tartan hose
He dearly liket *Athole brose!*[1]
And grievèd was, you may suppose,
To bid "Farewell to whisky," O!

Alas! says Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And whiles my hame is unco cauld;
I think it makes me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O!
But a' the doctors do agree
That whisky's no the drink for me;
I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
By parting me and whisky, O!

But I should mind on "auld langsyne,"
How paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind—
Forbid—like Highland whisky, O!
Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
And find my heart and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
And though forbidden whisky, O!

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
And screw its strings whilst they can stand,
And mak' a lamentation grand
For guid auld Highland whisky, O!
Oh! all ye powers of music, come,
For, 'deed, I think I'm mighty glum,
My fiddle-strings will hardly bum,
To say "Farewell to whisky," O!

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813; became minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, where he died, after a short illness, March 25, 1843. He was the author of various religious poems, and one of the most earnest of modern Scottish preachers.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One, who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er there.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?
My lambs and sheep then feed?"

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still;
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

O! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

ISABELLE: A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire; died in 1866, aged forty-nine. He studied at Edinburgh University, and was distinguished for proficiency in mathematics and the physical sciences. Mr. Macduff chose the profession of a writer to the signet. His business talents were combined with many other accomplishments, and his acquaintance with general literature was very considerable. The following lines (extracted among others from a manuscript volume found at his death, and which have been transcribed by his brother the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., in his "Gates of Praise"), will testify that he possessed some share of the poetic gift. Shortly before his premature removal from a life of influence and usefulness, Mr. Macduff was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

An aged man, with tresses gray,
Whose eyes bespoke familiar tears,

[1] A mixture of whisky and honey, of which the poor violinist was somewhat too fond.—Ed.

With trembling lips poured forth this lay
To sympathizing ears:—

"Oh! many a sweet beguiles the bee
In gay Provence's lovely bowers,
And roses garland many a tree
Entwined with fragrant flowers.

In light festoons, the clustering vine
O'ercanopies the sylvan glade,
And countless flow'rets gaily shine
Beneath its graceful shade.

The hum of glittering insect wing
Wakes music in these fairy groves,
And nightingales delight to sing,
In silvery notes, their loves!

I've seen that land of beauty dressed
In radiant summer's mantle green,
And oft does pensive memory rest
Upon each witching scene!

But sacred above all the themes,
On which in lonely hours I dwell,
Is she whose image haunts my dreams—
The gentle Isabelle!

Oft had I blessed the path I took
That led me to her cottage door;
Methought it wore a hallowed look
I ne'er had seen before.

The aged father welcomed me
Within his humble, peaceful cot,
And bade his duteous daughter see
My wants were not forgot.

"Oh yes," she answered, "father dear,
I'll make a fragrant flowery bed,
And welcome is the stranger here
To rest his weary head."

Away she tripped, with noiseless tread,
As if some Heavenly Being fair
Had left the regions of the dead
To dwell with mortals there.

I gazed upon the spot, where she
Had nimbly vanished from my sight,
The old man marked my ecstasy
And smiled with fond delight.

"Thou'rt right," he said, in accents mild—
"Yes, by my troth, thou judgest well,
She is indeed a blessed child
My darling Isabelle!

"She is my sole surviving friend,
All other joys from me are fled;
And she alone is left, to tend
Her aged father's head:

"The angel of my closing years,
In undeservèd mercy given,
To guide, amid this vale of tears,
My feeble steps—to heaven!"

Oft I recall the guileless joy
In which that summer glided by!
As cloudless as the canopy
Of fair Provence's sky.

The hour of prayer together spent,
Adoring HIM in accents meet,
When with united hearts we bent
Before the Mercy-seat!

Who can describe the hymn of praise,
Its soft and silvery sweetness tell,
Poured from her lips in holiest lays
As evening shadows fell.

How shall I paint the thornless bliss
In which the fleeting hours went past,
Mid joys—in such a world as this—
Too exquisite to last?

Methinks I see the trembling tear
Which stole from eyes unused to sorrow,
When first I whispered in her ear,
"*We part*—upon the morrow!"

The old man raised his withered head,
And gazed upon the azure sky:
Then—"Fare thee well *awhile*," he said,
"We yet shall meet—on high!"

"Nay—speak not thus, my father dear,
But *one short year* away"—and then,
"Make promise—thou wilt wander here,
And visit us again.

"Daily I'll watch thy favourite vine
Put forth its verdant shade of leaves,
And train its tendrils to entwine
And trellis all the eaves.

"Fondly I'll note, when budding flowers
O'erhang thy favourite window-seat;—
And eager count the passing hours
Until, at length, *we meet!*

"Oh, quickly speed thee back again!
And now," she cried, "a fond farewell!
Soon will a year elapse:—till then
Remember Isabelle!"

Even now, methinks, her parting words,
As if prolonged by magic spell,

Still vibrate on my spirit's chords:
"*Remember Isabelle!*"
. . . . . .

The tedious years at length went past:
Again I reached a foreign shore:
With joyful steps, I trode at last
Provence's soil once more.

I stood upon a vine-clad spot
O'erhanging yon romantic dell,
Where stands the lone sequestered cot
That sheltered Isabelle.

The balmy breath of summer eve
(Exhaled from many a fragrant flower),
Seemed to my fancy to receive
Fresh sweetness in that hour.

With eager steps, I culled a flower,
And quickly cleared the briery brake,
"And here," said I, "we'll form a bower
Beside that fairy lake."

What though the gathering clouds at last
Were shrouding all the sunset sky,
And evening's hues were yielding fast
To the fair moon on high?

I knew the scenes of former days,
Familiar every nook to me;
The names of all the friendly fays
That owned each haunted tree!

Each blooming plant that smiled around,
Each ivied root—each grassy swell;
"For oft I've trode the hallowed ground
With her I loved so well.

"The rose-slip on the churchyard wall
Has now become a verdant tree,
The orange-plants are now grown tall,
Can time have altered *thee?*

"Oh yes," methought, "thine eye will show
A deeper shade of heavenly blue,
Thy cheek will have a ruddier glow—
Tinged with a brighter hue.

"Thy hair in richer tresses shine,
Thy voice have lost its childish tone;
But still, thy faithful heart is mine—
My beautiful! my own!"

I trode the path along the dell,
Down by the spreading churchyard tree,
Beneath whose shade my Isabelle
First pledged her troth to me!

I passed the holy precincts, where
Her sainted mother's ashes lay:
The moonlight cold was shaded there,
Across my grave-strewn way.

On new-laid turf, with daisies fair,
The chilly moonbeams gently fell:
But what! oh!—WHAT *was graven there!*
"REMEMBER ISABELLE!"

ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

Hugh Buchanan MacPhail, born in Glasgow. July 26, 1817. He was brought up and educated at Old Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde; afterwards held various situations throughout the country, and finally settled in his native city. A love attachment in early life first inspired his muse, the fruits of which appeared in a volume entitled *Lyrics: Love, Freedom, and Manly Independence*, published in 1856. Mr. MacPhail is also the author of the *Supremacy of Woman*, and is well known for his advocacy of the rights of the fair sex.

Wail for the dead! the mighty's gone,
At last by death was forced to yield;
A brighter star hath never shone
Upon this world in battle-field.

The conqueror of conquerors he—
High was the mission to him given—
Not to enslave, but make man free,
That was the voice to him from heaven!

As brave have fought, and bled, and died,
Their country from oppression save,
And all the tyrant's power defied,
And welcomed freedom or the grave;

But for his like we look in vain,
No equal his on history's page—
The chief of chiefs, the man of men,
As warrior, statesman, saint, and sage.

Sweet Erin! England cannot claim
This matchless one, nor Scotia's shore—
While living an unbounded fame,
And now, till time shall be no more!

Sleep, warrior, sleep! with Nelson lie,
Your names will nerve our inmost heart,
Should e'er renewed the battle cry
For freedom! and new life impart!

Your names! a spell on field or main,
Where'er the British flag's unfurled,
Till universal peace shall reign,
And war be banished from the world.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Lieut. John Malcolm, born in the Orkneys, Dec. 30, 1795; died Sept. 1835. He served as a volunteer in the Peninsular war, and was severely wounded at the battle of Toulouse. On leaving the army he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and became a constant contributor of verse and prose to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, *Literary Journal*, *Constable's Miscellany*, and the Annuals so common in those days. From 1831 till his death he was editor of the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper. In 1828 he published *Scenes of War and other Poems*, followed by the *Buccaneer and other Poems*. Lieut. Malcolm was remarkable for his gentle and unassuming manners, and was a very general favourite in the literary circles of Edinburgh.

The knell of night—the chime
Deep, dreamy, and sublime,
Far sounding, like the boom of ocean waves—
Seems unto Fancy's ear
Of the departing year
The farewell, pealing from the place of graves.

There—all that wake shall sleep—
A hundred years shall sweep
Into the land of silence and of shade
All living things that dwell
In this fair day—to swell
The cold pale generations of the dead.

A hundred years shall close
All present joys and woes;
Lay kings and conquerors down, with banners furl'd—
Earth's pageantry and pride,
And power and glory hide—
And blench the beauteous roses of the world.

All voices now that fill
The sky, shall then be still—
An awful hush succeed the mighty hum—
All sounds of moan and mirth,
Now ringing o'er the earth
In one vast mingled chorus, shall be dumb.

The cloud shall then sit deep
Upon the dreamless sleep
Of all the race of beauty's radiant forms—
The smiles be dimm'd and gone,
And closed the eyes that shone
To light our spirits o'er this land of storms.

And peace shall balm each breast,
And universal rest
This moving scene shall close, and that dark bourn,
Life's final goal, be gain'd,
Its cup of trembling drain'd
By all that now beneath the sun sojourn.

MAGGY MACLANE.

James Mayne, a native of Glasgow, and nephew of the author of "The Siller Gun." He died in 1842, in the island of Trinidad, where he had gone some years previously to edit a newspaper. This admirable song was first published in 1835 in the *Glasgow Journal of General Literature*.

Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a bike for the bees;
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin'!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blude's been shooken
I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corncraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door joo!
An' the redbreast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at his mou',
For the last o' the roses that's gane!
Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdie guttlens—nae mart-puddin' yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glendockens!
Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the shawe;
Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The gray on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—
The couthy, cosh Widow Maclane!
O titties be tentie! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay wi' ye!—
Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' joes—Hielan' joes—Meg ance had wale;
Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!
The yaud left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail:
The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."
Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an' stoicherin'!
Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' broicherin'!
Cadgers an' cuddy-creels, oigherin'!—hoigherin'!
"The lanlowpers!"—quo' Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother:—Meg owre the burn flang!
Nowte were to tether:—Meg through the wood rang!

The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
Sic waste o' gude wooers to hain!
Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an' grumph'd her!
The loot-shouther'd wabster, she humph'd her! and humph'd her!
The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her! an' stump'd her!
Her minnie might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekie broo;
An' doon he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo:—
Quo' Meg—"We'se sune tak' the clecken aff you;"—
An' plump i' the burn he's gane!
The widow's cheek redden'd; her heart it play'd thud! aye;
Her garters she cuist roun' his neck like a wuddie!
She linkit him oot; but wi' wringin' his duddies,
Her weed-ring it's burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing!
The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!
The deil squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
He's waddet auld Widow Maclane!
Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat!
O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glenlivat!
The haggis was bockin' oot bluters o' bree-fat,
An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an'-a-ben:
Steal doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!
Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin'
Through key-hole an' cranny; nae cash blade stan's sleekin'
His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin'!
Alack for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!
The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughee!
The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e!—
He's tyned glint o' Maggy Maclane!
Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukie leuk'd near-na her!
She dunkled her pattie—Young Sneckie ne'er speir'd for her!
But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks out, wi' a tear to her,
Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane!

THE COTTAR'S SANG.

Andrew Mercer, born at Selkirk in 1775; died in Dunfermline, June 11, 1842. He was the intimate associate of Dr. John Leyden, and Dr. A. Murray afterwards professor of oriental languages, and contributed like them various essays in prose and verse to the *Edinburgh* and *Scots Magazines*. To his literary pursuits he conjoined a love of art, and devoted himself to drawing and painting miniatures, but never attained to great eminence. Mr. Mercer was a man of gentle and amiable manners and unquestioned talent. He ultimately settled at Dunfermline, where for many years he lived by teaching, and drawing patterns for the damask manufacturers. He published a history of Dunfermline and of its celebrated abbey in 1828, and ten years later a small collection of poems entitled *Summer Months among the Mountains*.

The hairst now is owre,
An' the stacks are a' theekit;
The barn-yard is fu',
An' the yett's fairly steekit.
The potatoes are up,
An' are a' snugly pitted;
The crap o' the puir man
For winter fare fitted.

O how happy the hynd
Wha's laid in for the winter,
Wi' his eldin an' meal,
His cow an' bit grunter.
Though he toil a' the day,
Through the cauld sleety weather,
By his ingle at e'en
It's forgot a' thegither.

Syne the bairns are drappin' in
Frae the neist farm-steadins,
To claver owre the news,
Or speak o' new cleadins:
Ilk ane tells his tale,
The day's simple story;
An' the cottar's fireside
Is a' in its glory!

The Jockies and Jennies
Are joking and jeering,
An' proud o' the braws
They ha'e won at the shearing.
An' courtship is rife,
An' ilk look has a meaning,
As an e'e meets an e'e,
In the edge o' the e'ening.

There's love in ilka lane,
In ilka fine gloamin';
An' bridals there will be
At Martinmas coming.
Their minds are a' made up,
An' a' thing looks cheerie;
O lang may it last,—
Ilk lad wi' his dearie.

ALWYN: A ROMANCE OF STUDY.

(EXTRACTS.)

James C. Moffat, born in Glencree, Gallowayshire, May 30, 1811; professor of church history in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Dr. Moffat is the author of a small volume of miscellaneous poems and several volumes of prose. "Alwyn" is a poem in seven cantos, published in New York in 1876. It describes the progress of the mind of a Scottish shepherd-boy from its earliest unfoldings: its searchings after truth; the dawning of the true light, and at length its satisfaction and peaceful rest.

Or when the angry winds raved through the glen,
  Driving the stormy legions in their wrath,
On some high cliff, far from the abodes of men,
  Would he delight to watch the tempest's path,
  As it swept on, o'er mountain, lake, and strath,
With all its cloudy train in long array,
  And the wild grace which Nature's fury hath,
Till he would long to leave his form of clay,
Rise on the warring winds, and mingle with the fray.

. . . . . .

And heavy drops fall far apart and slow,
  Each on the sand a momentary stain:—
The winds leap forth—an ambuscade—and lo!
  The forest writhes and tosses as with pain,
  The dust is swept in clouds along the plain;
Again the thunders issue their command,
  And freely falls the cool refreshing rain,
Copious but gentle, and with teeming hand
Pours down new stores of life upon the fainting land.

. . . . . .

And then on Plato's bolder wing he rose
  To loftier flight and more extensive view,
Where rays of purer intellect disclose
  A fairer world, uncircumscribed and new,
  And strains of eloquence the air imbue,
The faultless labours of the sacred Nine,
  Whose harmonies the willing soul subdue:
How would he dwell upon the graceful line
In dalliance with truth, and reveries divine:

Now playing with a web of gossamer,
  To which the breath of zephyr were a shock;
Now soaring giddily to regions where
  The golden rays his waxen pinions mock;
  Then slowly, surely, as on living rock,
Ascending by the steps of argument,—
  Or stooping, some deep secret to unlock
Of thought or passion, while through the extent
Of all his range Delight still followed as he went.

. . . . . .

'Tis sometimes well that weeping clouds should spread
  Their gloomy pall across the burning sky.
'Tis sometimes well, with aching heart and head,
  That one should see his dearest prospects die.
  Full oft the failures which our hopes deny
Are forces of deep verity and right,
  A barren confidence to mortify;
To drive the ploughshare, with relentless might,
Through life, and bring its best fertility to light.

. . . . . .

To height sublime a stately fabric rose,
  Solemn, yet light, and in its grandeur fair,
Where studious art had laboured to dispose
  Her ponderous masses with the subtlest care,
That all might seem to rise and none to bear,
In lightly springing arches, to the eye
  Like gossamer suspended in mid air,
And lines and spires all pointing to the sky,
As if to guide the soul to its true home on high.

Vast mullioned windows on the assembly threw
  A sober light, like the departing ray
Of summer's eve, in many-tinted hue,
  Saddening the lively brilliancy of day;
  And from the walls stood forth, in long array,
Full many a sculptured form of snowy white,
  Like angels hovering on their heavenly way,
And dwelling fondly on the pleasing sight,
Ere back to holier scenes they urge their upward flight.

. . . . . .

Self-humbled Son of God, atoning Lamb,
  Who once for men descended from thy throne,
How shall I praise thee, sinful as I am,
  All holy as thou art? Through thee alone
  Is God to man in love and mercy known.
In thy commands all duty lies enshrined,
  From beauty's full perfection hast thou shown
Thyself more fair than form of human kind;
And thou alone hast peace to calm the troubled mind.

THE FLITTIN' O' AULD AUNTY GARTLEY.

Alexander G. Murdoch, born in Glasgow, April, 1843. He is by trade a working engineer; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a scanty education in youth, has become known to the public as the author of many meritorious Scotch pieces. In 1870 he contributed to the *Weekly Mail* newspaper a humorous poem, "The Brae o' Life," which was followed in rapid succession by others of a similar kind. In 1872 Mr. Murdoch was induced to collect and publish his poetical pieces in a volume entitled *Lilts on the Doric Lyre*, which has received the favourable notice of the Scottish and Canadian press.

Auld Aunty Gartley, rest her banes!
  The nicht she slip't awa',
Was chair'd beside oor auld lum-cheek—
  A wreath o' winter snaw;

The Book o' God lay on her knee,
An' frae the haly Psalms
She waled a canny verse or twa,
To soothe her moral qualms;
It wisna that she feared the blow,
For in her young days twice't
She'd been at death's untimely door,
But lippen'd aye to Christ.
"An' noo, guid freens, I howp an' trust
I binna be to blame,
But, an' the Lord wad hear my prayer,
I'm wearying for hame."

When just as she had spak the words,
Oot on the laigh door-stap
An oorie fit was heard to fa';
An' syne a solemn chap.
Owre to the auld door-cheek I gaed;
But when the sneck I drew,
A flowff o' wander'd win' cam' in,
An' wail'd the haill hoose through,
An' sowff'd roun' aunty's pillow'd heid,
Syne rumbl'd up the lum.
Quo' she, "That weird win' warns me
My time is near-han' come;
Yon candle lowe is film'd wi' death,
An' burns a dredgie flame;
But, an' it please the Lord, this nicht
I'd flit, an' e'en gang hame."

Then a' the mair to comfort her,
An' stey her heartie up,
We wailed some verse that airted her
To haud the blessed grup.
When a' at ance the waukrife cock,
Oot in the auld kailyard,
Ere yet the dawn had touch'd the hills,
Untimeously was heard.
"Ay, ay," quo' Aunty, "deed I'll come;
Noo, lay me in my bed,
The waukit cord o' life wears thin,
The riddle's near-han' read,
For when the cock, at twal' o' nicht,
Erects its scarlet kame,
Tak' ye nae fear, there's some lane soul
Gaun to its lang, lang hame.

"Then read me yet anither verse,
An' snuff the crusie licht,
The death-yirm gathers in my throat,
An' bleerit grows my sicht;"
An' as the chap o' twal' was heard,
Quo' she, "It's maybe wrang,
But I weary for His coming,
An' his coming's lang, lang."
When, sudden, on oor hearts an' ears
A noise amang the delf
Gard ilk ane cast a speerin' e'e
Up to the binmost shelf.

An' when we turned aboot ance mair,
To catch her pairtin' sigh,
The licht o' heaven lay on her face—
The Lord himsel' stood bye!

THE POET'S GRAVE.

William Nicoll, a younger brother of Robert and a genuine lyric poet. He was buried in the same grave with his gifted brother, in North Leith churchyard. Their mother, now (Feb. 1876) in her eighty-eighth year, is living in New Zealand. The subject of these elegiac lines is Robert Nicoll's last resting-place.

Is the poet's grave in some lonely spot,
Is his requiem sung by the wild bird's throat,
Where the forest flowers are first in bloom,
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Do his bones repose in his native hills,
Is his spirit soothed by their dashing rills,
Where the heather waves and the free winds
come,
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Is his last long sleep made in hallowed mould,
Where the bones of his fathers rest of old?
Does the same gray stone record his doom?
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

No! alas, bright thoughts of a deathless name
With o'ermastering power on his spirit came;
And his childhood's home, and his father's hearth,
He forsook for the busy haunts of earth!

He had dreamed a dream in the moorland glen,
Of oppression and pain 'mongst his fellowmen;
He buckled his helmet with clasps of gold,
But fell ere half his tale was told.

Nor tree, nor flower o'er his lonely bed,
Their bright spring tears, or sere leaves shed,
For 'mid countless graves and a city's gloom,
Sleeps Nature's child, in a nameless tomb.[1]

THE ANNUITY.

George Outram, born at Glasgow, March 25, 1805; died there in 1856. He was called to the bar in 1827; became part proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and wrote a number of humorous and satirical verses. A collection of his poems was published by Blackwood & Sons.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—

[1] A tablet was afterwards placed over his brother's grave by William Nicoll.—Ed.

For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell:
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turn'd saxty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin;
But that it seems is naught to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera,
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, and drugs an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof:
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—she handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't—and do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbane wanders through her sark,
In an unkenn'd cork-screwity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd; but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't?—It has been tried.
But be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
And only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be;
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld Pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out;
She's sauted to the last degree;

There's pickle in her very snout,
Sae caper-like and cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her:
They've kyanized the useless knir (witch);
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accurs'd annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,
As this eternal jaud wears me.
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here, and pay me there,
And pay me, pay me, evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.[1]

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[1] At a dinner given by Dr. Robert Chambers in Edinburgh to Outram and a select party of his friends, the following verses were sung in character by Mrs. R. C., after "The Annuity" had been sung by Peter Fraser. The "honest Maurice" mentioned in the last stanza is the late Maurice Lothian of Edinburgh:—

THE ANNUITANT'S ANSWER.

My certy! but it sets him weel
Sae vile a tale to tell o' me;
I never could suspect the chiel'
O' sic disingenuity.
I'll mak' nae mair for lang,
My health is far frae being strang,
And he'll mak' profit, richt or wrang,
Ye'll see, by this annuity.

My friends, ye weel can understand
This world is fu' o' roguery;
And ane meets folk on ilka hand
To rug, and rive, and pu' at ye.
I thought that this same man o' law
Wad save my siller frae them a',
And sae I gave the whillewha
The note for the annuity.

He says the bargain lookit fair,
And sae to him, I'm sure 'twad be;
I got my hundred pounds a year,
An' he could well allow it tae.
And now he tells—the deevil's limb—
Although I lookit auld and grim,
I was to die to pleasure him,
And squash my braw annuity.

The year had scarcely turned its back
When he was irking to be free—
A fule thing to undertak',
And then sae sune to rue it ye.
I've never been at peace sin' syne—
Nae wonder that sae auld I grow—
It's jist through terror that I tyne
My life for my annuity.

He's twice had pushion in my kail,
And sax times in my cup o' tea;
I found unfused something pale
O' something in a cruet, tae.
His arms in love hang round my neck—
I thought it was to show respeck;
He only meant to gie a check,
Not for, but to, the annuity.

Said ance to me an honest man,
"Try an insurance company;
Ye'll find it an effective plan
Protection to secure to you.
Ten pounds a year!—ye weel can spare't!—
Be that wi' Peter Fraser wared;
His office syne will be a guard
For you and your annuity."

I gaed at ance an' spak' to Pate
O' a five hundred policy,
And "Faith!" says he, "ye are nae blate;
I maist could clamahewit ye,
Wi' that chiel's fingers at the knife,
What chance hae ye o' length o' life?
Sae to the door, ye silly wife,
Wi' you and your annuity."

The procurator-fiscal's now
The only friend that I can see:
And it's sma' thing that he can do
To end this sair ankshiwity.
But honest Maurice has agreed
That if the villain does the deed,
He'll swing at Libberton Wyndhead
For me and my annuity.

DEAR ISLAY.

Thomas Pattison, a native of Islay, whose early death disappointed the fair promise of high poetic fame. He was the author of "Selections from the Gaelic Bards, Metrically Translated, with Biographical Prefaces and Explanatory Notes, also Original Poems," an 8vo volume published in 1866.

O Islay! sweet Islay!
Thou green, grassy Islay!
Why, why art thou lying
So far o'er the sea?
O Islay! dear Islay!
The daylight is dying,
And here am I longing,
And longing for thee!

O Islay! fair Islay!
Thou dear mother Islay!
Where my spirit awaking
First look'd on the day.
O Islay! dear Islay!
That link of God's making
Must last till I wing me
Away, and away!

Dear Islay! good Islay!
Thou holy-soil'd Islay!
My fathers are sleeping
Beneath thy green sod.
O Islay! kind Islay!
Well, well be thou keeping

That dear dust awaiting
The great day of God.

Old Islay! God bless thee,
Thou good mother, Islay!
Bless thy wide ocean!
And bless thy sweet lea!
And Islay! dear Islay!
My heart's best emotion,
For ever and ever
Shall centre in thee!

THE FAIRY DANCE.

Mrs. Caroline E. Scott Richardson, born at Forge in Dumfriesshire, Nov. 24, 1777; died there Nov. 9, 1853. She received a liberal education, and was brought up amid the scenes of Border song and story. When young she went out to India, where she married her cousin Gilbert G. Richardson, captain of an East Indiaman. Early left a widow, Mrs. Richardson returned with her children to Scotland, and devoted herself to their education. In 1828 and again in 1834 she published a volume of poetry, both of which were well received. She also wrote a novel entitled *Adonia*, and numerous tales and essays.

The fairies are dancing—how nimbly they bound!
They flit o'er the grass tops, they touch not the ground;
Their kirtles of green are with diamonds bedight,
All glittering and sparkling beneath the moonlight.

Hark, hark to their music! how silvery and clear—
'Tis surely the flower-bells that ringing I hear;
The lazy-wing'd moth with the grasshopper wakes,
And the field-mouse peeps out, and their revels partakes.

How featly they trip it! how happy are they
Who pass all their moments in frolic and play;
Who rove where they list, without sorrows or cares,
And laugh at the fetters mortality wears!

But where have they vanish'd?—a cloud's o'er the moon;
I'll hie to the spot—they'll be seen again soon;
I hasten—'tis lighter, and what do I view?—
The fairies were grasses, the diamonds were dew!

And thus do the sparkling illusions of youth
Deceive and allure, and we take them for truth;
Too happy are they who the juggle unshroud
Ere the hint to inspect them be brought by a cloud.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

John Robertson, born in Paisley, Nov. 30, 1767; died at Portsmouth in April, 1810. He was well educated, and intended for one of the learned professions; but family misfortune obliged him to become a salesman, and he finally enlisted in the local militia, where he was employed as regimental schoolmaster. Robertson was a man of some ability and scholarship, and with ordinary carefulness might have attained a good position in life; but he became dissipated in his habits, and ended his life by suicide. His verses display considerable merit. In the following song, which has long been popular in the west of Scotland, he half-jocularly describes a time of dull trade in his native town.

Preserve us a'! what shall we do,
Thir dark unhallowed times?
We're surely dreeing penance now
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
In reality or joke,
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
For sport and pastime free,
I seem'd like ane in paradise,
The moments quick did flee.
Like Venuses they a' appeared,
Weel pouthered was their locks,
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
And sing, Oh waes me!

How happy past my former days,
Wi' merry heartsome glee,
When smiling fortune held the cup,
And peace sat on my knee;
Nae wants had I but were supplied,
My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw
A gaucie weel-fill'd pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
Nor petition parliament,
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
I'm sure ye'll gi'e consent—
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,
Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
Ha'e nae impression on yon folks,
But tell ye'll stand ahin:

O what a contrast will ye shaw,
To the glowrin'-Lunnun folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock!
And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef,
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief;
Tell them ye are the vera best,
Wal'd frae the fattest flock,
Then raise your arms, and oh! display
A hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
That hauds the state thegither,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
We canna thole, we canna bide,
This hard unwieldy yoke,
For wark and want but ill agree,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

Rev. James G. Small, born in Edinburgh in 1817, and for nearly thirty years minister of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardineshire. He is the author of several volumes of poems, among others "The Highlands, &c.," which has passed through several editions. He has also produced a prose volume entitled *Restoration and Revival.*

What strains of compassion are heard from above,
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—
"Turn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die?
Turn, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

What a sweet invitation is heard from above!
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—
"Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown;
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above,
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—
"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress'd;
Come, and learning of me, your tired soul shall find rest."

What songs of rejoicing are rising above,
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strain—
"Glory, blessing and power to the Lamb that was slain;
For He suffered for us, and with him we shall reign."

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, Berwickshire, widow of Lord John Douglas Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Dr. Brown remarks in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, after quoting the song, "Can the gifted author of these lines and of their music not be prevailed on to give them and others to the world, as well as to her friends?"

When thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

THE BANKS OF DEE.

John Tait, a writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Edinburgh police court; born 1748, died 1817. Mr. Tait in early life wrote many fugitive pieces, which appeared in the periodicals of the day. The following song has been frequently ascribed to John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas." It was composed by Tait in 1775, on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland to join the British forces in America. Hence the allusion to the "proud rebels" in the second stanza, America being then struggling for her independence.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;

At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was growing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever:
For there first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

I HA'E LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

James Tytler, born at Brechin in 1747; died in Massachusetts, North America, in 1805. Though educated first for the Church, and afterwards for the medical profession, he was mainly employed through life in literary and chemical speculations. He was commonly called *Balloon Tytler*, from having been the first in Scotland who ascended in a fire balloon upon the plan of Montgolfier. Burns describes him as "a mortal who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God and Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which he composed at half-a-guinea a week!" Mr. Mackay of the Edinburgh theatre used to sing this song with pawkie glee, and was instrumental in rendering it popular.

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
I downa eat it a' mysel';
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

GRIZELL COCHRANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER DEAR.[1]

Charlotte, Lady Wake, born 1801; second daughter of Crawford Tait, Esq. of Harvieston, Clackmannanshire, and sister of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her mother was a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., Lord-president of the Court of Session, son of the only daughter of John Wallace of Ellerslie, lineal descendant of the eldest brother of Sir William Wallace. Miss Charlotte Tait married in 1822 Charles Wake, eldest son of Sir William Wake, Bart. of Courteen Hall, Northamptonshire, formerly of Clevedon, Somersetshire, who succeeded to his father's title and estate in 1846, and died in 1864. Lady Wake informs the Editor that "Grizell Cochrane; or the Daughter Dear," was written when she was only fifteen, to please her father, in whose family (on the mother's side) the circumstances related in the ballad took place.

Frae morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright and cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison wall,
An' thro' the grate sae dreary.

"Keep up your heart, my father dear,
The morning sun shines sweet and fair"—
"It weel may shine this day, my bairn,
For it maun shine for me nae mair.

[1] The intrepid act of filial devotion which is the subject of this ballad took place in July, 1685. The heroine was a daughter of Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who was found guilty of high treason for accession to the plot entered into towards the end of Charles II.'s reign, chiefly for the purpose of excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from succeeding to the throne. It was for their alleged connection with the same plot that Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were executed in 1683; and it was afterwards followed by the rising of Argyle in Scotland.

"This day the fatal warrant comes,
That takes from me my breath;
But oh! the thought of thee, my dear,
Is sharper far than death.

"When I maun yield my hoary head
Unto the axeman stern,
They'll lay the rebel in his grave,
But wha will shield his bairn?"

With playful hand she smoothed his hair,
Syne she kissed his forehead gray;
"My breast shall be thy resting-place,
I ween for mony a day."

About his neck her lily arm
She threw wi' maiden grace—
"Be this my father's only bond,
His daughter's fond embrace.

"An' now farewell, my father dear,
For surely I maun go;
For Heaven has breathed into my heart
To ward the coming blow."—

She's buckled a horseman's cloak
Atour her slender waist;
She's doffed her maiden robes sae gay,
Her feet in buskins laced.

She's doffed awhile her silken snood,
An' braided back her hair;
An' deeply slouched her warrior cap,
To hide her forehead fair.

She's mounted on a mettled steed,
Her lily hands the pistols bear;
An' wha that met this knight could guess
It was a maiden fair?

An' if she struggled wi' a sob,
Or felt a maiden fear,
She drew a lang, lang breath, an' thought
Upon her father dear.

She's ta'en the road that travellers go,
Her heart prepared for dule and strife:
She's met the postman on his way,
An' he maun stand or yield his life.

"Now yield to me, ye coward loon,
If ye the morrow's sun wad see;
Good sooth this day shall be thy last
If ye that packet winna gie."

She's clasped the warrant to her breast,
Nor heeds the craven's stare,
Whose wonder grew that robber bold
Should e'er ha'e form so fair.

She gave her gude steed to the wind,
An' dashed away the tear;
'Twas joy that wet her lovely cheek—
She's saved her father dear!

Frae morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright an' cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison walls,
An' thro' the grate sae dreary—

But the sunbeam fell on an empty cell,
It held no prisoner gray;
For they've fled o'er the sea to a far countrie
To bide a blyther day.

Oh, bonnie blue hills! tho' shadowed with ills,
Have trust in thy daughters dear;
For Heaven has care for the maiden's prayer,
And blesses the maiden's tear.

OUR MITHER TONGUE.

Andrew Wanless, of Detroit, Michigan; born in Berwickshire, May 25, 1824. He is the author of *Poems and Songs*, second edition, Detroit, 1873.

It's monie a day since first we left
Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the bygane time,
When life and hope were young,
We lo'e her still, wi' right guid will,
And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
Whan we got leave frae schule,
How we gaed birrin' down the braes
To daidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa',
Where hazel clusters hung,
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the lonesome kirk
Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirkyard
Where our forefathers sleep?
We'll ne'er forget the glorious land,
Where Scott and Burns sung—
Their sangs are printed on our hearts
In our auld mither tongue.

Auld Scotland! land o' mickle fame!
The land where Wallace trod,
The land where heartfelt praise ascends
Up to the throne of God!

Land where the martyrs sleep in peace,
Where infant freedom sprung,
Where Knox in tones of thunder spoke
In our auld mither tongue!

Now Scotland dinna ye be blate,
'Mang nations crousely craw,
Your callants are nae donnert sumphs,
Your lasses bang them a'.
The glisks o' heaven will never fade,
That hope around us flung—
When first we breathed the tale o' love
In our auld mither tongue.

O! let us ne'er forget our hame,
Auld Scotland's hills and cairns;
And let us a', where'er we be,
Aye strive "to be guid bairns!"
And when we meet wi' want or age
A-hirpling ower a rung,
We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

THE LOG.[1]

Thomas Watson, the Arbroath poet, a painter by trade; born March 10, 1807; died January 26, 1875. In 1851 he published the *Rhymer's Family*, which includes his best-known poem "The Deil in Love," and other pieces of sterling merit. In 1873 Mr. Watson issued a new and enlarged edition of his works, entitled *Homely Pearls at Random Strung*, consisting of poems, songs, and prose sketches.

I was a nursling of untrodden soil;
In dim primeval forest of the West
I grew, and reared aloft my leafy crest,
Remote from men's turmoil.

And when the spring had clad my branches bare,
I waved them in the breeze, all blossom-laden,
And shook my green locks like a gleesome maiden
Whose light heart flouts at care.

And when, impervious to the summer heat,
I gave my shade to worlds of fluttering things
That stirred the air, beneath my brooding wings,
With humming music sweet.

Then in my green recesses carolled free
The merry minstrels of the listening woods,
Wearying sweet echo in their solitudes,
With warbling melody.

And silvery threads, by fairy fingers drawn,
At eve on my unbending twigs were hung;
But all unseen, till rich with pearls strung,
And glittering in the dawn.

When the old forest heard the pealing thunder,
And the rent clouds came rushing down amain,
The hunter listened to the pattering rain
My leafy covert under.

Sear autumn came, like Death in fair disguise,
And, as the dying dolphin, changing aye
Her variegated beauty of decay
With tints of many dyes:

And in her withering breath my branches waved,
And every twig its leafy honours shed
In rustling showers, until the ground was clad,
With wreck of summer paved.

Cold winter came! I was a naked tree,
Streaked with the whiteness of his hoary hair,
And wild winds howling through my branches bare,
Like the loud moaning sea.

And thus return the seasons, o'er and o'er,
In endless round, with blossom and decay;
But never more to me, or night or day—
I reckon time no more.

The spoilers came, the ruthless pioneers,
My giant stem, that bent not to the breeze,
Fell by the axe: the crash of falling trees,
Was music to their ears.

They lopped my boughs, and launched me on the river:
With many a lifeless log I floated down,
Through mangled woods, by many a mushroom town,
Leaving my home for ever.

---

[1] The author explains the origin of this song as follows:—"Chancing to be in the workshop of a young friend who was fond of writing verses, he suggested that we should try to string together a few lines on a given subject I agreed. 'Well, what shall it be?' I inquired. 'There is a log of wood lying on the floor; what say you to that for a subject?' In short, the log was taken up and done for with pens instead of edge-tools."—ED.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.

David Webster, born in Dunblane, Sept. 25, 1787; died January 22, 1837. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Paisley, and continued to work at the loom through a life much chequered by misfortune. In 1835 he published a small volume of poems entitled *Original Scottish Rhymes*. Many of the pieces are marked by keen satire and humour.

When I was a miller in Fife,
Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer

Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it rackit;
For I liftet twa neivefu' or mair,
While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill and the kill;
The garland and gear for my cogie!
And hey for the whiskey and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie!

Although it's been lang in repute,
For rogues to make rich by deceiving:
Yet I see that it disna weel suit
Honest men to begin to the thieving.
For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
O'd, I thought ilka dunt it wad crackit;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper;
Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
After kenning what's said by the happer.
I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
Saying, Shame, is your conscience no chackit;
But when I grew dry for a horn,
It chang'd aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their packs,
'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker,
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
Gi'ed them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustomed to drink,
And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clapertie clink,
Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life—
Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't—
O'd, I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

Now miller and a' as I am,
This far I can see through the matter;
There's men mair notorious to fame,
Mair greedy than me o' the mutter.
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or wi' safety, the ha'f we may mak' it,
Hae some speaking happer within,
That says aye to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

KISS THE GOBLET.

John Wright, born in Ayrshire, Sept. 1, 1805; died in Glasgow about 1853. He resided for some years at Cambuslang near Glasgow, and followed the trade of a weaver. In 1824 he issued a poem entitled "The Retrospect," which was well received by the press, and contains many beautiful passages. In 1843 the whole of his poetical pieces were published in one volume. The latter part of Wright's life was clouded by intemperance.

Kiss the goblet, and live! it is sweeter to sip,
And richer than Beauty's ambrosial lip,
And fairer than fairyland poets have sung,
'Tis the nectar of Friendship's mellifluous tongue!
When clouds o'er the bright sky of young hope are driven,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will waft you to heaven!

When Penury shoots his sharp frosts through the blood,
Or Passion would weave us an untimely shroud,—
When Conscience starts up like a sibilant snake,
And the glory sets darkly that shone to awake—
A fire and a feeling that must ever thrall,—
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—'tis the Lethe of all.

When Obloquy pours forth her poisonous breath,
And saddens our sky with the darkness of death,—
When Friendship's sweet smile is converted for aye
To the frown of contempt and the glance of dismay;
Though such clouds lour through life, and our ashes o'erhang,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will soften the pang.

What is life but a load lulled by languor's dull chime?
And love's a shrunk tree in the desert of time,
And only can blossom and bloom in the glow
Of spirit that beams on its branches of woe,
In the tempest all shattered, leaves pallid and few;
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and its verdure renew.

What allures but false meteors that dance on our way?
Our bosoms, still heaving, can phantoms allay?
Pursuing, we wander from woe to despair—
We grasp, and the mockery hath vanished in air.
I have searched—I have found out a balm for the breast,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and for ever be blest.

When manhood declines, and the gray hairs of age
Come to tell that we tread on life's last leaden stage—
When the lights of the heart all in darkness subside,
And the gay hours no more winged with ecstacy glide—
When death's semblance rests on the spiritless frame—
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and rekindle the flame.

TWEEDSIDE.

Lord Yester, afterwards Marquis of Tweeddale; born 1645, died 1713. The air to this song is very beautiful, and is traditionally ascribed to the unfortunate David Rizzio. Another lyric with the same title appears in page 135 of vol. i.

When Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my bancs far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Andrew Young, formerly head-master of the City School, Edinburgh, and late head English master of Madras College, St. Andrews; author of a volume of University prize poems and other poetical productions. Mr. Young's earliest hymn, "There is a Happy Land," composed in 1838, has been translated into nearly every modern language, though comparatively few are aware that its author is living, and now residing in Edinburgh, in which city he was born early in the present century. In 1876 Mr. Young published a volume entitled *The Scottish Highlands and other Poems*, which was most favourably noticed by the press, and has obtained a large circulation.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

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GLOSSARY.

We add the following general rules regarding the distinctions between English and Scottish orthography in words which are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added:—

1. In many words ending with *l* after *a*, *o*, or *u*, the *l* is rarely sounded in Scotland; as, All (English), *A'* (Scots):—Call, *Ca'*—Small, *Sma'*—False, *Fause*—Malt, *Maut*—Full, *Fu'*—Pull, *Pu'*, &c.

2. The *l* changes in Scotland to *w* or *u* after *a* or *o*, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as, Balm, *Bawm*—Balk, *Bauk*—Boll, *Bow*—Poll, *Pow*—Fault, *Faut*, &c.

3. An *o* before *ld* changes to *a* or *au;* as, Old, *Auld*—Bold, *Bauld*—Cold, *Cauld*—Told, *Tauld*, &c.

4. The *o*, *oe*, *ow*, is changed to *a*, *ae*, or *ai;* as, Off, *Aff*—Toe, *Tae*—Own, *Ain*—Cloth, *Claith*—Most, *Maist*—Song, *Sang*, &c.

5. The *o* or *u* is frequently changed into *i;* as, Another, *Anither*—Brother, *Brither*—Foot, *Fit*—Honey, *Hinny*—Nuts, *Nits*—Run, *Rin*, &c.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeet, albeit, although.
Abeigh, at a shy distance, aside.
Aboon, *abune*, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Acquaint, *acquent*, acquainted.
Adle, putrid water.
Ae, one, only, always.
Aeten, oaten.
Aff, off; *aff-loof*, off-hand.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft; *aften*, often.
Aglee, off the right line.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, *ablins*, perhaps, possibly.
Aik, oak.
Ailin, sickness, ailment.
Ain, own; *ainsell*, ownself.
Air, early, before; *air up*, soon up in the morning.
Airles, earnest or hiring money.
Airn, iron; a mason's chisel.
Airt, to direct, to urge.
Airts, points of the compass.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, a work-horse, a he-goat.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas!
A-lowe, on fire.
Amaist, almost.
Ambrie, *aumrie*, a cupboard.
An, and, if.
Anent, over-against, concerning.
Anes, *ains*, once; *anes-errand*, on purpose.
Aneuch, *anew*, enough.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, aslant.
Asteer, stirring.
Atanes, at once, at the same time.
Athort, athwart, across.
Attour, out-over.
Auld, old.
Auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning.
Auld langsyne, olden time.
Auld Nick, the devil.
Auld Reekie, Edinburgh.
Auld-warld, old-fashioned.
Aumous, an alms.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
A-will, voluntarily.
Awnie, bearded, as grain.
Awsome, frightful.
Aynd, the breath.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Ba', ball.
Bab, a nosegay; a tassel, cockade.
Backet, *baikie*, an ash or coal vessel, a coal-scuttle.
Backets, ash-boards.
Backlins, back, backwards.
Back-sey, a sirloin.
Bad, did bid.
Badrons, or *baudrons*, a cat.
Baggie, the belly.
Baid, stayed, abode.
Baide, endured.
Baillie, a magistrate.
Bainie, having large bones.
Bair, a bear, a boar.
Bairn, a child.
Baith, both.
Baleen, whalebone.
Baloo, hush!
Ban, to curse, to reproach.
Bane, bone.
Banefire, bonfire.
Bang, haste; a blow; a great number; to strive, to beat.
Bangster, a violent person.
Bannock, a cake of bread.
Bap, a roll of bread.
Bardie, diminutive of *bard*.
Bardily, boldly, pertly.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barley-bree, malt liquor, whisky.
Barlichood, a fit of drunken, angry passion.
Batts, colic, botts.
Bauch, indifferent, sorry.
Bauchle, an old shoe.
Bauk, to frustrate; a rafter-joist; a strip of land left unploughed.
Bauld, bold.
Baum, balm.
Bawbee, a halfpenny; pl. money.
Bawsint, *bawsand*, having a white spot on the face, as a cow.
Bawty, name for a dog.
Baxter, a baker.
Be (to let), to cease, not to mention.
Beadsman, a poor pensioner.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of *beast*.
Beck, to cringe; a curtsy; a rivulet.
Bedeen, *bedene*, quickly.
Beek, to bask in the sun or at the fire; to perspire.
Beet, to add fuel to fire, to help.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Begunk, a trick.
Beild, or *bield*, shelter.
Bein, comfortable, well-to-do.
Beld, bald.
Beltane, the 1st of May (old style).
Belyve, by-and-by.
Ben, parlour; to or towards the inner apartment of a house.
Bend, a pull of liquor.
Bend-the-bicker, quaff out the cup.
Benew, below, beneath.
Benison, blessing.

Benmost, inmost.
Bent, the open field; *to tak the bent*, to run away.
Betouch-us-to, Heaven preserve us!
Beuk, baked; also, a book.
Bicker, a drinking-cup; a race.
Bickering, fighting, quarrelling.
Bide, stay, reside, endure.
Big, to build; *biggit*, built.
Biggin, a house.
Bigonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billie, a brother, a companion.
Bink, a bank of earth, a bench.
Binmost, uppermost.
Binna, be not.
Birk, the birch-tree.
Birkie, a forward, lively fellow.
Birle, to carouse, to drink.
Birn, a burnt mark, a burden.
Birses, bristles.
Birze, to bruise.
Bite and sowp, meat and drink.
Bittock, a little bit, short distance.
Blab, blob, a small globe or bubble of any liquid.
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blaeberry, the whortleberry.
Blaflum, to beguile.
Blan, caused to cease.
Blashy, deluging, thin, weak.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Blawart, a blue flower.
Bleerit, bleared.
Bleezing, bleising, blazing.
Blellum, an idle-talking fellow; *blellums*, idle talk;
Blether, to talk nonsense.
Blether-skate, an indistinct or indiscreet talker.
Blin, cease; also, blind.
Blink, a little while; to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinket, looked kindly.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Boal, a cupboard in the wall.
Bob, nosegay; also, to bow.
Bobbin, a weaver's quill.
Bobbit bands, tasselled bands.
Bock, or *boke*, to retch.
Bode, a price offered.
Bodin, or *bodden*, furnished.
Bodle, a small copper coin = $\frac{1}{6}d$.
Boggie, a marsh.
Boglebo, hobgoblin.
Bonnie, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Bonspiel, a curling or golf match.
Boo, to bow.
Bools, boys' marbles.
Boost, was under a necessity of.
Bouk, bulk, a whole carcass.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bour-tree, the elder-tree.
Bouser, a rafter.
Bouze, to drink.
Bow, a boll (a dry measure).
Bowie, a small barrel or cask.
Bowt, a bolt; bent.
Brae, a hillside.
Brag, vaunt.
Braid, broad.
Brainzel, to break forth violently.
Braken, or *brecken*, the fern.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, brawns, calves of the legs.
Brang, brought.
Brangle, to shake, to threaten.
Brankan, prancing.
Branks, wooden curbs for horses.
Brattle, a clattering noise.
Braw, gaily apparelled, handsome; *braws*, fine clothes.
Brawly, very well, easily.
Bree, broo, liquor; the eyebrow.
Brent, smooth, clear.
Brig, a bridge.
Briss, to press.
Broad, a board.
Brochin, oatmeal gruel.
Brock, a badger.
Brogues, sheepskin shoes.
Broicher, to perspire.
Brose, a kind of pottage.
Browden, fond.
Browst, a brewing.
Bruik, to enjoy.
Brulzie, a brawl, a quarrel.
Brumstane, brimstone.
Brunt, browned, burned.
Buckie, a shell-fish.
Buckled, married.
Buff, to strike.
Bught, a pen for holding sheep.
Bughted, winding, knotted.
Buirdly, stout-made.
Buller, to bubble.
Bumbazed, confused.
Bummle, to blunder or bungle.
Bunker, chest used for a seat.
Burn, burnie, a stream.
Busk, to dress.
Buss, a shelter, a bush.
Bustine, fustian, cloth.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
But, without.
By-himsel', distracted.
Byke, a hive of bees or wasps.
Bynge, to cringe.
Byre, a cow-house.

C

Ca', to call, to name; to drive.
Cadge, to carry.
Cadgie, jovial, happy.
Cadgily, jauntily, cheerfully.
Cadie, a porter, errand-goer.
Caff, cauf, chaff; a calve.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, cool, fresh, sound.
Camstrarie, unmanageable, cross.
Cangle, to wrangle.
Canker'd, angry, snarling.
Canna', cannot.
Cannie, gentle, cautious.
Cantie, cheerful, disposed to sing.
Cantrips, charms, incantations.
Cap, a wooden bowl.
Capernoited, whimsical.
Carena, care not.
Carle, an old man.
Carline, an old woman.
Carlings, pease boiled.
Carritch, a catechism.
Cartes, playing-cards.
Castocks, custocks, cabbage-stalks.
Cauk, chalk.
Cauldrife, chilling, wanting cheerfulness.
Causey, causeway, the street.
Chafts, chops, the jaws.
Chancy, lucky, happy.
Chanter, the drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a knock, a blow; a young fellow.
Cheep, to chirp.
Chiel, or *chield*, a fellow (in a good or bad sense).
Chimlie, fireplace, chimney.
Chirm, to chirp like a bird.
Chitter, to chatter, to shiver.
Chuck, a chicken.
Chuckies, hens or chickens.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Claise, claes, clothes.
Clarty, clatty, dirty, nasty.
Clash, to tell tales.
Clatter, to tell idle stories.
Claught, laid hold of.
Claver, to talk idly.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleck, to hatch or breed.
Cled, or *cleed*, clad, clothed.
Cleek, to catch as with a hook, to go arm in arm.
Cleg, the gad-fly.
Cleugh, a cliff or cave.
Clink, money.
Clishmaclavers, idle chatter.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clocksie, vivacious.
Cloit, a stupid fellow; a fall.
Cloot, a cloven hoof.
Clootie, the devil.
Clour, lump caused by a blow.
Clout, to strike; to mend.
Clud, a cloud.
Cluikit, fastened.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockernony, a woman's hair tied up with a snood or band.
Cockie-leekie, soup made of a cock boiled with leeks.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cock-up, a cap turned up in front.
Cod, a pillow.
Coff, to buy, to purchase.
Cog, or *coggie*, a wooden dish.
Collie, a shepherd's dog.
Collieshangie, an uproar, squabble.
Coof, cuif, a fool, a blockhead.
Cooser, a stoned horse.
Coost, cuist, did cast.
Corbie, a raven.
Corrie, a hollow in a hill.
Cosh, neat, snug.

Cosy, snug.
Cout, a colt, a young horse.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cowed, clipped short; subdued.
Cower, cour, to stoop, to crouch.
Cowp, to tumble; to barter.
Cowt, a strong stick.
Crack, to converse kindly.
Craig, a rock; the neck, throat.
Cramasie, crimson.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Cranshach, a distorted person.
Crap, creeped; a crop.
Craw, crow.
Creel, basket.
Creepy, a low stool.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crine, cryn, to shrivel.
Croft, a tenement of land.
Croil, a crooked dwarf.
Croodle, to sing with a low voice.
Croon, to hum a tune.
Crouchie, hunchbacked.
Croud, to coo as a dove.
Crouse, brisk, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crowdy, mixture of meal and water.
Crowdy-mowdy, milk and meal boiled together.
Crummy, term for a cow.
Crunt, a blow on the head.
Crusie, a small iron lamp.
Cuddie, an ass.
Cuddle, to embrace.
Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
Culzie, to flatter.
Cummer, a female gossip.
Cummock, a short staff.
Cun, to taste, to learn.
Cunyie, coin.
Curling, a game on the ice.
Curmudgeon, a mean fellow.
Curn, a grain, a particle, a hand-mill.
Cursche, a kerchief, a linen dress.
Cuttie, or *cutty*, a short pipe; a light or worthless woman.

D

Dab, to peck; a proficient.
Dad, daud, to beat one object against another.
Daddie, father.
Daff, to make fun, to be gay.
Daft, foolish, giddy, insane.
Daidlin, loitering, trifling.
Daimen, rare, now and then.
Daintiths, delicacies.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured.
Daiz'd, stupified; rotten.
Dander, daunder, to saunter, to go about idly.
Dang, to beat, to push.
Dantit, subdued, tamed down.
Darklins, darkling.
Darn, to secrete, hide.
Dash, to put out of countenance.
Daud, a blow; a large piece.
Dawt, to caress with tenderness.
Dawtie, a pet, a darling.
Deas, a turf seat on the outside of a cottage.
Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
Dees, dairymaids.
Deid, death, dead, the dead.
Deil, the devil.
Deil-be-liket, the devil a bit!
Deil-ma-care, no matter!
Deray, jollity, disorder.
Dern, hidden, secret.
Diddle, to shake.
Dight, decked; also, to clean.
Dighted, wiped, cleaned.
Din, dun, sallow.
Ding, to push, to drive down.
Dink, prim, precise; to dress neatly.
Dinle, to tremble, to vibrate.
Dinna, do not.
Dinsome, noisy.
Dint, affection, regard.
Dirdum, a tumult; a blow.
Dirle, a pain quickly over.
Disjaskit, appearing aged or decayed.
Dit, to stop a hole; to caress.
Diver, a boy's kite.
Divot, a thin flat turf.
Dochter, a daughter.
Doddy, a cow without horns.
Doilt, silly, stupid.
Doit, a small coin = $\frac{1}{12}d$.
Doited, dazed, crazy.
Doll, a share or piece.
Donnart, stupified.
Donsie, neat and clean; dull and dreary; unlucky.
Doo, dow, dove.
Doof, a stupid fellow.
Doofart, a dull man.
Dook, douk, to bathe, to douse.
Dool, dule, pain, sorrow.
Doops, dives down.
Dorts, a vain girl.
Dorty, pettish, saucy.
Dosend, cold.
Dottar, to become stupid.
Douf, dull, sad.
Dought, could, availed.
Doun, down.
Dour, hard, severe, sullen.
Douse, grave, prudent.
Dow, to wither; to incline, to be able.
Dow'd, dead, withered.
Dowff, mournful, flaccid.
Dowie, sickly, melancholy.
Downa, unable; lacking heart to do a thing.
Dowp, end of an egg-shell or candle.
Dozen, to become torpid.
Draigle, to draggle.
Drammock, meal and water mixed.
Drant, to speak deliberately.
Drappie, a little drop.
Dree, to suffer, to endure.
Dreep, to drip.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreich, dreigh, tedious, tiresome.
Dribs, drops.
Dring, the noise of a boiling kettle.
Dringing, delaying.
Droddum, the breech.
Droning, moving lazily.
Drouked, drucket, drenched.
Drouth, drought, thirst.
Drule, or *dool*, the goal in games.
Drumly, muddy, confused.
Dryster, a bleachfield-worker.
Dub, mire, small pool of water.
Duddy, ragged.
Duds, duddies, rags.
Dumpish, short and thick.
Dung, overcome, driven down.
Dunk, damp.
Dunkled, dimpled.
Dunt, to strike, to palpitate.
Durk, a dirk or dagger.
Dusht, driven down.
Dwam, a swoon.
Dwine, to pine.
Dyke, a wall, hedge, ditch.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyvour, a bankrupt, an idle fellow.

E

Eard, the earth.
Earn, to curdle, coagulate.
Eastlin, eastward, easterly.
E'e, the eye; pl. *een*.
Eerie, timorous.
Eident, diligent, wary, cautious.
Eild, age, old age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eithly, easily.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Elf, a small creature or fairy.
Elf-shot, bewitched.
Elritch, awful, hideous; uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.
Emmock, an ant.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Endlang, along.
Ergh, scrupulous, fearful.
Erls, earnest or hiring money.
Esthler, hewn or cut stone.
Ether, an adder.
Ethercap, ettercap, a venomous spiteful creature.
Ettle, to aim, to intend.
Even'd, spoken of, matched.
Evendoun, honest, downright.
Evens, equals, allies.
Evite, to avoid.
Eydent, industrious, diligent.

F

Fa', fall; autumn; a water-fall.
Fa'ard, favoured; featured.
Facing-tools, drinking-cups.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fadge, a spongy roll of bread.
Fae, foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown; abated.
Fail, thick turf.
Fair fa', well betide!
Fairin, a present at a fair.
Fait, feat, orderly, neat.
Fan, when.

Fand, found.
Fang, talons of a fowl; to grip.
Farder, farther.
Fardin, farthing.
Farer-seen, more knowing.
Farl, an oat-cake.
Fash, to vex or trouble. *Never fash your thumb*, be not the least vexed, be easy.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled, vexed.
Faugh, a colour nearly red.
Faugh-riggs, fallow ground.
Faught, a squabble or broil.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fawn, fallen.
Fawsome or *fawsont*, decent.
Fecht, to fight; life's battle.
Feck, the greatest part.
Fecket, a flannel under-shirt.
Feckfow, able, active.
Feckless, feeble, weak.
Feckly, mostly.
Feed, *fead*, *feide*, feud, quarrel.
Feg, a fig.
Feidom, enmity.
Feil, several, numerous.
Fell, hot, biting, clever.
Fells, a chain of hills.
Fend, to defend, to provide for.
Fending, living by one's industry.
Fere, entire; a dwarf.
Ferlies, wonderful things.
Fidgin', restless.
Fient a haet, deuce a bit!
Fike, *fyke*, to be restless; bustle about what is trifling.
File, *fyle*, to defile; to accuse, to pronounce guilty.
Fireflaught, a flash of lightning.
Firlock or *firlot*, four pecks—the fourth part of a boll.
Fistle, to move or stir.
Fit, the foot.
Fitted, marked by a foot.
Flae, a flea.
Flaf, to flap, to flutter.
Flags, flashes of fire.
Flane, an arrow.
Flate, scolded.
Flauchter, to cut turf.
Flaught, a flash of lightning.
Flaughter, to shine fitfully.
Flaw, a blast, a lie.
Fleech, to supplicate, to coax.
Fleg, a fright; a stroke, a kick.
Flegeries, gew-gaws.
Flewet, a cuff or blow.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter.
Fling (*to tak the*), to become unmanageable.
Flit, to remove.
Flite, or *flyte*, to scold or chide.
Flow, a fragment.
Fluff, to puff, to explode.
Flype, to ruffle the skin; to pull off anything by turning it inside out.
Fogie, a stupid old person.
Forby, besides.
Fore (*to the*), still remaining.
Forebears, ancestors.
Forefairn, distressed, jaded.
Forestam, the forehead.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgainst, opposite to.
Forgather, to meet.
Forhow, to forsake.
Forleet, to forsake or forget.
Forra-cow, one that is not with calf and gives milk throughout the winter.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Fouk, folk.
Foumart, a pole-cat.
Fouter, to bungle.
Fouth, plenty, abundance.
Fowsome, loathsome, fulsome.
Fow-weel, full well.
Fozy, soft, spongy.
Frae, from.
Fraise, to make a noise.
Freath, froth, a slight washing of clothes.
Freenge, fringe.
Freik, a coxcomb or fool.
Fremmit, strange, foreign.
Fristed, trusted.
Frumpish, crushed, crumpled.
Frush, brittle.
Fud, a rabbit or hare's tail.
Fuffin', blowing.
Fuish, brought, fetched.
Fulyie, to defile; dung.
Fundling, foundling.
Furder, to prosper.
Furth, forth.
Furthy, forward, frank.

G

Gab, the mouth; to prate.
Gabbin, jeering, talking.
Gabbit, a person given to idle talk.
Gabby, having fluency of speech.
Gaberlunzie, a beggar's wallet, a beggar-man.
Gadge, to talk impertinently.
Gadman, a ploughboy.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen* or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gafaw, loud coarse laughing.
Gait, a goat.
Gamtrees, a stand for barrels.
Gang, to go.
Ganger, a pedestrian.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gar, to compel, to force to.
Gardy, the arm.
Gare, greedy, rapacious.
Gash, sagacious; to talk much.
Gashin, conversing.
Gate, *gaet*, way, manner.
Gaucie, or *gawsy*, jolly, plump.
Gaudamous, a feast.
Gauds, trinkets.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gavel, a gable.
Gaw, a gall; a mark on the skin; to take the pet.
Gawd, a goad.
Gawkie, an idle foolish person.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to mock, to toss the head with disdain.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, the gentry.
Genty, genteel, handsome.
Gett, a brat, a child (in contempt).
Geyan, pretty, nearly.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gibe, or *jybe*, to taunt, to mock.
Gielainger, a delinquent debtor.
Gif, if.
Gift, a term of reproach.
Giggle, silly laughter.
Gillygapus, a staring gaping fellow.
Gilpie, a frolicsome boy or girl.
Ginnner, a young ewe.
Gimply, scarcely.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Gird, to strike; a moment.
Girn, to grin, to snarl; a trap.
Girnel, a chest for holding meal.
Girr, a hoop.
Girse, grass.
Glaikit, foolish, giddy, light.
Glaiks, a good-for-nothing fellow.
Glaister, to bark or bawl.
Glamerie, the power of charming.
Glamour, influence of a charm.
Glaur, mire, oozy mud.
Glee, to squint.
Gleg, quick, active.
Gleid, a fire, a light.
Glen, a valley between mountains.
Glentivat, whisky.
Glib, smooth, slippery.
Glint, a glance; to peep.
Glisk, a glance, a transient view.
Gloaming, the evening twilight.
Gloom, to frown or scowl.
Glowr, to stare; a look.
Glum, gloomy.
Glunch, a sour look.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Gorlins, young birds.
Gousty, ghastly, desolate.
Gove, to look with a roving eye.
Gowan, the daisy.
Gowd, gold, money.
Gowff, golf; a blow.
Gowk, the cuckoo; a foolish fellow.
Gowl, a howl; to threaten.
Grace-drink, drink taken by a company after the giving of thanks at the end of a meal.
Graff, a grave; coarse, vulgar.
Graip, to grope; a dung-fork.
Graith, household and other gear; armour.
Grane, to groan.
Grannie, a grandmother, an old woman.
Grat, wept.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Grecie, a small pig.
Gree, to agree; superiority.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep.
Grieve, overseer or factor.

Grist, fee paid for grinding corn.
Grit, great.
Groo, to shudder.
Grotts, milled oats.
Grounche, to grudge, to murmur.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt.
Grun, ground, bottom.
Gruntle, to grunt, to coo.
Grunzie, nose, snout.
Grup, grasp.
Grusome, frightful.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, guid, good.
Gully, a large knife.
Gumption, common-sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, surly.
Gusty, savoury.
Gutcher, grandfather.
Gutter, mud, wet dust.
Gysened, shrunk with dryness, as a tub.
Gyte, extravagant, mad.
Gytlings, young children.

H

Ha', hall.
Had, hald, to hold.
Haddin, a farmer's stock.
Hae, to have.
Haet, a whit, a thing.
Haff, half.
Haffit, the cheek, side of the head.
Hafflit-links, a necklace.
Haflins, partly, half-grown.
Hag, a track, a peat-pit.
Hagabag, coarse table-linen.
Haggis, a kind of pudding made of pluck, suet, onions, &c., and boiled in the stomach of a sheep or cow.
Hag-raid, tormented by hags, witchridden.
Hain, to save, to preserve.
Hairst, harvest.
Hait, or *het*, hot.
Haith! a petty oath.
Hald, a possession.
Hale, whole, sound, healthy.
Halesome, wholesome.
Hallan, hallen, a screening wall in a cottage, the cottage itself; a seat of turf at the outside of a cottage.
Hallan-shaker, a sturdy beggar.
Hallion, an idle fellow.
Haluckit, giddy, hair-brained.
Haly, holy.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, frank, open, kind.
Hantle, a good many.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Hap, to cover from the cold.
Haps, outer garments, as shawls.
Harigalds, the pluck of an animal.
Harle, to drag.
Harn, coarse linen.
Harns, brains.
Harship, ruin, mischance.
Hash, a sloven; low raillery, to abuse.
Hashy, slovenly.
Haud, to hold.
Haudin, a holding, dwelling-house.
Haughs, valleys or low grounds on river-sides.
Hauslock, wool on a sheep's neck.
Haver, to talk foolishly.
Haveril, a foolish talker.
Havins, good breeding or behaviour.
Haw, the hawthorn-berry.
Hawick gill, double the ordinary gill.
Hawkie, a cow, a white-faced cow.
Haws, the throat or gullet.
Heal, health.
Heartsome, blithe, happy.
Heather-bell, heath-blossom.
Hech, oh! strange!
Hecht, called, named, promised.
Heeze, to lift, to elevate.
Heezy, a strong lift.
Heftit, familiarized to a place
Heigh, high, tall.
Herd, to tend cattle.
Herried, ruined in property or estate.
Herry, to rob, to pillage.
Hesp, a hasp or bolt.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, ravine; a coal-pit.
Heuk, a reaping-hook.
Hidlings, hiding-places; privately.
Hie, high.
Hielan', Highland.
Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
Hinder, last.
Hinkum, put up in hanks or balls.
Hinnied, honied.
Hinny, a term of affection; honey.
Hip, fruit of the dog-rose.
Hips, the buttocks.
Hirple, to walk haltingly.
Hirsel, a flock of sheep.
Hirsle, a rustling noise.
Histie, dry.
Hizzie, a hussy, a careless girl.
Hoast, a cough; to cough.
Hobleshew, confused racket, uproar.
Hodden, a coarse cloth.
Hodden-gray, coarse gray cloth.
Hog, a two-year-old sheep.
Hoggers, coarse stockings without the feet.
Hool, husk, shell.
Hooly, or *hoolie*, slowly, leisurely.
Hoot! fy!
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, the devil.
Hotch, to move by sudden jerks.
Houp, hope.
Housie, diminutive of *house*.
Howdert, hidden.
Howdy, a midwife.
Howe, a hollow, low ground.
Howff, a rendezvous, ale-house.
Howk, to dig.
Howlet, an owl.
Howms, plains on river-sides.
Howp, a mouthful of any drink.
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hoy, to incite, to urge.
Hummel, humble.
Humple, to walk lame.
Humplock, a small heap.
Hund, to incite.
Hunder, hundred.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the buttocks.
Hurkle, to stoop or bow down to.
Hussyfskap, housewifeship.
Hyne, hence.
Hyt, insane, mad.

I

I', in.
Iceshogles, icicles.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, ilka, each, every.
Ilk, estate or place.
I'll, for *I will*.
Ill-faurdly, ungracefully, clumsily.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, niggardly.
Ingan, onion.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle-side, fire-side.
Irie, fearful, melancholy.
I'se, I shall.
Isles, embers, ashes.
Ither, other.

J

Jack, a jacket.
Jad, or *jaud*, jade; also, a giddy young girl.
Jag, to prick.
Jauk, to trifle, to dally.
Jaw, or *jawp*, a gush of water.
Jaw-hole, a water-sink.
Jawpit, bespattered.
Jee, to incline on one side.
Jeel, jelly.
Jelly, pretty, worthy.
Jig, to crack, to make a noise.
Jillet, a giddy girl.
Jimp, neat, slender.
Jink, to escape, to avoid.
Jo, or *joe*, sweetheart, darling.
Jocteleg, a folding knife.
Jouk, to duck, to bow; to act deceitfully.
Joukery-pawkery, juggling.
Jow, to swing a bell or a door.
Jundie, to justle.
Junt, a large piece.
Jute, sour malt liquor.

K

Kae, a jackdaw.
Kail, soup, broth; cabbage.
Kaim, or *kame*, comb.
Kain, farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to cackle, to laugh.
Keek, to peep.
Keek, dress for the head and neck.
Keeking-glass, looking-glass.

Keil, red clay used for marking.
Kelt, cloth with a frieze.
Ken, to know.
Kenspeckle, having a singular appearance, well-known.
Kent, a long staff used by shepherds.
Kep, to intercept, to catch.
Keust, to cast, throw off.
Kilt, or *kilted*, tucked up.
Kimmer, a female gossip.
Kintra, country.
Kip, to play truant.
Kipper, dried and salted fish.
Kirk, church.
Kirn, a churn; to churn.
Kist, a chest, a coffin.
Kitchen, anything eaten with bread, as butter, cheese, &c.
Kith, acquaintances, relatives.
Kitlin, a young cat.
Kittid, daubed with a viscous substance.
Kittie, a frolicsome girl.
Kittle, to tickle; difficult, uncertain.
Kiuttle, to cuddle.
Knacky, facetious.
Knoit, to strike or beat.
Knoosed, bruised, buffeted.
Knowe, a hillock, a knoll.
Knuist, a large lump.
Kow, a goblin.
Kurchie, a kerchief used as a cap.
Kye, cows or kine.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kyth, to appear, to discover.

L

Lad, a young man, a sweetheart.
Laddie, diminutive of *lad*.
Ladren, a thief, rascal.
Laggert, besmeared.
Laigh, low, obscure.
Lair, or *lear*, learning.
Laird, a landlord.
Laith, loath, unwilling.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lake, lack.
Lallan, Lowland.
Lamiter, lame.
Lammer, amber.
Lamp, to take long steps.
Lan', land, estate.
Landart, belonging to the country, rustic.
Lane, singly, alone.
Lang-kail, coleworts uncut.
Lang-nebbit, long-nosed, learned.
Langsome, tedious.
Langsyne, long ago, long since.
Lanlowper one who often flits from place to place.
Lap, leaped.
Lappered, clotted.
Lare, a place for laying.
Lass, a young woman, sweetheart.
Lassie, diminutive of *lass*.
Lave, the remainder.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, a tavern-bill.
Lawty, lautith, fidelity, justice.
Le, a lie; to tell a lie.
Leal, faithful, loyal.
Leasome, pleasant.
Lee, lonely, sheltered.
Lee, or *lea*, open grassy ground.
Leear, a liar.
Leen, cease!
Leet, to ooze very slowly; a list of candidates.
Leeve, to live.
Leeze-me! a term of endearment.
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug.
Leifu', discreet, moderate.
Len, to lend; a loan.
Lendis, loins, buttocks.
Lerroch, the site of a building.
Let be, stop! cease!
Let na on, do not divulge.
Letten, permitted.
Leugh, laughed.
Lever, rather.
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbet, gelded.
Lichtlie, sneering; to slight.
Lick, to whip, to beat; a wag.
Lift, the sky or firmament.
Lilt, a ballad; to sing.
Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument; hence, *lilt* up a spring.
Limmer, a strumpet.
Limp, to halt, to hobble.
Linder, a short gown, shaped like a man's vest, close to the body, with sleeves, worn by old women and children.
Link, to trip along.
Linn, lin, a cataract, water-fall.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintie, lintwhite, the linnet
Lippen, to trust to, to expect.
Lirk, a fold or wrinkle.
Litheless, listless.
Loan, loanin, the place of milking.
Loch, a lake.
Loe, or *loo*, to love.
Loof, luif, the palm of the hand; pl. *looves*.
Looms, tools, vessels.
Loopy, crafty.
Loot, did let.
Loot-shouther'd, round-shouldered.
Losh! exclamation of surprise.
Loun, loon, a ragamuffin, courtesan.
Lounder, to beat severely.
Loup, to jump, to leap.
Lout, to bow, stoop; a lazy fellow.
Lowe, a flame.
Lown, calm, serene.
Lowrie, lawrie, cunning (applied to a fox).
Lowse, to loose.
Luck, to fasten, to shut up.
Lucken, a bog.
Lucken-gowan, the globe-flower.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Luesomely, lovely.
Lug, the ear; a handle.
Luggie, a wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Lurdane, a blockhead.
Lyart, gray, hoary-headed.

M

Mabbie, a woman's cap.
Mae, more.
Magil, to mangle.
Mahoun, Satan.
Maik, to match, to equal; a halfpenny.
Maikless, matchless.
Mailin, a rent, a rented farm.
Mailpayer, a farmer.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Mak, to make; *makin*, making.
Makar, a poet.
Makly, well-proportioned.
Maksna, 'tis no matter.
Malison, curse, malediction.
Mane, moan, complaint.
Mang, among; to become frantic.
Mangit, galled or bruised.
Mank, a want.
Manse, the minister's house.
Mansworn, perjured.
Mant, to stammer.
Mappie, name for a rabbit.
Marb, the marrow.
March, landmark or boundary.
Mark, merk, a coin = 13⅓*d*.
Marrow, mate, one of a pair.
Mar's year, year of the rebellion of 1715, headed by the Earl of Mar.
Mart, a cow or ox killed at Martinmas for winter provisions.
Mask, to mash, to infuse.
Mat, may.
Mauchtless, powerless.
Mauk, a maggot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Maut, or *mawt*, malt.
Mavis, a thrush.
Maw, to mow.
May, maiden.
Meere, or *mear*, mare.
Meikle, muckle, mickle, much, great, big.
Meith, limit, mark; hot.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough, &c.
Meltith, a meal; a cow's milking.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mends, atonement, satisfaction, retaliation.
Mennin, minnow.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Mensefou, mannerly.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.
Mes-John, the parish minister.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.

Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Milk-bowie, milk-pail.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mint, aim, endeavour; to hint.
Mird, to make amorous advances.
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Mishanter, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect, to let alone.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mislippen, to neglect, to disappoint.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mistryst, to disappoint by breaking an engagement, to deceive.
Mither, mother.
Mittens, gloves without fingers.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Mools, earth of the grave.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Moss-hags, pits and sloughs in a mire or bog.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, diminutive of *mouse*.
Mow, a jest; to mock.
Muck, dung.
Mucking, carrying out dung.
Mullin, a crumb.
Musie, diminutive of *muse*.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutch, a woman's cap.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mutter, the fee for grinding grain.
Mysel, myself.

N

Na, no, not, nor.
Nacky, clever, active.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, or *naigie*, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Near-hand, almost, nigh.
Neb, the beak, the nose.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neese, nose; to sneeze.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neigher, nicher, to neigh.
Neip, a turnip.
Neuk, a nook, a corner.
Newcal, a cow newly calved.
New-fangled, new-fashioned.
Nick, to bite or cheat.
Nickie-ben, the devil.
Niddered, depressed; half-starved.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nifnaffs, trifles.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed cat, a hangman's whip.
Nip, a bite, a taste.
Nippen, carried off surreptitiously.
Nit, a nut.
Nocht, nought; not.
Noo, now.
Norland, belonging to the north.
Notour, notorious.
Nowte, black cattle; stupid fellow.
Nowther, neither.

O

O', of.
Ocht, aught, anything.
Oe, or *oye*, grandchild.
O'ercome, surplus.
O haith, O faith! an oath.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Oons, wounds.
Oot, out.
Opt, opened.
Or is often used for *ere*, before.
Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant.
Orra, odd, not matched; what may be spared.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Out-owre, moreover, out of.
Outthrow, through.
Ower, over, to.
Owerword, burden of a song.
O-will, spontaneously.
Owk, or *ouk*, week.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Owrelay, a cravat.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxter, the armpit.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; 12 stones of wool.
Paddock, puddock, a frog.
Paidle, to plash among water; also, short and irregular steps, such as of children.
Paiks, blows, chastisement.
Painch, paunch.
Paip, a child's game.
Pairtrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram, to squeeze.
Paple, or *pople*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling of water.
Paraitch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Parle, speech.
Parochin', parish.
Partan, a crab.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly, witty.
Pay't, paid; beat.
Pech, or *pegh*, to fetch the breath short, as in asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peer, pier, wharf.
Peerie, a spinning-top.
Peesweep, the lapwing.
Peet, peat.
Perk, a pole, a perch.
Perlins, women's ornaments.
Pet, offence, huff.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philabeg, the Highland kilt.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland war-tune.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pick-maw, a bird of the gull kind.
Pick-mirk, dark as pitch.
Pig, an earthen pot or pitcher.
Pimpin, mean, scurvy.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pingle, a difficulty; to strive.
Pint-stoup, a two-quart measure.
Pirn, a bobbin.
Pit, to put.
Plack, an old Scotch coin = $\frac{1}{3}d$.
Plackless, without money.
Platie, diminutive of *plate*.
Plenishing, furniture.
Plet, plaited.
Plew, or *plewgh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Plooky, covered with pimples.
Ploom, a plum.
Plotcock, the devil.
Poind, to distrain.
Poins your gear, distrains for rent.
Poke, pouk, a bag.
Poortith, poverty.
Porridge, oatmeal pottage.
Posie, a nosegay.
Pou, or *pu'*, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pow't, did pull.
Poutch, a pocket.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powsowdy, sheep's-head broth.
Powther, or *pouther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print; print.
Prie, to taste, to kiss.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Prin, a pin.
Prinkle, to thrill, to tingle.
Prise, to force open.
Prive, to prove, to taste.
Propine, a present, gift.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provost, chief magistrate of a burgh.
Prym, to fill or stuff.

Puggie, a monkey.
Puir, poor.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Putt, to throw, to cast.
Pyat, the magpie.
Pyke, to pick, to make bare.
Pyle, a single grain, a little.

Q

Quaich, or *quegh*, a small drinking-cup.
Quair, a book.
Quak, to quake.
Quarters, lodgings.
Quat, to quit.
Quean, a young woman, similar to the English term *wench*.
Quey, a cow one to two years old.
Quo, quoth.

R

Racket, stretched.
Racket-rent, rack-rent.
Rackless, careless.
Rade, rode.
Rae, a roe.
Raffan, merry, hearty.
Ragweed, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Randy, a scold, a shrew.
Rant, to be noisily jovial.
Ranty-tanty, broad-leaved sorrel.
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth; coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Rate, to beat.
Rattleskull, one who talks much without thinking.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Rave, tore.
Ravelled, entangled, confused.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch, to reach.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reaving, open violent thieving.
Reck, to heed.
Red, to unravel, to separate, to put in order.
Red, rad, afraid, apprehensive.
Rede, counsel, to counsel; to guess.
Red-up, to put in order.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark-mad.
Ree, half-drunk; an inclosure.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Reel, a rapid dance.
Reel-rall, topsy-turvy.
Reenge, a loud clattering noise.
Reese, to praise, to extol.
Reesing, rousing.
Reest, to rust, to dry in the smoke; to rest.
Reil, a turmoil.
Reist (to tak the), to become restive.
Reist, to arrest (in law).
Reisted, stopped, stuck fast; also, smoke-dried.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Restricked, restricted.
Rever, a robber or pirate.
Rickles, shooks of corn, stooks.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.
Rifart, a radish.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin, the ridge of a house.
Rigwoodie, deserving the gallows.
Rin, to run; to melt.
Ringe, a rumbling noise.
Rink, the course of the stones (a term in curling on ice).
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripling-kame, instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the *rock* or distaff; a friendly meeting.
Rocklay, a short cloak.
Rood stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roove, to rivet.
Roset, or *rozet*, rosin.
Roudes, an old, wrinkled, ill-natured woman.
Roun', round; in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Rousted, rusted.
Rout, to bellow.
Routh, plenty.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowan-tree, the mountain-ash.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rue, or *rew*, to repent.
Rug, pull; a dog-cheap bargain.
Rummulgumption, common-sense.
Rumple, the rump.
Rundge, to gnaw.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stems of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, kind; sorrow.
Ryke, reach.
Rype, to search.

S

Sab, to sob.
Sackless, or *sakeless*, innocent.
Sae, so.
Saebiens, since, if so be.
Saft, soft.
Sain, to bless against evil influence.
Sair, to serve; a sore; sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sake, blame, guilt.
Sald, sold.
Sall, shall.
Samin, the same.
Sanct, or *saunt*, a saint.
Sang, a song.
Sape, saip, soap.
Sapples, soap-suds.
Sark, a shirt, a chemise.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Sauf, to save.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, the soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saur, to taste, to savour.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow; any proverbial expression.
Sax, six.
Scad, or *scaud*, to scald.
Scadlips, thin broth.
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scant, scarcity.
Scar, bare place on a hillside; a fright.
Scart, to scratch.
Scartle, a graip or dung-fork.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaup, the scalp, the skull.
Scaw, scab, scall.
Scawl, a scold.
Schule, the school.
Scone, a cake of bread.
Scour, to burnish; to run.
Scowder, to scorch.
Scowry, showery; shabby.
Scraich, to scream as a hen, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent; a long sermon or story.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, scanty, narrow.
Scrimpit, did scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with underwood.
Scuff, to graze; to tarnish by frequent wearing.
Scug, scoug, to shade, to shelter.
Scunner, to loathe; disgust.
See'd, did see.
Seely, happy.
Seely Court, court of the fairies.
Seer, sure.
Seibow, a young onion.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.
Selcouth, wondrous.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send; send it.
Sets aff, goes away.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frightened into quietness.
Sey, to try.
Shachle, to shuffle in walking.

Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c., into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shangling, shambling.
Shanks, legs.
Shanks-naigie, to travel on foot.
Sharn, cow-dung.
Shathmont, a measure of about six inches.
Shave, sheeve, a slice.
Shaver, a lad.
Shavie, a trick or prank.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Shear, to reap with the hook.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank (*to think one's self nae*), to be conceited.
Shellycoat, a goblin, a water-sprite.
Sheltie, a horse of the smallest size.
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the battle fought there in 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shevel, to distort.
Shiel, shieling, a shed, a temporary cottage or hut.
Shill, shrill.
Shilpit, weak, washy, and insipid.
Shinty, a game like golf.
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side.
Shogle, to jog.
Shooken, shaken.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Shuttle, a drawer.
Sibb, related to by blood.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, worn as a token of virginity.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, the sun.
Sin', since.
Sindle, or *sinel*, seldom, rare.
Singand, singing.
Sinsyne, since that time.
Skail, to disperse, to dismiss.
Skair, share.
Skelf, a shelf.
Skellie, squint.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpy-limmer, an opprobrious term applied to a female.
Skeps, bee-hives.
Skiegh, skeigh, proud, high-mettled.
Skiff, to move along smoothly.
Skink, strong soup made of cows' hams.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant; to deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, vent, free action.
Skreigh, a scream; to scream.
Skrunt, to make a harsh noise.
Skyte, to slide rapidly off; a worthless fellow.
Slade, did slide.
Slae, sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Sled, a sledge or sleigh.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sly, cunning.
Slid, slippery.
Sliddery, slippery.
Sloken, to quench, to slake.
Slotch, an idle lazy fellow.
Slype, to fall over, as wet soil from the plough; to strip off; aslant.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle; sense.
Smeek, smoke.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smittle, infectious.
Smoor, to smother.
Smout, any small creature.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, to stumble; to get into a scrape.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sneck-drawin, crafty.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, sharp, piercing.
Snib, bolt of a door.
Snicher, to titter.
Snod, neat; to make neat.
Snood, a young woman's fillet for tying round her hair, only worn by maidens.
Snool, to subjugate by tyranny, to submit tamely.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Socht, sought.
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky; jolly; fat.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth! a petty oath.
Sorn, to sponge or hang on others for maintenance.
Sorners, sturdy beggars, obtrusive guests.
Souf, to sing, whistle, or play on an instrument.
Sough, the noise of wind, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear; also, a rumour.
Soup, to sweep.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souse, a French sou; to beat, to punish.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Southren, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Sowens, flummery, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Soup, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaen, to wean.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spang, to spring, to leap.
Spate, a swell in a river, an inundation.
Spaul, a limb, the shoulder.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Spill, to spoil; abuse.
Splatter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.
Sporran, purse.
Sprachle, to scramble.
Spraings, stripes of different colours.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spree, convivial indulgence, frolic.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like the rush.
Sprittie, full of spirits.
Sprush, spruce.
Spulyie, spoil.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit; a spark, a small portion.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o-wisp or *ignis fatuus*.
Spurtle, a stick used in stirring porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeeb, a squib.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Sta', stole.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of *stag*.
Staig, an unbroke-in young horse.
Stance, a standing-place, a site.
Stane, a stone; a weight of 14 lbs.
Stang, a pole or branch of a tree; to sting.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stant, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout, potent.
Starn, a star.
Startle, to run, as cattle stung by the gad-fly.

Staucher, stacker, to stagger.
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compact.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Stend, to spring.
Stent, to restrain, to confine.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stern, a star.
Stey, steep.
Stibble, stubble.
Stibble-rig, a reaper who takes the lead.
Stick-an-stow, totally, altogether.
Stickit, stuck, spoiled.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a young cow or bullock; a stupid fellow.
Stirrah, a young fellow; a boy.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stock-and-horn, a shepherd's pipe, made by inserting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn.
Stockin', stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoit, stoicher, to stagger, to totter, to tumble.
Stook, to make up in shocks, as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox; to rebound.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stour, stern, gruff; to move quickly.
Stoure, dust, dust in motion.
Stow, to cut off, to lop, to crop.
Stowlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed, a natural death.
Straik, a blow; to stroke; struck.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Strathspey, a dance so called from the district in which it originated.
Straught, straight.
Stravagin', wandering without an aim.
Strawn, the gutter.
Streek, stretched; to stretch.
Stress, hard pressure, straining.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; *to tak' the strunt*, to take the pet.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Stumpie, diminutive of *stump*.
Stumple, to walk with a stiff and hobbling motion.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin', frighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sumph, a soft stupid fellow.
Sune, soon.
Sung, singed.
Sunkets, provisions, delicacies.
Sunkie, a low stool.
Swack, active, nimble; a gust.
Swaird, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, treacle-ale, wort.
Sweaten, sweating.
Sweel, to bandage.
Sweer, lazy, slow, loath.
Swiggit, swallowed.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swink, to labour.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood, a whirl, circular motion.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swith, get away, quickly.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Sybow, a young onion.
Syke, a rill, usually dry in summer.
Synd, to rinse.
Syne, since, ago, then, after that, in that case.
Syver, gutter.

T

Tack, a lease.
Tackets, a kind of nails for driving into the heels and soles of shoes.
Tae, to; a toe.
Taen, taken.
Taid, a toad.
Taigle, to detain, to tarry.
Tail, a chief's retinue.
Tairge, a target; to rate severely.
Tak, to take.
Tald, told.
Tane, the one.
Tangle, sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tappit-hen, a drinking-vessel with a nob at the top, containing a quart.
Tapsle-teerie, topsy-turvy.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tasse, or *tassie*, a cup.
Tate, tait, a small quantity, a small lock of hair, wool, or cotton.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young woman.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together: spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled: spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Taws, a whip or scourge.
Tawtie, the potato.
Ted, to spread, to scatter.
Teem, to pour out.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent, a field, pulpit; heed, caution; take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tether, halter.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Thare, there.
Theek, to thatch.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thie, the thigh.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited: spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thig, to beg or request.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirlin' mill, the mill to which a tenant was bound to take his grain.
Thof, although.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy, inactive.
Thrang, throng; a crowd.
Thrapple, the throat, the windpipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict, to oppose; an anger.
Thrawart, forward, perverse.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise; a stroke.
Thumpit, thumped.
Tid, proper time; humour.
Tift, good order.
Tig, to touch lightly.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.

Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Titty, sister.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Tooly, to fight; a fight.
Toom, empty; to empty.
Toop, a ram.
Tosh, tight, neat.
Toss, a toast.
Tot, a fondling name for a child.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house; also a town.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Touze, tousle, or *towzle*, to handle roughly, to rumple.
Touzie, rough, shaggy.
Tove, to talk familiarly.
Tovie, tipsy.
Tow, a rope.
Towin'd, tamed.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trantloons, odds and ends.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Troke, to barter.
Tron, an instrument erected in every burgh of Scotland for the weighing of wool and other heavy wares.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth! a petty oath.
Truff, turf; to steal.
Tryste, appointment; market.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, aquarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth. 1*d.* sterling = 12*d.* Scots.
Twa-three, a few.
Twin, to part.
Twitch, to touch.
Tyke, a dog, a common cur; a selfish snarling fellow.
Tyne, to lose.
Tyst, to entice, to allure.

U

Ugg, to detest, hate.
Ugsome, disgusting.
Unchancy, unlucky.
Unco, strange, uncouth, uncommon, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Undocht, a silly person.
Uneith, not easy.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unsonsy, unlucky, ugly.
Unweeting, unwotting, unknowingly.
Up-bye, up the way.
Upcast, reproach.
Uphauden, supported.
Upsetting, assuming, conceited.
Upsides with, even with.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V

Vap'rin, vapouring.
Vaunty, vain, boastful.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ferule, a ring round a column.
Vissy, to view with care.
Vougy, elevated, proud.

W

Wa', a wall.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.
Waddet, wedded.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sorrowful.
Waefu', woeful.
Waesucks, alas!
Waff, waif, shabby, worthless.
Waft, the woof in a web.
Wag, to shake.
Waifu', wailing.
Waladay! well-a-day! alas!
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Wale, choice; to choose; the best.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Walloch, a Highland dance.
Wallow, to wither.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wandocht, a weak or puny creature.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wanwordy, unworthy.
Ware, to lay out, to expend.
Wark, work.
Warkloom, a tool to work with.
Warl', or *warld*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager to amass wealth.
Warran, a warrant; to warrant.
Warse, worse; *warst*, worst.
Warsell, warstle, to wrestle, to struggle.
Wa's, used for away.
Wastrie, waste, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk and butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a hearty draught of liquor.
Wauk, to shrink cloth; to watch.
Wauken, to awaken.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Wauner, to wander.
Waur, worse; to worst, to get the better of.
Waur't, worsted.
Wayne, to remove.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wear, to drive, gather together.
Weasand, the windpipe.
Weaving the stockin'. See *Stockin'*.
Wecht, weight; to weigh.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weel-faur'd, well-favoured, good-looking.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weeock, a little while.
Weet, rain, wetness; to wet.
Weir, a pledge; war.
Weird, fate.
Wersh, tasteless, flavourless.
We'se, we shall.
Westlin, westward, westerly.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to cut down in large slices; to flog.
Whare, where.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened; a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whigmigmorum, political ranting.
Whilk, which.
Whin, furze.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whippy, active, agile.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whisht, silence! *to hold one's whisht* to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep; to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.
White, to cut with a knife.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whomilt, turned upside down.
Whop, whip.
Whun-stane, a whin-stone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction (a term in curling).
Widdie, a rope, more properly one

made of withs or willows; the term used for the gallows.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, an endearing term for *wife*.
Wifukie, diminutive of *wife*.
Wile, choice.
Will (to gang), to go astray.
Will-fire, wild-fire.
Willyart, wild, strange, shy.
Wilye-coat, wylie-coat, an under petticoat; a flannel vest.
Wimple, to meander.
Win, to winnow; to get; to dwell.
Win', wind.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay, engaging in manners or appearance.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wirricow, the devil.
Wiss, to wish.
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen, the throat.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Won, to be able; to dwell.
Wond, wind; to depart.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodly, with vehemence.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wooster-trystes, wool-markets.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wowf, deranged.
Wrack, to tease, to vex; confusion.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong.
Wratack, a dwarf.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, wood, mad, enraged; *like wud, like mad*, eagerly.
Wullcat, a wild cat.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wuzzent, withered, dried.
Wyle, to beguile, to entice.
Wyse, to guide, to tend.
Wyte, blame; to blame.

Y

Yade, a worn-out horse.
Yaird, yardie, a garden.
Yald, supple, active.
Yammer, to complain peevishly.
Yamph, to bark.
Yap, hungry; to long for.
Yate, gate.
Ye. Frequently used for *thou*.
Year is used both for singular and plural *years*.
Yearlings, born in the same year; coevals.
Yed, to contend, to wrangle.
Ye'd, ye would.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yellow-yeldring, the yellow-hammer.
Yerk, to lash; to jerk.
Ye'se, you shall.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farmyard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth, soil; to plant.
Yirren, errand.
Yirthen, earthen.
Yokin, yoking; a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yorlin, the yellow-hammer.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Youff, a severe blow.
Youl, to yell.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowff, to bark.
Yowie, diminutive of *yowe*.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.
Yumphing, noise made by dogs in hunting.

THE END